

September Cosmopolitan

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Dr. Henry Smith Williams



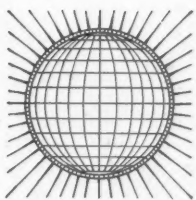
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Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. LIII September, 1912 No. 4



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SUCCESS AND FAILURE

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



Failure is the rare exception. Man was made for success, and he who has nobly and patiently worked at a worthy task has already succeeded



HERE is that in nature which is called the law of average. Without a knowledge of this law, the insurance companies would be unable to do business. By it they eliminate chance, for chance applies only to small numbers. Understand the working principles of big things, and there is no uncertainty. The rest is detail.

SUCCESS
AND
FAILURE

Business in the United States is not an uncertain proposition, taken as a whole. When you hear somebody say that ninety-five men out of a hundred fail in business, put it down on a par with one of those ancient bromides about nine men out of ten in New York city eventually filling a drunkard's grave. It is what Ed Howe calls "Hook Worm Talk."

Failure is the exception. Men may die, but very, very seldom do they join the down-and-out club.

Failure, like disease, always sends warnings; it rings its bell and blows its whistle. And most men, everywhere, are able to side-step, hedge, counter, duck, climb the fence, raise an umbrella, and escape the grim monster of defeat.

Always, of course, granting the dictum that life is a dangerous business, and none of us get out of it alive. But death and failure are not synonymous. Death is as natural as life, and for all we know, just as good. Thomas Carlyle said it was better, but he spoke while yet alive.

The only people who fail are those who take a sedative and go to sleep on the track when they see trouble coming.

Success, of course, is a comparative proposition. There is no such thing as an absolute success. Neither should there be absolute failure.

Last year, in America, there were 12,000 failures. But just remember that where 12,000 firms went into bankruptcy, there were nearly two million business concerns that didn't.

Also, note this, that of all bankrupts, ninety per cent. are men employing a capital of less than \$5,000. Of the 12,000 failures in 1911, only 221 had liabilities of over \$100,000.

Failures can be traced to definite causes, and almost without exception moral bankruptcy precedes the financial smash.

And while we all fail, in certain things, every day, the man who fails absolutely is a very, very rare proposition, with something peculiarly abnormal in his constitution.

The law of average will show that most of our acts and decisions are right and proper, and altogether worthy.

Mentally, the failure is a defective; physically, a wreck; morally, a degenerate.

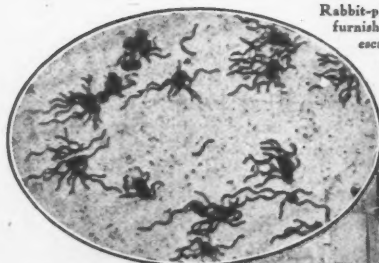
Really, take us as we run, we are not such a bad lot, after all.

The number of failures seems large because more publicity is given to bad news than to good news. Success and good news are not proclaimed from the housetops. The happy, efficient, successful people go quietly about their business, and these are in the vast majority. Failure is the rare exception. Man was made for success.

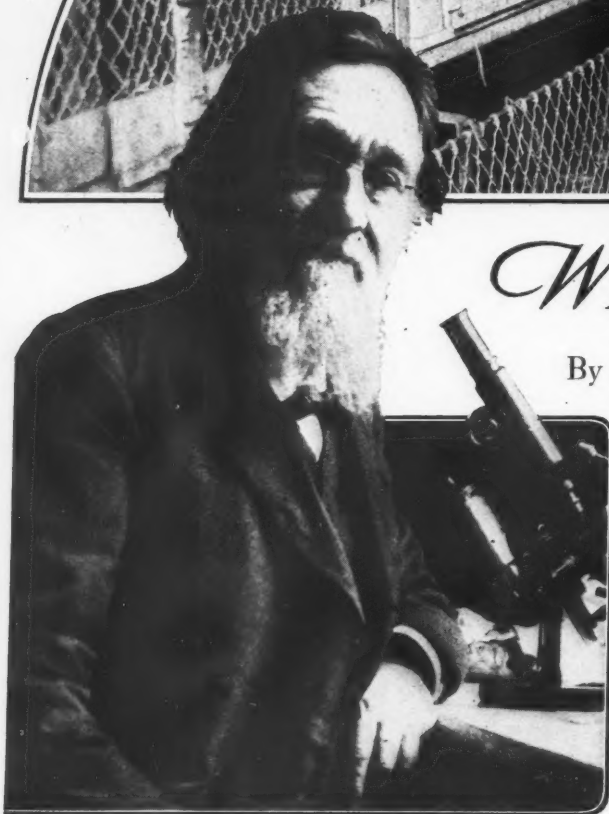
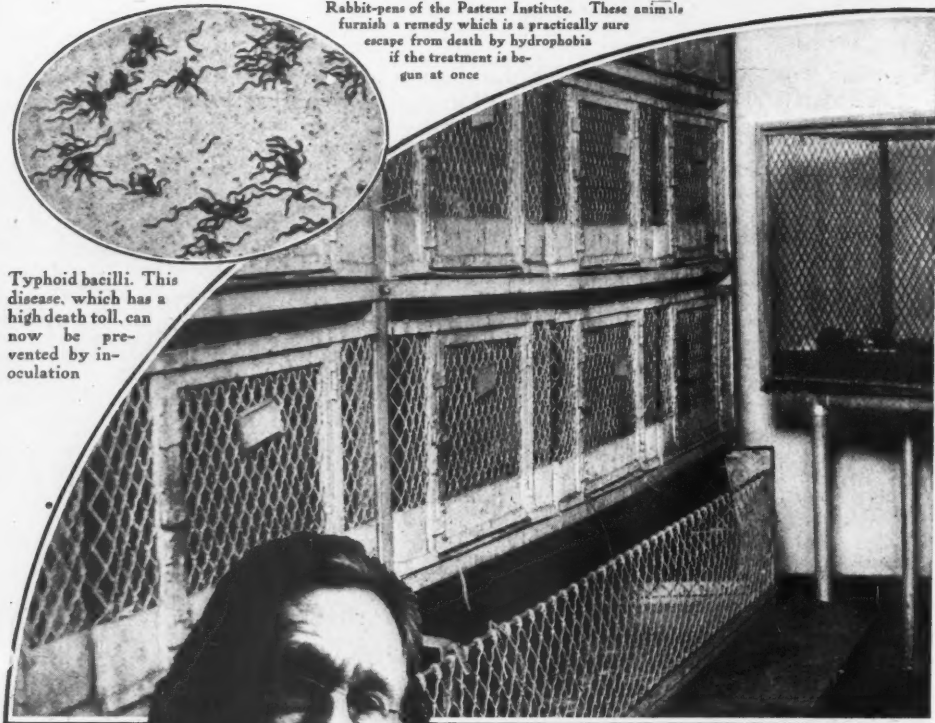
He who has nobly and patiently worked at a worthy task has already succeeded. And even Omnipotence cannot make the past never to have been. The past is ours, and death cannot rob us of it.

It is good to live!

Rabbit-pens of the Pasteur Institute. These animals furnish a remedy which is a practically sure escape from death by hydrophobia if the treatment is begun at once



Typhoid bacilli. This disease, which has a high death toll, can now be prevented by inoculation



Why Not

By Professor Metchnikoff

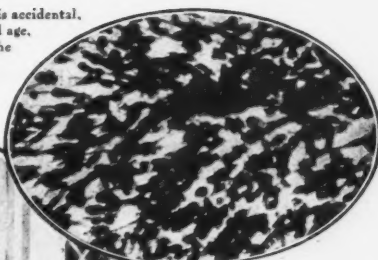
EDITOR'S NOTE.—A hundred years majority of human beings born into forty. To-day, science has so far There are biologists who ask whether organisms are proved to be "po—a bizarre doctrine, contradicted by cles, overturning the fixed beliefs of achievements of the scientists of to—which such a possibility is pre-of them is given by Professor

HUMAN life is a process of evolution which should normally lead to painless death in old age. If most persons fail to reach mature years, it is largely because of irrational living, which invites or provokes disease.

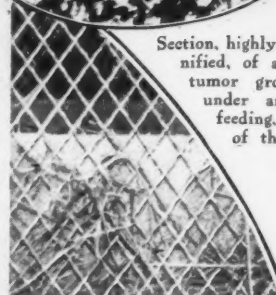
Human maladies are chiefly due to microbes, and among the

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, who thinks that death is not inherent in man, and that he is on the track of its antidote

Many scientists now believe that every death is accidental,
that it is not a concomitant of old age,
and are striving to keep the
life current going
indefinitely



Section, highly magnified, of a rat-tumor growing, under artificial feeding, outside of the body



Live Forever?

and Dr. Henry Smith Williams

ago the average human life was only about twenty years. The vast world died in childhood. Only a small percentage lived to be conquered disease that the average life has been more than doubled. it is necessary that man should ever die a natural death. The lower tentially immortal." Why not man as well? This seems at first blush all human experience. But modern science has performed many mir- our forefathers. Perhaps the conquest of death itself may be among the morrow. At any rate, it will interest you to read of the discoveries on dicted. However startling they may seem, remember that the account Metchnikoff himself, whose authority in his chosen field is unchallenged.

most insidious of these are the ones that locate in the large intestines and generate poisons there, through producing fermentation or putrefaction of partially digested food products. The chief of these intestinal poisons are the compounds called indol and phenol. These are complex substances, largely due to the breaking down of albuminoids, such as form a chief element of meats, eggs, and certain vegetable products, including peas, beans, and bread. Details as to the chemistry of these

poisons are too technical for popular presentation; but their effects on the system are of the utmost importance. They are very slow poisons, but the organism cannot readily produce antidotes to them. Indol may join with sulphur to form compounds that fatally poison rabbits, guinea-pigs, and mice in the laboratory.

Young persons may not show evidence of

Louis Pas-
searches
the immu-
from many fatal diseases. In the great
institute which he founded a number of
the world's most famous scientists are
seeking relief from other scourges, in-
cluding the greatest one of all—death

Why Not Live Forever?

the effects of absorption of these poisons into the blood; but the slight wear and tear on the tissues is cumulative, like the proverbial dripping of water, and after a term of years the effects are very marked.

SENILITY DUE TO POISONS, NOT YEARS

Proof of this has been furnished by a long series of experiments, in which drugs containing a phenol ingredient were given in small doses to animals. At first there seemed no effect; but in the course of months the animals developed degeneration of the arteries, hardening of the liver, and chronic inflammation of the kidneys. Still more recently, two others of our workers at the Pasteur Institute, the Japanese Okobo and especially M. Dratchinsky, have made similar experiments with the other intestinal poison, indol. They administered this substance to rabbits, guinea-pigs, and monkeys. The very remarkable effect was the production of bodily lesions closely similar to those that are characteristic of old age. So closely do the lesions of arteries, kidneys, liver, and brain thus produced resemble the changes in these structures that are universally accepted as due to old age, that we seem fully justified in drawing the conclusion that the symptoms of old age are in reality not due to the mere lapse of time, but are engendered—at least in great measure—by the absorption year by year of these intestinal poisons.

As the intestinal poisons themselves are certainly generated by the microbes that lodge in the large intestine—microbes that we may conveniently speak of as constituting the intestinal flora—the question naturally arises as to how the activities of these microbes can be retarded or prevented. It is a matter of obvious importance to find out what kind of food enables the microbes or the intestinal flora to flourish, and thus leads to the formation of large quantities of indol and phenol. Our tests seem to make it clear that a meat diet increases the production of the poisons; whereas a vegetable or a milk-and-vegetable diet diminishes the quantity very markedly.

But, on the other hand, it is known that herbivorous animals, and particularly the horse, produce the poisons in large quantities. Moreover, tests made with the human subject are conflicting; inasmuch as persons on a strictly vegetable diet, from which even milk is excluded, sometimes produce

greater quantities of the poisons than other persons who are on a mixed diet, with liberal allowances of meat and eggs.

This is obviously very confusing. In order to clear the matter up, series of experiments have recently been made, at the Pasteur Institute, on white rats. These animals are peculiarly favorable subjects, because the rat can maintain health for weeks together on the same article of food, whether animal or vegetable.

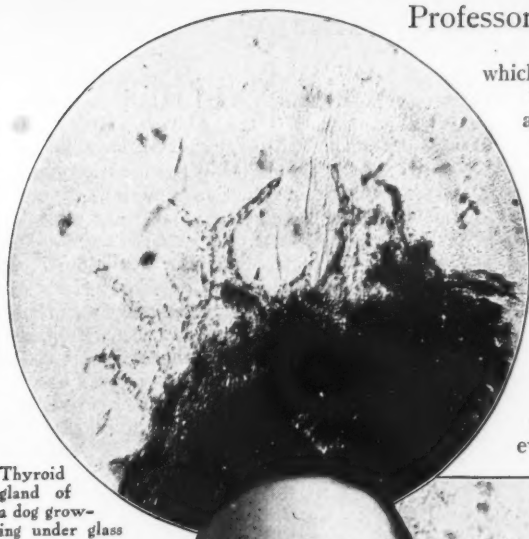
The experiments showed that the intestinal poisons in general (indols and phenols) are produced in greatest quantity by a diet of meat and eggs. The white of eggs and cheese, on the other hand, proved less deleterious than certain vegetables, notably bananas and potatoes, and vegetable foods rich in albumen, such as peas and white bread. Minimum quantities of the toxins were produced when the animals were given a diet of sugar-beets, carrots, and dates.

AN OUTSIDE AGENT NEEDED

I interpret these experiments as showing that the poisons we are attempting to combat are formed by the fermentation or putrefaction of albuminoids; and that such putrefaction is retarded or prevented by the presence of acids such as are formed at the expense of sugar. If a meat diet is to be maintained, the rational way to counteract the production of the poisonous substances in the intestine would seem to be to mix the food with sugar-producing starches, such as the potato, and with sweet fruits, such as dates.

But unfortunately the effect may not be all that is desired, because the digestive system of man, like that of the rat, is so constituted that sugars are much more rapidly and completely absorbed from it into the blood than are the albuminoid substances, such as meat and eggs. So even if the sugar-producers are taken into the stomach, they for the most part do not reach the large intestine, where the microbes flourish that ferment the albuminoids and thus produce deleterious indols and phenols.

Starches do indeed pass into the intestine along with the albuminoids; and starches may be turned into sugars. But unfortunately the microbes that change starch into sugar for the most part attack albuminoids at the same time, and thus constantly increase the poisons that the sugars neutralize. So fresh poison is supplied along with the antidote.



Thyroid gland of a dog growing under glass

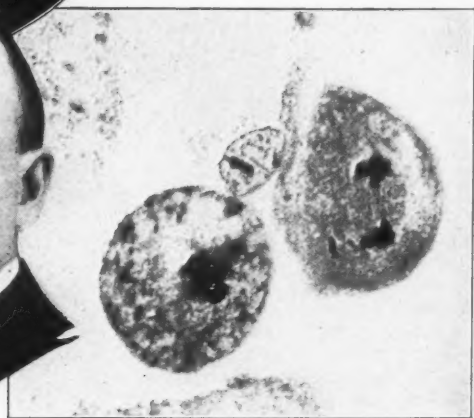
What was needed was a microbe that could transform starch into sugar without affecting the albuminoids.

Such a microbe we have now found, after much searching. It was found among the various microbes making up the normal intestinal flora of the dog. When cultures of this microbe, which may be called "glycobacterium," or sugar-maker, are mixed with cooked potatoes, and ingested by either rats or man, the result is a remarkable lessening of intestinal poisons.

After making a long series of tests, we discovered a mixed diet for rats that almost or quite eliminated the intestinal poisons. This diet comprised ham and eggs (poison-producers); beets and dates (sugar-producers); and potatoes mixed with the sugar-forming microbe (glycobacterium). Inasmuch as it is not sugar itself that acts as the antidote to the intestinal poisons, but acids that are produced by the sugars, it was thought well to add to the above dietary cultures of the lactic-acid or sour-milk bacillus,

which we have long believed beneficial. The results were so striking that a similar diet was tried with the human subject. A small quantity of meat (about four ounces a day) was allowed, together with twenty ounces of milk, treated with the lactic-acid bacillus. The remainder of the diet comprised vegetables, fruits, and breadstuffs, along with the glycobacteria.

There resulted such a reduction of the intestinal poisons as we had never previously been able to attain with any diet whatsoever. This seems to demonstrate



Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York, whose experiments in keeping alive tissues taken from dead bodies suggest that it is not cell-failure which causes death. If, then, the death-bringing agents can be overcome, why should man not live indefinitely?—Culture of a chick embryo removed from the cell

that the glycobacterium has power to aid the organism in antagonizing the harmful intestinal flora. In effect, we fight microbe with microbe. In so far as we succeed, we neutralize or destroy the poisonous indol and phenol compounds.

What we have thus far accomplished constitutes only a first step, but there seems hope that we shall in time be able to transform the entire intestinal flora from a harmful to an innocuous one. If our previously expressed ideas as to the effect of the intestinal poisons in producing old age are correct, the beneficent effect of this transformation must be enormous.

By Dr. Henry Smith Williams

GROWING old and dying seem futile performances, when you stop to think of the matter. Just why a man who has lived in unvarying health and strength for, say, thirty years should not continue to do so for three hundred or three thousand years is not intrinsically obvious. Certain enthusiasts have all along contended that he could do so if only he could find out just how the trick was to be accomplished. In the middle ages this idea seemed so self-evident that no one thought of doubting it. So hosts of men of talent gave their lives to the quest of the philosopher's stone.

Then there were men of another cast of mind who believed that the special elixir of life must be a product of nature herself rather than of the laboratory, and who sought the beneficent fountain of eternal youth in far-off regions of the world. Foremost among these adventurers, as every schoolboy will recall, was Ponce de Leon, who sought—but failed to find—the beneficent spring in Florida.

In our day the problem has been attacked from many angles. There are no unexplored lands to search out, and at last we are forced to believe that nature has nowhere supplied a spring of eternal youth.

There are still workers in the laboratory who believe that the dream of the alchemists was not a hopeless one, and who are attempting to apply the new knowledge of modern science to the old familiar quest.

METCHNIKOFF, SEEKER AFTER ETERNAL YOUTH

The Ponce de Leon of our day is Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Professor Metchnikoff gained world-wide fame some twenty-five years ago through his researches on the white blood-corpuscles. He proved that these little organisms in the blood have the function of destroying bacteria and thus of helping man to preserve his health. This demonstration prepared the way for much of the later progress of preventive medicine. It also suggested to Professor Metchnikoff himself problems having to do with the life and death of human tissues that have been the stimulus for all his more recent work. Latterly this work has focused specifically on one subject, the conquest of

old age. The savant himself believes that he has at last partially solved the problem.

A beginning in this direction was made by Professor Metchnikoff some years ago when he observed that the peasants of Bulgaria appeared to be a very long-lived race. Metchnikoff noted that the peasants in question lived largely on a diet of sour milk. He associated this custom with the observed longevity and sought for the connection. Milk sours because of the presence of a certain microbe called the lactic-acid bacillus. Hence sour milk contains a large quantity of these minute organisms. Tracing the history of these bacilli when taken into the stomach, Metchnikoff found that they live and proliferate in the intestinal canal, and there tend to neutralize certain poisons that are deleterious to the human system if absorbed.

Acting on these observations, Metchnikoff introduced a sour-milk treatment which has been extensively employed by physicians all over the world. It must be admitted, however, that the results of this treatment have not been convincing to the mass of the profession.

GLYCOBACTERIUM—BACILLUS OF LONG LIFE

Metchnikoff himself has felt that the lactic-acid bacillus was hampered in its beneficial activities by the lack of food suited to its needs to be found normally in the intestinal tract. So he sought a means of remedying this difficulty. Very recently a clue was given by the discovery, made by M. Woolman, a fellow worker at the Pasteur Institute, of a bacillus which can generate sugar, and which therefore has been given the name "glycobacterium." This newly discovered organism was found in the intestinal tract of the dog, but it may be cultivated in the laboratory and made to colonize in the human system.

The advantage of such colonization is, according to Professor Metchnikoff, that by supplying food for the lactic-acid bacilli, the glycobacteria will be instrumental in enabling those organisms to carry out their useful functions of neutralizing the so-called indols and phenols, the presence of which in the intestinal tract is believed to be so deleterious to the organisms.

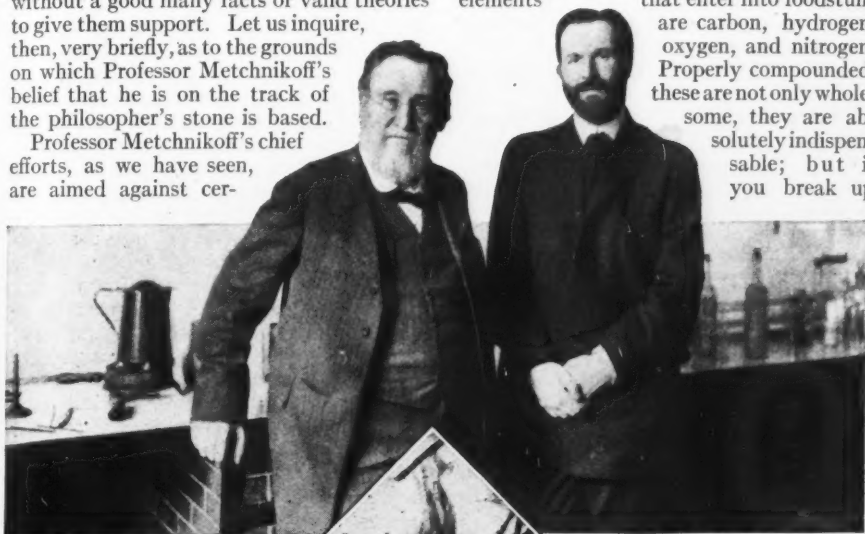
It will be obvious that the real utility of the glycobacteria in performing this

highly desirable function can be determined experimentally only after many years of trial. But, on the other hand, it cannot be supposed that a scientist of Professor Metchnikoff's reputation makes any conclusions without a good many facts or valid theories to give them support. Let us inquire, then, very briefly, as to the grounds on which Professor Metchnikoff's belief that he is on the track of the philosopher's stone is based.

Professor Metchnikoff's chief efforts, as we have seen, are aimed against cer-

into wholesome products. With a little latitude of interpretation, the idea is not far wrong. All foods do contain elements that, if not properly compounded, would be poisonous to the system. The chief universal elements

that enter into foodstuffs are carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Properly compounded, these are not only wholesome, they are absolutely indispensable; but if you break up



Professor Metchnikoff and Dr. Taurelli-Salimbeni, his assistant, in the laboratory of the Pasteur Institute

Taurelli-Salimbeni, his assistant, the Pasteur Institute

tain poisons that are generated in the intestinal tract.

There is no question that these poisons are actually generated there, and that they are susceptible of absorption into the system and of producing deleterious effects. In a crude general way this has been familiar knowledge of medical men from the earliest times; though it remained for the physiological chemist of our time to test and classify and name the poisons.

It is recorded that the medieval alchemist-physician, Paracelsus, believed that all foods contain elements of poison, and that it is the function of the gastric juice to act as an alchemist, transforming the poisons



An experiment in preventing death—fragment of a dead chicken's skin kept alive by artificial means

the molecules of, let us say, meat or bread into their elements, you may have a variety of poisons.

Thus carbon unites with oxygen to form the poisonous carbonic acid gas, which, if not immediately thrown off by the lungs, suffocates or asphyxiates the cells in general and causes death. Similarly oxidized, the nitrogen and carbon and hydrogen elements of the food-molecule may form, and constantly do form, in the system urea and uric-acid compounds that, if not immediately eliminated by way of the kidneys, produce stupor and death with equal certainty. These are familiar facts of elementary physiology.

But does it not seem probable that elimination of these poisons is often only partially performed? Every physician knows that such is the case. A whole coterie of diseases are of such recognized origin.

May it not be true, then, that a slow poisoning occasioned by partially retained organic compounds is the cause of that gradual decay which leads to senility and death?

To this question Metchnikoff answers unequivocally, Yes. He believes that auto-intoxication, through the accumulation in the system of waste products, is very largely responsible for the fact that tissues in the body gradually lose their power of normal reproduction and ultimately functionate so feebly as to cause the individual to become senile and to die.

SINGLE-CELLED ORGANISMS NEVER DIE

The original conception that probably put Professor Metchnikoff on the track of this idea was the theory of Professor Weismann, according to which single-celled organisms (so-called infusorians or protozoans) never die a normal death. The idea is startling, but simple enough when we consider the conditions. If you observe a protozoan under the microscope you will see a translucent particle of protoplasm which moves about, seemingly responds to stimuli (as from coming in contact with other objects), absorbs certain particles by way of food, and excretes such portions of the food as are not to its liking. The bit of protoplasm will be observed to grow until it attains a fairly definite maximum size. Then it will become constricted at the middle, presently dividing into two bits of protoplasm each of which is precisely like the original in quality and activities, but of half size.

Each of the new protozoa will reenact the life of the parent of whose divided body they are composed. Each will feed and grow and presently divide to constitute two offspring. As the process of growth and so-called reproduction by fission requires only a few hours, there will be successively two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four protozoa where at first there was only one. And this process continuing, it is obvious that the progeny of the original protozoan increase in geometrical ratio, until in the course of a few weeks they will number—as anyone who chooses to make the suc-

cessive multiplications can prove—thousands, millions, billions, of individuals. If nothing interfered with their growth, there might be tons of them in a few months.

Meantime what has become of the original protozoan? It is rather curious to reflect on the successive divisions of the fleck of matter that composed it. The entire body of the protozoan, it will be recalled, divided to produce two protozoa. These offspring, then, are not merely children of the original protozoan; they together constitute the total bulk and personality of the original. And so with each successive generation. The parent organism is larger but no older than its two offspring; and, extending the idea all along the line, it would seem that, of the myriads of protozoans, those of the last generation represent merely the divided personality of the first protozoan, and are as old as their original ancestor.

The thing sounds paradoxical when phrased in just that way, yet it seems to express the fact. Stated otherwise, it appears that the protozoan never dies, but, barring accidents, is perpetuated throughout the ages in an unending series of descendants that represent not offspring so much as a continuity of its own person.

Nor is this mere theory. The matter has been put to careful tests, and it has been demonstrated that if the food supply is properly adjusted, if the waste products are carefully removed, and if noxious bacteria are excluded, a colony of protozoa may be kept in perfect health, without showing the slightest tendency to degenerate, for thousands of generations. In the words of Prof. H. S. Jennings, of Johns Hopkins, "old age and death have no necessary place in the life of these creatures."

WHY, THEN, DEATH FOR THE MANY-CELLED?

Clearly to understand the logic of any attempted application of the life history of the protozoan to the human organism, we must bear in mind that every animal body, including that of man, is built up exclusively of cells that by themselves are not very different from the bit of protoplasm that constitutes the body of the protozoan.

It is an old axiom of physiology that all life comes from an egg. The original egg from which a human body develops is a microscopic bit of protoplasm which the casual observer would not very sharply

distinguish from a protozoan. Like the protozoan, this divides presently into two cells, and then in succession into four, eight, sixteen, and so on indefinitely. But, unlike the offspring of the protozoan, the new cells of the successive divisions of the human embryo do not scatter in all directions and take up individual existences. They remain clinging together and form a larger and larger cluster. Presently some of them assume different shapes from others, though all sprang from the same parent. In time some of their descendants are grouped into clusters that we call muscles; others into structures we call bones, and the like. All these structures, it must be recalled, are direct descendants of the original egg-cell, and in the main they retain the primitive function of taking in nourishment, growing, and excreting waste products.

Do they also retain the primitive potentiality of living forever? That is the important question. It would seem that the cells might retain this capacity along with the others. But many biologists think otherwise. These objectors argue that there can be no great gain without some attendant loss. The clustering of cells together to form a differentiated body makes possible all the gains that lie between the life of a protozoan and the life of a man. The loss involved is that of the primal capacity of the protoplasmic cell to live indefinitely. "The higher diversified life is purchased at the price of ultimate death."

According to this view, which is put forward prominently by Professor Sedgwick Minot, of Harvard, it is intrinsically impossible that such a vast colony of cells as that making up the human body should maintain

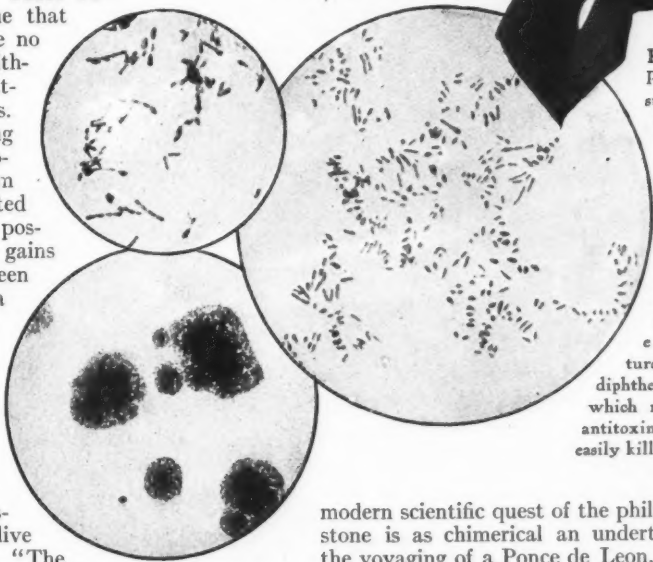
the ideal condition of food-supply and waste-removal that are essential to the maintenance of the perpetual health of the individual cells and hence to perennial youth and immortal life for the aggregate body of cells called a human being.

Thus, says Professor H. S. Jennings, in interpreting the theory, "Age and death, though not inherent in life itself, are inherent in the differentiation that makes life worth living."

Now it is obvious that if this view of the matter is correct, the



Dr. Pierre Roux, of the Pasteur Institute, who, by proving that a bacillus causes diphtheria, opened the way for a cure of the disease.—Cultures of the diphtheria bacillus, which resists the antitoxin, but is easily killed by heat



modern scientific quest of the philosopher's stone is as chimerical an undertaking as the voyaging of a Ponce de Leon. But is the assumption valid? Metchnikoff and his followers think not. And very recently an altogether new line of investigation has tended to support their doubts. The investigations in question have to do with the cultivation of living tissues outside the body. They are the work of Dr. Alexis Carrel and

his associates of the Rockefeller Institute of New York.

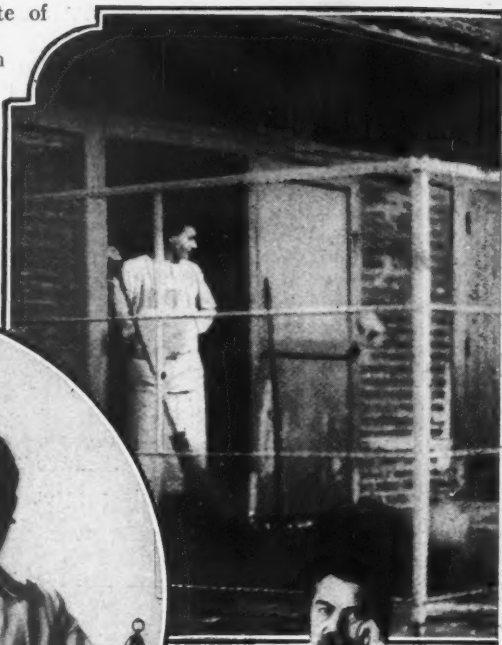
Dr. Carrel cuts fragments of tissue from the dead body of a chicken or dog or other animal, and by supplying these tissues with a proper medium, causes them to live and grow in glass receptacles, keeping up cell-growth and cell-division as if they were still a part of the original parent organism. In order to keep the tissues alive for long periods, however, it is necessary, as might be expected, not only to supply a medium having proper food qualities,



but also to change this medium from time to time, in order that the waste products may be removed. In other words, the conditions for these fragments of tissue outside the body are precisely those that obtain in the cultivation of the protozoans. The same essential elements of pure food and complete elimination of waste products must be fulfilled in order to maintain the life and health of the cell.

Thus it is demonstrated that the individual tissues of the body do not necessarily die when the animal ceases to breathe. So far as can be judged, the tissues under glass in Dr. Carrel's experiments would live indefinitely. He even keeps bits of a heart beating in his glass receptacles for months after the creature from which the fragment was taken died and was buried.

This clearly shows that it was not inability



Dr. Mesnil, chief of the laboratory staff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and one of his assistants

ity of the heart-muscles to functionate that caused the animal's heart to cease to beat. The same thing is shown in another way by the experiments of Dr. Meltzer, also of the Rockefeller Institute. He kills dogs and other animals, and then restores them to life by artificial respiration. His method has been applied to human beings who had been suffocated in mines, and to those who had been killed by an electric current. A case was recently reported in which a lineman who had been electrocuted was restored to consciousness after four hours.

All this new knowledge, then, seems to make it clear that the death of any given



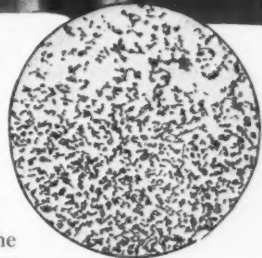
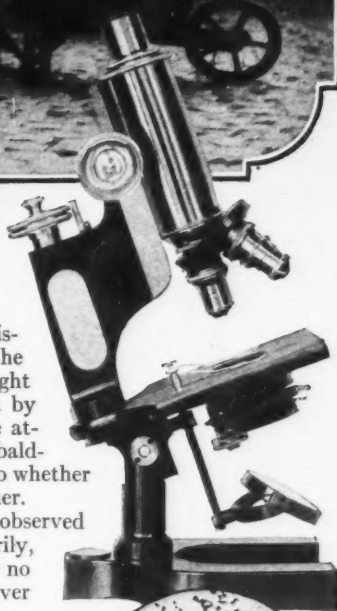
The goat-herd of the Pasteur Institute, whose scientists, believing that death is inherently unnecessary, are constantly looking for agencies to combat not only the virulent diseases, but the subtle enemies that attack vitality and are usually called "old age".

individual by no means necessarily implies that his tissues have lost their inherent vitality. In the view of the followers of Metchnikoff, it suggests that if just the right conditions could be found, man need not die except by accident—including in the category of accidents the attacks of specific diseases. Putting the matter in its blindest form, the question may be said to be reopened as to whether the familiar phrase "natural death" is not a misnomer.

But is not the question answered, you say, in the observed fact that all higher animals are mortal? Not necessarily, replies the follower of Metchnikoff; because it is by no means certain that man or any higher animal ever does die a strictly natural death.

That is surely a startling assertion, yet it will bear close examination. The most casual inspection of mortality tables will show that the vast majority of deaths are due to a small coterie of allied diseases that have this essential common factor: they are all caused by microbes which invade the body and overwhelm the normal tissues.

Even under conditions of what is termed perfect health, the body is, still the seat of myriads of bacteria of many species, which grow and thrive by untold billions on all the mucous surfaces of the mouth and digestive and respiratory tracts. These bacteria have such powers of reproduction that, if conditions were favorable, the progeny of a single one would increase in a few weeks to such dimensions as to outbulk the



Culture of the colon bacillus, marked by the scientists for annihilation. It is at home in every individual

* entire body of their host. They are kept from this disastrous development only by the constant efforts of the cells of the body in which they lodge.

GUESTS THAT SHORTEN OUR LIVES

Now these bacteria are protoplasmic cells that feed on the same essential substances that nourish the cells of the human body; and in so far as they thrive in the body they make the conditions of life difficult for their host. They not only absorb to their own use nutriment needed by the body-cells, but they secrete waste products that are deleterious in greater or less measure to the human organism.

It is these poisons alone, in the view of Metchnikoff, that cause the decay and ultimate death of the human tissues. But for the presence of bacteria, in this view, the cells of the human body would continue their functioning—granted a proper supply of food and normal conditions of excretion—indeinitely, just as do the isolated cells of the protozoa in a sterile culture medium.

But unfortunately the bacteria cannot be excluded. There is not a human being or a higher animal of any kind that does not harbor in its digestive tract a population of bacteria outnumbering the aggregate human population of the globe since the race was developed. The laboratory worker is able to prove that protozoa are immortal, because he is able to provide a medium from which bacteria are excluded. But the experiment cannot be duplicated with any higher animal, because there is no conceivable way of providing the body-cells with a sterile medium.

No way conceivable just at present, that is to say. But may not the way be found? Is it not possible that man may ultimately exterminate at least such of the hosts of bacteria as live only in his body?

It seems an almost hopeless task; yet it is true that even now the more noxious microbes are being subordinated. In any contest it is much to know just who are your real opponents. To-day man knows, for the first time, who are the real enemies of his prolonged existence.

Knowing our enemy, we are learning to fight him. His deadliest cohorts represent a few chief tribes, the members of which flourish exclusively or mainly in the human body, producing there adverse conditions that we personify and name as if they were

tangible personalities—smallpox, plague, tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, cholera, typhoid fever, and the rest.

To-day preventive medicine is grappling with these hosts, and seems in a fair way to banish most of them. A century ago smallpox claimed by death about one-tenth of the entire population. To-day smallpox has been virtually banished. Twenty years ago diphtheria was the scourge of childhood; to-day it is held securely in check by the antitoxin of Behring. Ten years ago typhoid fever was a menace that threatened everyone; to-day the vaccine of Wright offers immunity to whoever cares to use it. Three years ago syphilis seemed an unconquerable pest; to-day the "salvarsan" of Ehrlich offers a specific that cures in a single dose. A year ago cancer was the despair of the physician; to-day there is at least the hope that a remedy is being perfected in the hands of Wassermann and Ehrlich.

Meantime such workers as Metchnikoff are turning attention to microbes of that less virulent type that have learned to flourish in the body of their host without causing his early demise. Metchnikoff's newest experiment, as we have seen, is to fight fire with fire, as it were, by introducing into the intestinal tract bacteria of a new tribe to antagonize the poison-generating tribes that are already quartered there. Even if he succeeds, his results must be less spectacular than the efforts directed against the quick-acting disease-germs; yet the ultimate results may be no less important, as they have to do with the definite prolongation of life.

SIGNS THAT GIVE HOPE

Thus the men of science are closing in day by day on the ranks of the noxious microbes. The results are tangibly shown in the decrease of infant mortality, the banishment of epidemics, the lowered death-rate in cities, the making salubrious of the Panama Canal region, the extraordinary lengthening of the average period of life. Of the individuals born in our generation, a higher percentage will reach patriarchal years than lived through childhood in the days of our grandparents. All this may not presage the actual banishment of death, but it surely suggests that the scientific search for the fountain of eternal youth has proved a less futile and visionary quest than it once seemed.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Mr. Chester, the creator of "Wallingford," has just returned from a trip to the Coast and tells us, very modestly, of Wallingford's tremendous popularity out there. It was very satisfying to come back with "we told you so." The fact is, Wallingford nowadays is popular not only in the West, but everywhere. He is a nationally known character—like "Mr. Dooley" or the "Gibson girl." He is one of the few fiction characters that don't need advertising. He is his own "ad." Which simplifies matters—since all we have to do is to tell you that he will continue to appear in *Cosmopolitan*—and only in *Cosmopolitan*—and leave the rest to you. In this story Wallingford and Blackie make it cost a Broadway acquaintance all his available cash for a careless remark about a lady

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"DON'T stretch!" warned Violet Bonnie Daw, "but when you get a chance, Pinkerton the lone goat two tables behind Fannie."

Both Wallingford and Blackie Daw took a careless survey of the variously decorated cannibals who, drifting from Broadway into this gilded palace of gastronomic sin, strove to keep up the gloomy pretense of having a good time. On their ocular excursion, the two men scrutinized the lone goat. He proved to be a pasty-faced man entirely surrounded by an ostentatiously youthful dress

suit, and not at all the sort of person one would look at often for the mere pleasure of it.

"You have a rotten disposition, Vi," charged Wallingford. "The minute you see us happy you start something morbid."

"You don't drink enough, friend wife," chided Blackie. "Cheer up and look at the pretty pink lights."

Violet Bonnie powdered her nose in vexation. "I think it identifies me!" she worried. "There's something about its general diagram which seems familiar, but you never can place them in a glacé front. It might be the ashman."

"It might be one of your former professional friends," suggested Fannie Wallingford charitably.

"Never!" scorned Violet Bonnie. "If an actor has a low-down character, he don't show it!"

"Why worry about it?" counseled Wallingford.

"Take two quick drinks and forget him."

"It isn't human to do that, J. Rufus," objected Violet Bonnie.

"When you see anything you'd rather not look at you keep right on looking to see if it's still there; and every time I accidentally glance at this puffy pest it gets ready to wigwag me!"

"You never can place them in a glacé front. It might be the ashman"





DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"We're not going to stand idly by and see you robbed," Blackie assured Bargain Billy Brack. "Come right on out and spend the afternoon"

"If it would help any I might offer you the loan of a perfectly good short-arm jab," suggested her husband politely.

"Not here anyhow," refused Violet Bonnie. "My professional instincts are against it, unless all these Main Street folks were paying two dollars a ticket. Thank Heaven, here comes the boy! Boy, stand right over behind this lady's chair."

The uniformed youngster glanced behind him, out of an appallingly precocious knowledge, to see who was offensive to her, and, stepping in range of the lone goat, grinned cheerfully at her.

"Couldn't get another pair of seats at any price," he stated. "I telephoned all the agencies, the inside speculators, went around the corner into the lobby myself, and even tried the box-office. Sixty cents telephone."

Wallingford, with a sigh, handed the boy a dollar. "I guess we'll have to put you two girls in at the theater, and Blackie and I will stick around the neighboring pickle-factories until you come out," he proposed.

"All right," agreed Violet Bonnie. "Only don't stay in the brine too long. I knew it! Here comes that unfinished sketch! Look at him! He reminds me of the bottom of an éclair! That's what a stage-door Johnny grows up to be!"

The lone goat arrived, as she had prophesied, and, smiling moistly, extended his hand with the easy familiarity of a person who considers that he should be welcome anywhere. "Violet Bonnie!" he exclaimed, with the joy of a lifelong friend. "I'd have known you anywhere."

"The pleasure is all yours," she assured him, wondering why she was so specifically resentful of him.

"Why, you remember me, don't you?" he protested; "Little Billy Brack? We used to be great pals in 'The Pink Canary' days, when you were such a hit and I used to know every head waiter on Broadway."

"I don't forget my pals," she amended, studying his pie-crust-like countenance with severe criticism.

"You lose a bet," he laughed with callous assurance. "Why, of course you remember me, from when you and Muriel Latoska used to have the apartments up on Sixty-fourth Street. Why, I used to be up there to see Muriel all the time."

"Oh, yes," she suddenly remembered. "Bargain Billy. Why, I thought Muriel

broke you," and there was a trace of regret in her tone.

"She did, almost," he admitted with an involuntary wince. "I starred her for two seasons, and when she couldn't make good she blamed me. They all handed me that clammy turn-down when I stopped producing. There's no gratitude in the profession."

Violet Bonnie wrinkled the bridge of her nose as she remembered the methods of Bargain Billy. "I never could see why they should be grateful," she dryly commented, and seeing that Mr. Brack was quite bent on taking the rest of her party into his confidence, she weakly gave way to her more spiteful inclinations and introduced him.

He promptly drew up a chair from an adjoining table, and became chummy until it was time for them all to go to the theater. Even then, enjoying himself to the point of gluttony in flabby reminiscence, he stalked with them down to the theater, in the next block, and waited outside while Wallingford and Blackie escorted their respective wives as far as the ticket-chopper.

Violet Bonnie dragged them into the corner of the lobby. "All right now, begin!" she ordered defiantly.

"Begin what?" asked Wallingford with a grin.

"Kidding me!" she savagely returned. "Begin and get it over with."

"No one shall kid you," promised Blackie soothingly. "It has been done."

"Well, if anybody has anything real cute to say I want them to get rid of it, that's all; because I want to make a sporting proposition. You heard this unripe doughnut drop the information, didn't you, that he had just loosened the last tidbit of papa's once estate?"

Both gentlemen grinned.

"Well, get it!"

II

BARGAIN BILLY BRACK, who still insisted on referring to himself as Little Billy, proved to be a cautious entertainer and absolutely free from the vulgarity of over-lavish hospitality. In fact, he was so careful not to offend in this particular that he allowed Wallingford and Blackie to do all the ordering, when they repaired to a near-by café.

"You've been some little time away from Broadway, I gather," suggested Wallingford,

in the privacy of a nice little leather-lined nook where the lights and the drinks were mellow.

"A thousand years," replied Mr. Brack. "It's the same old game, though, only I see it with different eyes. I used to be a rank sucker!"

"I didn't know it was curable," commented Blackie, inspecting, with technical interest, the flaccid countenance of the gentleman.

"I'm a living testimonial," boasted Bargain Billy. "I was such a sucker that I couldn't do business with a slot-machine without getting stung; and the wise parties, who never get out of bed in time to see the glorious sunset, broke me past any hope from rivets or glue."

"It must have been terrible," commiserated Blackie. "Did you have to work?"

"Worse!" confessed the ex-contributor. "I've had to live on the farm for three years, until the lawyers got through skimming off the cream."

"You're lucky they left you the milk," condoled Blackie. "I suppose it foots up to a southeast corner on Easy Street."

"Hardly," denied Mr. Brack with a sigh of regret. "It's just enough to give a man of energy and ability a decent business start," and he complacently flicked the ashes from the expensive cigar which Wallingford had bought for him.

"Good," approved Blackie; "but don't let the Rialto know you have it, or your name will be on the bulletin-board at the corner of Forty-second Street. They still remember you as a patron of art. Broadway never forgets a live one."

"I might even go into that game again," responded Bargain Billy; "but it will never be as the sinking fund. I have no more ambitions to back a star. What I'm looking for is a good safe opening, either manufacturing or commercial, which yields a large return on the investment and does not require experience."

"Don't be too hasty about picking it out," Blackie advised him. "You'd be mighty sorry if you went into a business which would only give you a net profit of thirty thousand dollars a year when you could just as easily have picked out one which would net you fifty."

"I've thought of that," returned Brack, with thickly smiling self-approbation. "This is my first actual business venture, and I

intend to select it very carefully. Do you know of any good openings?"

"Dozens!" promptly answered Blackie, almost upsetting his glass. "I know more openings than a worm."

"By George, I'm glad I met you!" gratefully announced Bargain Billy. "I'll have to get you to show me around."

"No trouble to exhibit samples," smilingly stated Blackie. "I'm the grandest little shower-around on the island! I'll be glad to chaperon you for Violet Bonnie's sake."

For the first time since they had sat down, Wallingford, who had been studiously listening and observing, interjected himself into the conversation. "About what size opening could you fill?" he inquired.

"My entire strength is one hundred thousand bucks," stated Mr. Brack, looking modest.

"Well, it's worth fussing around with," mused Wallingford.

III

VIOLET BONNIE stood in her Dutch library and regarded Wallingford and her husband with scorn. "I can tell you just how it happened," she stated. "Jim Wallingford's head was turned in a lathe, and yours, Blackie, was cast!"

Wallingford and Blackie looked at each other, but neither one offered nor received encouragement. They were hopelessly meek and humble.

"Guilty, as charged," admitted Wallingford. "It's a curious thing, Vi, but I never can think when I'm told to."

"I believe you," she snapped, "and somebody's been telling you all your life! You've been trailing around with this Brack insect for three days now, and you haven't trimmed him yet!"

"I think it's because it's too easy," Blackie moodily ventured to observe, without looking up from the solitaire layout which Violet Bonnie's indictment had robbed of its glamour. "He's such an awful saphead that it seems a shame to waste a good, live proposition on him."

"Why don't you induce him to draw his cash out of the bank, then come back from some place without him?" she suggested. "I don't like rough work myself, but if you've run clear out of brains you'll have to fall back on your muscles."



"I think it's because it's too easy," Blackie moodily ventured to observe, without looking up

"I have scruples against it," objected Wallingford. "Besides, the police department is just as fussy about a boil like Brack as it would be about a missing man. No, Vi, we'll have to stick to proper commercial principles, and earn his money."

"That won't suit me," she insisted. "I want him trimmed, and trimmed good! I don't want a knot left on him!"

"We're willing," implored Wallingford. "We just don't seem to get an idea!"

Violet Bonnie looked at the clock. "You won't find it in this library," she told them. "You've been in here for hours hunting it; you used up a bottle of Scotch and three quarts of seltzer before Paul Pollet went home; the smoke's so thick in here you could slice it, and you've got ashes from the window-sills to that broken-nosed Greek statue over in the corner! I'm going to throw that out! It gets on my nerves!"

"Come on, Jim, let's take a walk," mildly suggested Blackie.

"You just beat me to it," Violet Bonnie commented, and opened the door for them.

"We're up against it, Jim," grinned Blackie, in the hall. "We have to pauperize this lollop or I'll have to sleep in the garage."

"Mrs. Mayor Horace G. Daw is a kind and gentle woman," stated Wallingford; "otherwise she would have batted us on the bean with the kitchen range before this. Personally, I feel humiliated, Blackie. I feel that we have forgotten the rudiments of commerce, but nothing I see gives me a thought. Coat, hat, cane, hat-rack. I wonder if we couldn't do something with a hat-rack?"

"It's too unhandy, Jim. Paul's plan of about four pounds of sand in a stocking was better."

"I guess so," agreed Wallingford dispiritedly. "I was trying to figure a consolidated hat-rack company, but I can't seem to get the bearings under it. Why don't you think a little, confound you!"

"All right," consented Blackie cheerfully, as he slipped into his overcoat. "It isn't my department, but I'd do anything to oblige a mentally bankrupt friend. Let's see," and he opened the door. "Door-knob. We might

invent an electrical door-knob which would stay warm in the winter-time. Front porch. We might interest him in a portable front porch which could be moved around to the shady side. Tree. We might dope out an improved tree which would close up like an umbrella. Snow. Don't you think pink snow would have a good market?"

"Shut up!" growled Wallingford.

"Well, you told me to think!" protested Blackie indignantly. "You have me started now, and I don't believe I can stop. Fish-wagon. Don't you suppose this gook could be coaxed to invest in a boneless-fish farm?"

"Violet Bonnie was right," admitted Wallingford. "We neither one of us have brains enough to make change for a nickel. Tree. That don't suggest anything to me but the lumber business, and that's too well systematized to touch. Fence. Does a fence suggest anything to you?"

"Paint," replied Blackie. "I have to paint that fence in the spring."

They were walking across Mayor Daw's

beautiful grounds, in Tarryville, toward J. Rufus Wallingford's beautiful grounds, and Wallingford was moodily studying every object, animate and inanimate, with the hope that it might suggest to him some plan whereby a hundred thousand dollars, perfectly good and innocent of all harm, could be detached from an unworthy owner, when Violet Bonnie stuck her head out of the library window and yelled,

"Phone!"

Both men came hurrying back.

"Who is it?" asked Blackie.

"The epidemic," she replied. "I think he misses his food."

"He can miss it, for all of me," decided Blackie. "I've been watching him eat for three days, and I've lost my appetite for everything but drink."

"Lunch will be over when he gets here, if he's coming out," declared Violet Bonnie; "and we're not going to be home for dinner. If I have to look at him very long I'll catch typhoid. You'll entertain him out in the garage, or in the den over in Jim's garage."

"I know Fannie won't have him in the house," chuckled Wallingford.

"She has young Jimmie to think of," agreed Violet Bonnie. "Come on in and be hospitable to him."

"Hello, old pal," the thick voice of Bargain Billy Brack greeted Blackie. "I've just been telling Violet Bonnie I thought I'd drop out and see you this pleasant Sunday afternoon. I suppose you've had your lunch?"

"Oh, yes, we've had lunch," Blackie hastily assured him. "Come right on out and spend the afternoon. What's new?"

"Fellow wants me to invest in an airship factory," returned Brack, "but his plans don't sound settled enough for me, though he certainly seems to have a fine idea for an airship. What do you think of it? I thought I'd come out and talk it over with you. You and Jim seem to be able to point out the fatal defects so quick in all these business schemes that come up to me."

"We've made that our business," Blackie assured him. "We're not going to stand idly by and see you robbed. I suppose you're coming on a train? You'll miss the one-five, but if you hustle you can catch the two-twelve."

He hung up the receiver with a grin.

"I'll have lunch served right away," promised Violet Bonnie. "Jim, go home."

IV

BLACKIE entertained Bargain Billy in the house just seven minutes by the watch, and then took him out to the garage, where he converted his caller to the merits of a new car, effectually disposed of any leanings Brack might have had toward the airship business, and waited for Wallingford. That portly individual came over presently with the laggard footsteps of one returning unwillingly to work, and they all three repaired to Wallingford's garage, where there was a cozy little den with a fireplace in it and a well-stocked ice-box.

"Well, how's the investment prospect?" inquired Wallingford, when they had made themselves comfortable.

"Fierce, Jim," declared Brack. "I thought it would be no trouble at all to invest a hundred thousand dollars, but I suppose if it hadn't been for you fellows I'd have been stung a dozen times."

"That's the wastefulness of these amateurs," complained Blackie. "Nobody should be stung but once. That should be enough."

"The bunch that's been after me does seem a cheap lot," complained Brack, "and I think there are very few of them on the level."

"Certainly not," agreed Wallingford. "They're a disgrace to every man on Blackwell's Island. They'd make you lose your hundred thousand dollars just so they could get five or ten thousand of it. That Long-acre Square crowd is a horrible bunch of pikers."

"They're nothing like when I was young," regretted Brack. "Why, when I first blossomed out on Broadway, I felt bored if anybody tried to skin me out of anything less than my entire roll. I don't believe there are any good sure-thing men left. This generation of them don't seem to have any brains."

"You're right!" agreed Wallingford, half savagely.

"You wouldn't care for a rubber plantation?" hopefully asked Blackie. "I know a guy who would sell you one for a hundred thousand, and send you away perfectly contented."

"I wouldn't touch a rubber plantation," wisely decided Mr. Brack. "I think they're mostly all fakes."

Wallingford rose abruptly. "Come out and see my new car," he invited disgustedly,

and with an equal contempt for Blackie, Brack, and himself.

He warmed up somewhat out in the garage, for a man is bound to be enthusiastic over a new automobile, in order to vindicate his own doubtful judgment.

"It's a swell battery of machines," agreed Brack, looking about the place for escape from the often renewed and sometimes heated discussion, between Blackie and Wallingford, over valves, ignition, and transmission. "What's that big affair over in the corner? It looks like a delivery-van."

"That's a house-boat on wheels," replied Wallingford.

"It's the ark," added Blackie. "It isn't chummy, though, to hammer that old circus wagon. Jim and I spent many a jolly homesick day and night in her. Let's uncover the whale, Jim, and show it to him."

Like yachtsmen reefing sails, they removed the brown tarpaulin cover from the overgrown limousine which Wallingford had once built for country touring, and, though they laughed at its clumsy enormousness, they could not withhold, after all, their tribute of admiration and affection.

"She was a good old hearse," laughed Wallingford, patting the shining black enameled side.

"You fellows may kid it all you want to, but that looks to me like some joy-wagon!" approved Bargain Billy, admiring mightily the low-swung car. "Why, there's double glass windows in the thing!"

"She was built regardless," explained Wallingford; "storm-proof, frost-proof, burglar-proof. Look here," and stepping inside he lowered the windows, jerked a lever, and ventilated iron shutters slid up, closing the machine like a prison van. "Step inside," he invited, lowering the shutters. "This is some palace. Up in front is an ice-box. This panel flops down, and is an electric stove, with the most compact and comprehensive set of aluminum cooking- and eating-utensils ever devised. Here is the dining-, card-, and writing-table," and he lifted it from the floor, with a straight motion which turned it upside down on its scissors standard, displaying a green baize top. "Disposing of the dining-room, thus," and he replaced the table, "we proceed to make up the berths. Sleeping accommodations for four, and liquor space for twelve."

Bargain Billy, the joy of his old hectic

days returning to him, surveyed the luxurious arrangements with glowing appreciation. "What a bus for a lobster squad!" he admired. "Where did you get this runabout?"

"Invented it, and patented it, and had it made," said Wallingford indifferently. "It set me back a large number of money, but I've had the worth of the money out of it."

"They could be made for less, in quantities," judged Brack. "There would be an awful sale for these among the regular Johnnies—suckers like I used to be, you know."

"The crop's too small," chuckled Wallingford. "Fiction to the contrary notwithstanding, the number of live spenders who startle Broadway could be reduced to about one in every other so often."

"I don't know," argued Brack. "I was mighty easy picking, and if I was, there were a lot more like me."

A happy thought seized Blackie. "It might be a good business to manufacture this car," he considered. "Jim and I never thought of it."

"We've been too busy with other things," supplemented Wallingford.

"Why don't you take it up?" suggested Blackie. "See, Jim, I'm doing some thinking."

"Nothing doing," laughed Brack. "I've made up my mind firmly to one thing. I won't start a new enterprise. I want a business in full blaze. I want to walk into my place, on the day I take possession, and see the wheels going round and everybody busy."

"How would you like to back a string of ringer foot-races?" suggested Blackie. "There's a lot of money to be picked up by getting a record man a job in a small town factory and running him against the local champion."

"There'd be no novelty in that," objected Brack wearily. "I was double-crossed on that for a roll the size of a liner's funnel before I tumbled."

"Then you wouldn't care for it," decided Blackie hopelessly, and when they had finally sent Bargain Billy on his way, Blackie stayed with Wallingford as long as possible before he went home to dress for dinner. He dreaded to meet the eye of Violet Bonnie.

"Well, did you get it?" she demanded, as he came into the house.

"Not yet, but we've obtained his confidence," he foolishly stated.

The New Adventures of Wallingford

"He shoved that on you," she told him in deep discouragement. "What did you try on him, anyhow?"

"A rubber plantation, and a fake foot-race, and we even tried to get him to manufacture Jim's cottage auto."

For the first time, Violet Bonnie began to soften toward her wedded spouse. "There was a hint of class to that last thought," she commented. "Why couldn't you string him on it?"

"He won't start a new business. He wants to see the wheels going round."

"Then why don't you show him some wheels going round?" she impatiently demanded.

Blackie was struck dumb for a solid minute. "I think I'll slip over and see Jim," he announced.

V

EITHER Wallingford or Blackie kept constantly in attendance on William Brack, for several solidly aggravating days, to prevent him from being cheated by irresponsible amateurs. Eventually, however, a live promoter "got to" Brack when they were not looking.

This promoter was a chunky young man, with thick eye-glasses and a stiff pompadour, and he gave the name of Paul Pollet. "I understand you have some money to invest in a legitimate manufacturing proposition," began Mr. Pollet, so briskly that he almost seemed surly.

"I don't know how the word got spread so thoroughly," puzzled Mr. Brack, studying Mr. Pollet most critically. "I haven't advertised it."

"You don't need to," Paul confidently assured him. "Money sends out magnetic waves of its own, and the wireless detecting instruments in New York are so sensitive that they quiver at the passing of a canceled postage-stamp. I don't know myself where I heard you had money. I just knew it."

Brack smiled. Paul Pollet, to him, talked like a regular business man; a thoroughly up-to-date party. He was both cynical and shrewd.

"You caught the right message," he admitted. "I have the coin. What's your scheme to take it away from me?"

"Auto manufacturing company," responded Mr. Pollet promptly. "I have a big plant running in full blaze right now.

I can take you up and show you the wheels whirling any minute; and everybody busy."

"That's the talk," approved Mr. Brack. "You're the first man who has offered to show me anything in action. What kind of an auto are you manufacturing, plain or monogrammed?"

"Extra fussy," Paul advised him, with kindling enthusiasm. "It's practically a bungalow on wheels, handsome, expensive, and luxurious, with cooking, eating, and sleeping accommodations for four."

Mr. Brack rose and took down his hat and coat. "Where's your factory?" he inquired.

VI

THE wheels were going round when Mr. Pollet conducted Mr. Brack through the shops of the tearfully busy Autohome Manufacturing Company, and everybody was feverishly doing something. It was a sight good for youthless eyes and jaded nerves, and the clang and the clatter and the hum gave Bargain Billy Brack the first real tingle he had felt in years. In the middle of the shop was the long, gray, freshly painted chassis of a third-handed auto truck, and four muscular workmen were hammering it with loud staccato whangs.

"I'd like to see a finished machine," suggested the prospective investor, looking about him with much interest.

"You'll have to wait until I sell the treasury stock," replied Mr. Pollet with a smile. "I've got just as far as I can go by myself," and he led the way into the office. "This is a two-hundred-thousand-dollar stock company, of which four dummy directors hold one share each, and I hold a hundred thousand. The balance of the remaining hundred thousand is treasury stock, and it's time for that to be sold."

"I get you," replied Mr. Brack, with what was meant to be a shrewd expression of countenance. "You want to sell me this stock, but who gets the money?"

"The Autohome Manufacturing Company," explained Mr. Pollet, with convincing emphasis. "Every dollar of it goes to put a punch into the business. Look here, Mr. Brack, if you'll buy up this treasury stock, we'll elect you treasurer, and I'm willing for you to handle every penny of the funds. I guess that proves I'm on

the level. Let me show you the drawings for the completed car. It's the sportiest proposition in the auto game!"

He displayed to Mr. Brack's highly interested eyes a beautiful perspective drawing of the completed traveling home, all shiny and black, with glistening high-lights. He produced working drawings, and explained the clever mechanism of the folding-berths and the built-in ice-box and the concealed kitchenette, and Mr. Brack, who had long since cut his eye-teeth, kept his own shrewd counsel as he recognized devices very familiar, although it seemed to him not so clever as those in the beautiful Wallingford car.

"Have you patents on this?" he sagely inquired.

"Not yet," admitted Mr. Pollet. "I have patents applied for, however, and they're just as good, until I get the actual government papers."

"That is, if you don't strike an infringement suit," commented Brack. "I like your proposition, Mr. Pollet, if you could show me a clean bill of health about your right to do business, but I think I'll just keep my ninety-eight thousand dollars until you get your patents, and can show me that you won't be stopped."

"I thought you had a hundred thousand?" accused Paul with a frown.

"I had, but I've been living since I collected it," and Mr. Brack smiled fishily.

"You're stopping at a mighty expensive hotel," worried Paul.

VII

MR. BRACK reported to Wallingford and Blackie with great pride. "You fellows are educating me," he boasted. "I had my diploma, but you put on the finishing touches. I'm able to protect myself now. This morning I stopped the most plausible little guy I met yet; made him take the count with about six well-planted words."

"I'm glad you're safe to leave alone," responded Wallingford sincerely, "because Blackie and myself are contemplating a little business trip, and we don't like to leave you behind with your money exposed."

"It's safe with Little Billy now!" bragged Brack. "You want to have a little curiosity over this scheme, though. You'll be highly agitated when I tell you about it."

"Go ahead and shock me," invited Wallingford tranquilly.

"It's your big hotel car," replied Brack. "A young fellow by the name of Paul Pollet is preparing to manufacture one nearly like it. Didn't you tell me you had patents on a lot of those features?"

"I bet I did," Wallingford assured him.

"I patent everything I think of. It's a cheap amusement, and if you can't sell a patent you can at least make trouble with



"Every dollar we get for stock goes to put a punch into the business," explained Mr. Pollet with convincing emphasis

it. Is this Pullet person just cackling about it, or can he really show an egg?"

"He's manufacturing, and he wanted me to take up his hundred thousand dollars' worth of treasury stock so he can go on with the good work. It's a grand little business, if Pollet had seen it first, but, as it is, I was too smooth for him. I turned him down quick, and switched to you."

"Very noble of you," approved Wallingford. "Still, I don't know that I'll do anything. I'll never fuss with the car, and if this is a live young member I think I'll just let him go, unless the time comes when I hate him or he makes too much money."

"If you're going to be that easy about it, it might be a good investment after all," suggested Bargain Billy, and then, at last, he began to think. Wallingford could tell it by the greedy smile of him. "I say, Wallingford, I can probably make a better dicker with him if you will threaten him with trouble."

"How does the financial proposition stand?" inquired Wallingford. "Could you secure a majority of the stock?"

"Hardly," speculated Brack. "It's a two-hundred-thousand-dollar company. There are four dummy directors who own a share each. Pollet owns a hundred thousand dollars' worth, and he wants to sell me the balance for ninety-nine thousand six hundred."

"Don't bite," counseled Wallingford. "I guess you need me around a while, after all. Don't you see that if he could go ahead without any interference from me, he'd outvote you in every stockholders' meeting, and in the end you'd be skinned anyhow?"

"That's right!" exclaimed Brack, and began to be indignant. "Why, confound that grafter, you ought to put him out of business!"

"By George, I'll do it," Wallingford generously agreed. "Understand, Brack, I don't advise you to go into this business, because I don't know anything about it, but if it listens good to you, I'll enter suit against this Pullet party—"

"Pollet," corrected Brack.

"—against this Pollet fellow, get out an injunction, and scare him to death. Then you offer him a hundred thousand dollars for the whole company, including his stock and the treasury stock, but excepting the four shares held by the dummy directors. You'll need them. Then I'll give you control of

my patents. You can sell your treasury stock for the funds to conduct the business, and have the whole thing in your own hands."

"Great!" applauded Brack. "That's the kind of a deal I wanted to get into, one that involved a real high-finance operation, with the sucker on the other end of the pole!" and his thick lips moistened with gratification. "But do you suppose I could sell the stock?"

"Anybody can sell stock, that is, any man of a good appearance, and a handy tongue, and a little-gray matter in his tank."

"I think I could sell it," decided Brack, considering these requirements thoughtfully. "Wallingford, you're a genius!" he chuckled in pleasant anticipation. "Let's get busy on friend Pollet. I've been just dying all my life to toss the harpoon into some one!"

"All right," laughed Wallingford. "Loaf around the gymnasium and get your harpoon arm in good condition. Blackie and I are going away for about a week, but I'll set this suit and injunction on foot to-day and give you that contract on my patents. Don't be hasty, though. You'd better not do anything without consulting us."

"Don't you worry about me!" exulted Bargain Billy. "I understand this game perfectly, now that you've pointed it out to me."

VIII

On the day Wallingford and Blackie returned from a pleasantly profitable trip into the interior, Bargain Billy Brack, who had learned from Violet Bonnie the train upon which they would arrive, was waiting at Blackie's house.

"Hello, Pirate," greeted Blackie, bustling into the library, and unlocking the cellarette between the Mark Twain set and the forty-volume Shakespeare. "Have you settled down yet into a regular business man?"

"Well, yes," hesitated Bargain Billy, upon whose doughy brow there were beginning to be lines of actual thought. "You know, I bought out that automobile factory."

"You did!" exclaimed Blackie. "Why, I heard Jim Wallingford caution you not to do it until you saw him."

"That's right," admitted Bargain Billy, looking up with a nod as Violet Bonnie came into the room and settled herself in the biggest and most comfortable leather rocker. "However, I took advantage of young



Fannie Wallingford burst out laughing. "It's a secret, but I'll tell you boys," she explained, fighting off Violet Bonnie's restraining hand. "Ten years ago Bargain Billy told her she'd be fat when she got her growth"

Pollet on the day I found him the most scared, and bought him out."

"Well, well," observed Blackie. "I hope you haven't made any mistake. Now, Brack, don't tell me anything about it till I send for Jim. I can see it in your eyes that you want some advice."

"He's on his way over," stated Violet Bonnie calmly, looking out the window. "I told Fannie to bring him across just as soon as he got home. Blackie, why don't you offer your friend a little stimulant?"

"I wasn't sure I needed any," hesitated Bargain Billy, with a half-hearted chuckle. "I'm not sure yet whether I ought to be worried or not."

"Don't tell me a thing," hastily warned Blackie. "I'm not smart like Jim. Will you have water with your rye or seltzer, or will you have whiskey for a chaser?"

"I don't care if I do," accepted Brack, and drank reflectively until Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford came in.

"Well, Jim, our fat little ward has done it," announced Blackie, when the callers had arrived and had passed the conventional greetings. "Brack tells me that he bought that automobile plant."

"As bad as that?" queried Wallingford, looking grave. "Brack, I told you not to do that until you consulted me. I suppose you got stung?"

"I want you to tell me if I have," con-

fessed Brack. "I thought everything was all right, until I began to try to sell the treasury stock, but it seems to me that they've become awful wise on Broadway since I was a well-known figure there."

"The ones who wanted money always have been wise," chuckled Wallingford. "Needing money is in itself a liberal education. Why won't they buy your treasury stock?"

"They say I haven't got anything except a contract to manufacture under your patents, and that's revocable," complained Brack. "Also, that contract runs out in a year, if I don't continue manufacturing."

"That's all right," Wallingford soothed him. "All you have to do is keep on manufacturing."

"What with!" indignantly protested Brack. "I had to pay this slick Pollet ninety-seven thousand five-hundred dollars! He was even sore because I insisted on keeping out five hundred dollars for personal expenses!"

Blackie looked apologetically at Violet Bonnie. "Have you much of it left?" he inquired.

"About enough to square my hotel bill. Why, look here, boys, Pollet didn't own that plant!"

"He didn't!" exclaimed Wallingford. "Why, I'd have him pinched."

"Your lawyer says I can't. I bought the good-will, fixtures, material, patents applied for, certificates of stock, and machinery

owned by the Antohome Manufacturing Company all right, but the machinery consisted of a new jig-saw and an emery-wheel. The material consisted of a hundred dollars' worth of iron and two hundred dollars' worth of brass. The fixtures of one new desk-light and two dozen twenty-cent letter-files. The patents applied for are only an expense account, and the good-will don't amount to a cuss!"

Blackie, sitting at the library desk, began to play softly some imaginary piano keys along its edge, and to hum, "New York is a Good Old Town." Wallingford laid his head back on the cushion of his favorite chair and laughed frankly at the ceiling. Fannie Wallingford smiled amusedly at Violet Bonnie, who was holding one hand on her heaving belt and taking hers out in internal spasms.

"Why, I thought you told me he had a fine big plant there?" protested Wallingford, when he could get his breath.

"It was rented!" exploded Brack.

"He was too smart to tell you it wasn't, I suppose?" ventured Wallingford.

"Of course he was," agreed Brack. "There's nothing in the papers to show that that was his plant, or that the Autohome Company owned anything in the plant line except just machinery."

"One jig-saw and one emery-wheel," mused Blackie.

"No wonder you couldn't sell stock," commiserated Wallingford. "Everything in the world you got for your ninety-seven thousand five hundred is just the welt where you were stung."

"I wouldn't believe it myself until I saw you," protested Brack. "I'm really soaked then, am I?"

"You're flimflammed to a finish," Wallingford assured him; "and, from what you tell me, there's no come-back at Mr. Pollet or anybody. However, I wouldn't worry about it, old man. They were bound to get you anyhow. Blackie told you that being a sucker was an incurable disease."

"But what am I to do?"

"Go back on the farm!" advised Blackie, turning to him with sudden tenseness.

When Bargain Billy had headed for the farm, which now meant good, healthful labor, the party in the library ordered a champagne punch to be brewed, and planned to have dinner at the Broadway restaurant where they had met Bargain Billy.

"I suppose Pollet took care of that check

the minute he got it?" inquired Wallingford.

"I'll bet he did!" promptly responded Violet Bonnie. "Polly is strictly reliable. He had it in cash as soon as the bank could count it, and turned it over to Fannie, who split it with me, and we went down-town together and shopped for some bonds."

"Holy Mike!" exclaimed Blackie. "Isn't that carrying a joke some distance?"

"I like to see you have a good time," encouraged Wallingford, "but I don't want you to laugh yourselves to death! Remember that we have a stiff expense-account on this deal. Five hundred dollars for that Far West incorporation, three hundred for the chassis of that old auto truck, a thousand dollars for labor, four hundred for materials, five hundred for rent, three or four hundred for entertainment, a hundred and fifty for drawings, Polly's fat salary—why, it foots up to between three and four thousand dollars!"

"Well, pikers!" chided Violet Bonnie, "aren't you willing to spend that much to give your wives a treat?"

"Yes," admitted Wallingford, "but we should have something for the use of our talent."

"You didn't use any!" she charged. "You held still, and let Puffy Brack sink the barb into his own gills. He stung himself, and you couldn't help it. You should really be fined. You remember that time you smart Alecks stuck me on that strawberry colony deal? Well, now we're even, and I have interest. Those bonds are down in Fannie's and my safety deposit boxes, singing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Good-by, bonds," grinned Blackie, and wafted them a kiss. "What do we wear to the celebration dinner?"

"Red!" giggled both women.

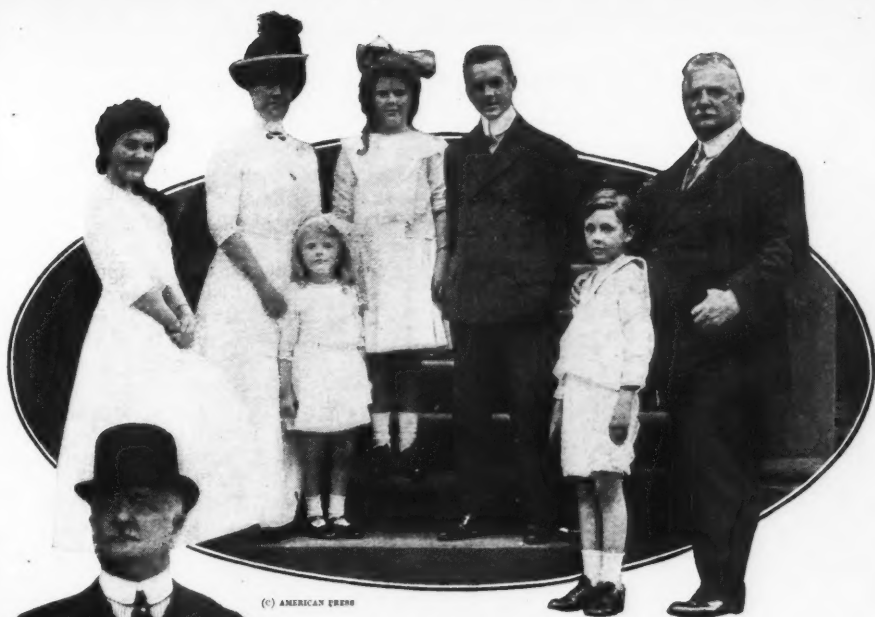
"We've had the frocks ready for a week," added Violet Bonnie.

"I didn't know it was so important," laughed Wallingford. "Vi, I don't believe I ever did understand why you were so violently sure that this cheese had to get off Broadway?"

Violet Bonnie flushed red and powdered her nose, but she did not answer.

Fannie Wallingford burst out laughing. "It's a secret, but I'll tell you boys," she explained, fighting off Violet Bonnie's restraining hand. "Ten years ago Bargain Billy told her she'd be fat when she got her growth!"

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the October issue.



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Mr. and Mrs. James H. Preston and their children



"A gentleman of birth and breeding, of culture and accomplishment, of executive capacity of the highest order"

Mayor Preston of Baltimore

By John Temple Graves

IT was fortunate for the beautiful city of Baltimore, when her hospitality was on trial as host to the assembled Democracy, that her executive chair was held by a gentleman of birth and breeding, of culture and accomplishment, of executive capacity of the highest order, and of a noble and generous heart.

Few men have survived the test of the executive office in the sense of political popularity and preferment. No better evidence of the tact, capacity, and genuineness of James H. Preston, who has been mayor of Baltimore for a single year, can be given than the fact that he is to-day one of the most popular men in Baltimore and in Maryland. It is generally recognized that his work has been of the highest order; he is essentially a man of action, rather than an executive drifter.

Baltimore has had some splendid mayors, but Mayor Preston's wonderful capacity for work, his genius for systematizing and energizing all the units about him, his signal ability for putting into effective motion all the manifold parts of the municipal machinery so that the best practical results are produced, has won for him general recognition as a man

Mayor Preston of Baltimore

of very strong public potentiality. Under his administration millions of dollars are being spent in the development of large municipal improvements, and he is compelling the handling of these contracts so as to give to the city the largest aggregate of results for the least cost. Even his political enemies admit that Mayor Preston has demonstrated force and aggressive capacity in the handling of important public works and policies of their rapidly growing city.

A man of brains, courage, and aggressive energy is the verdict of the Baltimoreans upon their present mayor.

The thousands who attended the Democratic convention in the Monumental City carried away a substantial sense of the effectiveness of its city administration and of the effective courtesy and hospitality of its chief executive. From the reception tendered to the delegates and their wives on the evening of June 25th, Mayor Preston's beautiful home on Charles Street was the center of continuous and beautiful hospitalities which extended during the entire session of the Convention, private dinner-parties, excursions on the river and bay, official receptions, all radiating from the official home of the head of the city.

The mayor of Baltimore is of the old régime of Southern gentlemen. The race of Prestons is historic in Virginia, in South Carolina, and in Maryland. They have been orators, statesmen, and soldiers, but they have always been gentlemen, and it is a significant fact that the velvet-gloved aristocracy of the old South has been strongest to illustrate the iron fingers in grappling with the practical problems which have confronted the new South since the Civil War. Mayor Preston's family, was

one of those whose fortunes faded and fell away with the fall of the Confederacy, but he is also one of those whose courage and enterprise, whose brains and ability, have rebuilt the fortunes of war and left him, at the age of fifty-two, the possessor of ample wealth and an established position, and with the prospect of many years of continued advancement and popularity.

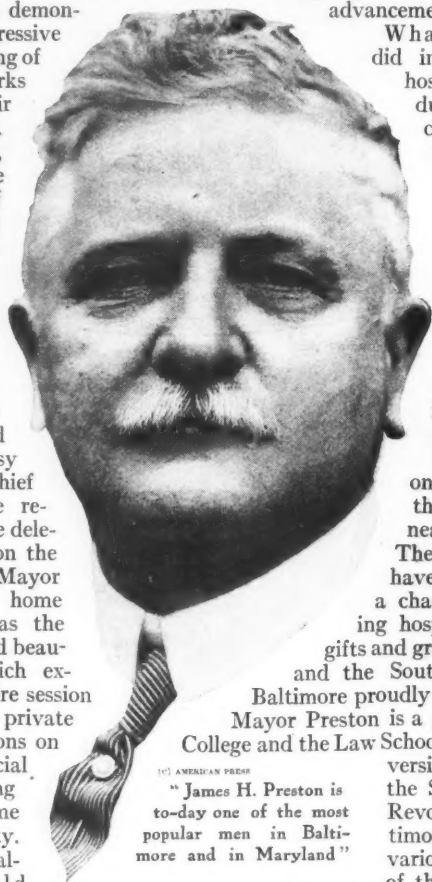
What Mayor Preston did in exemplifying the hospitality of Baltimore during the Democratic convention would have been impossible without the cooperation of the gracious lady who is the presiding genius of his home. Mrs. Preston, who is a woman of rare beauty and of the winning grace and charm of manner which belongs to the old South, is of the old Maryland stock of the Jacksons.

In their town house on Charles Street, and in their country residence near Pikesville, known as The Colonies, the Prestons have for a decade dispensed a charming and representing hospitality worthy of the gifts and graces of both the North and the South, to both of which Baltimore proudly claims allegiance.

Mayor Preston is a graduate of St. John's College and the Law School of the Maryland University.

He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, of the Baltimore Bar Association, of various historical societies, of the Maryland Club, the

Baltimore Country Club, the Baltimore Yacht Club, the Green Spring Valley Club, and other social organizations. Nothing but his superb health and his splendid energy could sustain him in the enormous burden of labor and responsibility which he assumed to himself. The fact that he still retains in undiminished degree his physical vigor and his mental energy is the best possible guaranty of the successful and increasing future which is before him.



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"James H. Preston is to-day one of the most popular men in Baltimore and in Maryland"

Half-Gods

A Western story—brimful of outdoors and of the big-hearted spirit of the plains—was your first Cosmopolitan introduction to Elizabeth Frazer. You liked the story, and we asked Miss Frazer to repeat. She did—"The Man-House"—you remember? Well, there was a quality of good human feeling in both the stories that suggested immediately a story of home life. Here it is—the story of a situation which undoubtedly brings plenty of bad quarters of hours to young women who engage themselves thoughtlessly and then wake up. We do not hesitate to put Miss Frazer's name well up on the list of Cosmopolitan "top-notchers"

By Elizabeth Frazer

Author of "The Brand-Blotter," "The Man-House," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

"GOOD-BY! Be good!"

The elevator sank slowly, and Janet Thorne, decorative artist, strained her eyes upward for a final glimpse of her companions. It was a little after five o'clock on the day of severing her connection with Grey & Brothers, Decorators, and the Sixth Floor, in all the dishevelment of honest toil, *sans* collars and cuffs, and enveloped in flapping paint-splotched aprons, had left their tapestries and cartoons and lined up at the door of the studio for a last salute to the renegade.

"Be good to him, Jane!"

They roared joyous remarks down the shaft, waving their paint-rags, and Janet laughed and waved her muff in return. The next instant she was engulfed in depression. It broke over her, a strong black flood, drowning her forced spirits, and welled up and up until it swam at last at high-water mark on her lashes.

"Abandoned idiot!" she said furiously, blinking at her reflection in the narrow mirror. "Don't weep at this stage of the game!"

Adjusting her veil, she reviewed the situation. At the end of the month she was to marry Bruce Carey, the architect. Six months ago that prospect had filled her with tumultuous delight; she wanted to shout, dance on tiptoe, frolic; she saw the future stretching before her a brilliant file of shining days. Now, with only a fortnight separating her from the joyous event, she was possessed of a frightful reluctance, a wild panicky desire to—bolt. But she had dealt with these traitorous doubts sternly, and at last the torment of unrest was past; she had

burned her bridges behind her. All afternoon she had gone about with a fine assumption of gaiety, snipping the final threads which bound her to the old régime, making her decision irrevocable. So gallantly had she waved the flag of her happiness that she had deceived everyone, and had come through the last trying moments with flying colors. But now she realized with an acute inner disgust that nothing, after all, was settled, and that she was passionately unhappy.

The elevator jarred to a standstill, and Janet, peering forth, saw Carey pacing the hall. At sight of her he came forward eagerly. Janet gave him her hand.

"Am I late?"

"Seventeen minutes and a half, young woman. But I forgive you, since it's the last day."

They stepped out upon the street already darkening, into the thick of the stream of workers making for up-town trains. Carey drew her arm within his protectively.

"Think of it, Janet mine! Three years of bondage within those walls, of nightly battling with this mob, and this was your last day!"

Janet felt a prick of irritation at the exultant note. "Not bondage!" she protested. "It's been a fine three years."

"The next three will be far finer, dear!"

Under cover of the throng which isolated them completely, Carey possessed himself of her hand and squeezed it tenderly. The hand proved unresponsive.

"Tired?" he queried solicitously, bending to catch a glimpse of her eyes.

Janet shook her head, staring straight before her. She was revolving a wild and

alluring idea, which, by its very simplicity, seemed to offer a solution of her difficulties. It was to speak the stark truth for the rest of the evening, and to abide by the consequences. It was simple, and yet highly iconoclastic, for she had not been engaged six months to Bruce Carey without discovering that the real nature of the woman he was about to marry was the last thing he desired to know. He worshiped a delightful, romantic ideal with such devotion that it had shut out the actual Janet long ago. She now determined to shatter this lay-figure and show him the real She.

Carey maneuvered her skilfully to the outer fringe of the throng, shielding her with his shoulders. "This is what disgusts me!" he waved a shapely, well-gloved hand toward the dusky sea of bobbing black hats. "To think of you alone, after dark, in this wild horde of humanity!"

"It's not a wild horde," demurred Janet spiritedly. "It's just people like you and me."

She recognized the face of the fair ideal. It was one of the illusions that she was delicate and helpless and must not stir, but have everything done for her.

Carey patted her hand, disregarding her little outburst, and continued: "To think of you down here in this mad scramble daily! I can't tell you, Janet, how it has ground my soul. I have felt at times as if I couldn't stand it a minute longer, as if I must pick you up and throw you over my shoulder like the primitive man and carry you off to my cave. But I didn't. I restrained myself, and admired your pluck. My delicate, brave Janet sticking at a distasteful task to the bitter end!"

"I love my work!" cried Janet, choking a little. She felt as if she were being smothered in the soft wrappings of Carey's ideal.

They had come out from lower Fifth Avenue, and striking eastward at Union Square, caught the full onward sweep of the tide as it bore resistlessly on, and poured, a steady stream, down the hooded black entrances to the subway trains.

"Look at them!" Carey exclaimed. "They are fighting and clawing down there like demons for a chance to become human sardines! It's no place for a lady."

"Not for a perfect lady," agreed Janet dryly. "But I'm not one. I glory in your rabble. I belong to it myself."

"No more," said Carey, gaily masterful. "You belong to me!"

"You are sealed in my heart with a seal of love, And locked with love for a key."

"Bruce," said Janet breathlessly, "you—you mustn't say things like that! 'Sealed in your heart'—it makes me shiver! I see myself walled alive in a dungeon, clanking my chains, or padding back and forth in a cell, red eyed to escape. No love for me in jail."

"But with me for the jailer, Janet?"

"I'd lie in wait to kill you."

Carey laughed indulgently. "I believe it, by Jove, when you look at me with those stormy eyes! Why, Janet, you've bristled up over my poor quotation like a little porcupine. But if you knew how miserably jealous I've been of that office, of the daily descent into this sordid, grubbing, workaday world! Its contact seemed to spoil my dream of you—to dim your brightness."

The ideal again! Janet hung silent a moment, despairing. She hated the harsh rôle of critic, and certainly Bruce was a gallant lover if one were content with his rather florid, romantic manner of wooing. There had been a time when she had liked it well enough herself—in those indiscriminating first days. Most women, she knew, would be delighted with his love-making; they would jump at the chance to be in her shoes. For Bruce Carey was what is technically known in matrimonial circles as a good match, with plenty of breeding, enough brains, some promise as an architect, and a sweet though restricted personality. Their engagement had reached the point where Janet saw only the restrictions; they crowded her vision.

"You see, Bruce," she began hesitatingly, "this bright star-creature that you dream of is not the real me at all! I'm not an angelic being—there's nothing celestial about me. I'm an ordinary flesh-and-blood girl. I hate niches and sitting up aloft. I want to be in the procession. There must be some low, rakish streak in me." She warmed to the description. "I say 'Damn' when I'm in a rage, and kick things about. And I like work, hard work that drives every loafing drop of blood in you and makes you tired, dog-tired, at the end of the day and happy to think back over. You hate the thought of your dream-girl out in the grubbing, workaday world. I'm proud to be a grubbier! And I don't mind even the subway rush. I stampede with the rest

of the heaving, straining crowd, each intent upon a seat, and I hang to a strap and wonder about them all—big smudgy giants from the tunnels with their shoulders caved in from fatigue, salesladies, scrubwomen, factory-girls, swinging and lurching in the half light, pallid and spent, and every mother's son and daughter of them wearing like a mystic symbol the same look—the deep-carved, enduring look of pain that marks the face of Lincoln."

"It's that pain which I would save my Janet from."

"I don't want to be saved—I take my chance with the others."

"Valiant little lady! But I can't undertake to rescue them all, you know! One Andromeda is enough for this Perseus!"

He was good at such compliments, Janet reflected rather viciously, and hated herself for the thought. Suppose he *was* blind to the qualities which made her Janet Thorne in particular, and not just any soft, dusky-eyed female at all. Perhaps all men loved so—not the actual woman, but a made-up, sentimental ideal. She did not believe that—it was Bruce who was not hard or real. She longed quite desperately to consult somebody very wise and old and good—somebody who knew everything and to whom she could talk freely. There was one big question in particular—Was it right to marry without love, on a basis of friendship? . . . She desired children. . . .

Those dream-children with their soft, misty eyes and faintly smiling mouths, they haunted the by-paths of her mind. They stole out from secret ways, nodding and waving, beckoning with imperious little hands, rending her with their terrible sweetness. . . .

She came out of the confused riot of her thoughts to hear Carey's voice. "Which shall it be, a hansom ride to see the lights or a good-night look at the new home?"

"Not either, please," said Janet hurriedly. "I—I want to think some things."

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, everything—I can't tell you in the street."

"Tell me at the house."

"No, oh, no—not there!" Janet's voice held a note of terror.

"Just for half an hour. I want to measure that corner for the bookshelves. I'll light the new candles, and you shall sit on the couch and tell me those precious thoughts."

"I will. You won't like them," she added in a low voice.

Carey squeezed her hand. "I shall love them!" he said tenderly.

They turned into a quiet side street flanked with dingy brownstone mansions degenerated into shops and cheerless boarding-houses, but still preserving like an elderly belle remnants of faded splendor, and emerged presently into Gramercy Square. Here, in one of the stately old houses whose diamond-shaped windows overlooked the trim little park, Carey had rented an apartment, and the lovers had plunged with abandon into the fascinating business of house-furnishing. Janet had discovered within herself, during those first weeks, an unsuspected passion for domesticity. Fine linens, soft hangings, all the sensuous, feminine adornments of a home, she longed for insatiately, and noted that Bruce cared for those



In all the disvelment of honest toil

things, too. At the close of each day they met at the apartment, the candles were lighted, a fire kindled on the hearth, and while Bruce pottered about, Janet sat in the warm glow and hemmed housewifely things or dropped her hands into her lap and dreamed.

And then it came to her one day that something was lacking. The playhouse was it, and the playthings—and the play-children. Of the man-person who was to abide there world without end she knew amazingly little. With a shock at the heart, she perceived that he had even less knowledge of her. What complicated matters was that she felt dimly that one side of her, a big, longing, maternal side, would be quite content with the arrangement as it stood, and would ask nothing better than to wait on Bruce hand and foot, even without caring for him greatly, and to sew things, big things, but chiefly little adorable dream-things forever and ever.

Carey opened the door with his latch-key, tossed his hat upon the table in the hall, and wheeling in the shadowy dimness, took Janet into his arms and kissed her on the mouth.

She struggled and then lay still, quivering.

Carey laughed softly. "Wild little thing!" He brushed his lips caressingly along the smooth warm contour of her cheek. "It's the first time I've felt as if I really owned you!" he whispered. With a triumphant arm still across her shoulders he led the way down the length of the dusky hall to the rear of the house into a small, partially furnished room evidently intended as a study. A seven-branched candelabrum of old brass which Carey lighted upon the mantel revealed a deep leather divan luxuriously piled with cushions in old greens and blues, a rolled-up rug in the center of the floor, flanked by several packing-cases, and, on the side opposite the couch, rows of low shelves in process of construction. Carey placed Janet on the divan and banked the cushions behind her.

"Sit there," he commanded.

He fell to work briskly with pocket-rule and note-book. The mellow radiance from the candles fell upon his handsome profile, his curling blond hair, his mustache trimmed close to the lip, and his long chin punctured with a deep dimple. It was an amiable and somewhat selfish face, not vivid or dynamic or capable of either great good or

great evil. Bruce Carey would never set the world on fire, or wreck himself nobly for the sake of an idea; but he would always have a circle of pleasant friends, a tasteful home, nicely curled children, and a certain amount of money.

After ten minutes of silence he snapped the book shut and looked up. Janet had laid aside her hat and sat with her head bent forward, her lashes dark against her cheeks, clasping a knee with her hands. Carey drank in her beauty with delight—the small boyish head with the dark hair wound in braids about it, the dark eyes under soft eyelids, the delicate free body curves, the fine modeling of wrist and ankle. All was according to his desire, purely, deliciously feminine.

He rose and stood over her, smiling. "What about those thoughts?"

Janet took a deep breath, and then gave him her eyes in a clear, direct gaze. "I want my promise back."

Carey sat down suddenly on a packing-case. Only one thing occurred to him, a mad, immoral, preposterous thing. The next instant he had gathered his rudely jarred wits together, and leaning forward sought to unclasp her hands. Some day, he reflected, he must speak to her about that abrupt manner. It was piquant, but not quite the thing for his wife.

"What promise?" he demanded gaily. "I can remember at this moment but one promise you ever made to me." Words and look were freighted with tender significance. "By that dear promise you engaged me as your knight to fight that wicked old dragon, the world. And I engaged to enfold your days with my love so that the sounds of battle should never enter, not the farthest echo of its clamor. It would be a beautiful, enchanted dream."

Janet looked at him, smiling faintly. "That is it," she said. "That promise I cannot fulfil. I—I am no good at enchantments." She took a little gulping breath and spoke in a swift rush from the top of it. "I want to be free, Bruce. I must be. We have been playing a game all these months, and now it has come to an end. I cannot go on. I have tried—" She paused a moment, searching his face, which wore a chill, and went on in a voice barely audible, "You see, you don't want all of me, only part—the sweet, sit-by-the-fire part that loves to be kissed and conquered. And you have that

HEART BY FRANK BRAY

Janet whitened under the sting of his words. She drew off her ring, and leaning forward, laid it on his knee. "Let me go!" she whispered. Carey gripped her wrist. "This is pure madness, Janet. You are tired—overstrained. We will talk of this another day."



part, like this," she doubled her hand into a fist, "or there would be no question." She checked Carey, who made as if to speak, and continued, "But there is another me, not soft or sweet or compliant, but hard and terribly alive. You would never consort with that alien, Bruce, and, worse," she gave him the ghost of a smile, "it will not consort with you. And so—so it must end. I cannot risk marriage on such half-way feelings."

Carey stared at her as if doubting his ears. "You mean it?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

"And you would reject me, at this late day, for such—rubbish?"

Janet whitened under the sting of his words. She drew off her ring, and leaning forward, laid it on his knee. "Let me go!" she whispered.

Carey gripped her wrist. "This is pure madness, Janet. You are tired—overstrained. We will talk of this another day." He made as if to take her into his arms.

"Let me go," she pleaded.

"But why?" He spoke in a harsh, slightly thickened voice. "Tell me why? You are tired of me?"

"No."

"There is some one else?"

"You know there is not!"

"Then why?" He released her. "Come, give me a reasonable answer."

She looked at him through a quick clouding of tears. "You—you refuse to understand," she murmured.

He brooded darkly across at her.

"I don't love you—not as I should. You don't love me. In fact, you hate part of me; you'd choke it, stamp it out, kill it. But that's—me!" She smiled tremulously.

"But you said just now that you love me."

Janet took a deep, quivering breath. "I do," she said simply, "in a way—a poor, secondary way. You are dear and sweet and engaging—like a boy. It's maternal, partly. Oh, I can't explain—but it is not enough."

"It is enough for me."

A tremor crossed Janet's face. "It's not enough for me," she said, in a low voice. "I want everything—or nothing."

Carey rose, crossed over to the mantel, and stood leaning against it. "Do you mind telling me just when it occurred, this extraordinary change of heart? You have given a surprisingly good imitation of happiness."

"It was not imitation—I was very happy, just at first. I walked in a wonderful golden mist; my feet hardly touched the ground. But presently realities began to emerge—I caught glimpses of you, and of myself as you thought me, and it terrified me. But I held on, hushing my fears. I was confused, uncertain—how is one to know surely beforehand? I believed that I loved you, in a way—as much as many wives. And I wanted your love, home, children—I wanted everything. And it seemed as if things were done that way. But now I find that I cannot do it." She looked at him miserably. "I am sorry—"

Her explanation, faltering, incoherent, passed him by; he did not even listen. His mind was circling, moth-like, about the huge fact of his own disaster.

"You jilt me. I offer you my highest devotion—" He halted and glanced about the room. "What about our home—those dreams?"

Janet stared at him, her brows convulsed. "I know—" Her voice trailed and broke on her lips. As if a door had been opened at the end of a long hall, she caught a vision of herself down the vista of the years—a wife and mother, sitting in peace, comfortably material and maternal, her children about her. She locked her hands tightly in her lap. "I know," she said again. "And it would be so easy—you can never, never know how easy!—just to let myself go, to give up the fight and rest back in your arms and say, 'Take me and take care of me, body and soul—forever.'"

"Ah, if you would—" Carey came forward and seated himself opposite her eagerly. "Dear," he began, "all this is mere talk; it is not the real you—I know my Janet. I know that she loves me. Let us forget this stormy little hour. What has it all been about, anyway?" Smiling, he took her wrists and drew her to him.

From between her tightly shut lids two bright drops squeezed out, hung pendulous a moment on her long lashes, and then sped swiftly down her cheeks. Others followed. Temptation, a desire for the soft, comfortable, uninspired ways of life, assailed her. It came like a fierce, strong hand at her throat, requiring her to be silent. She struggled to speak and could not. The tears fell faster, a steady little rivulet which coursed down her cheeks and splashed warmly on Carey's hands and her own.



Before her tortured mind hung visions:
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erable and have been its bitter-sweet
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He bent forward to kiss them away. The battle was as good as won. He loved her, he told himself, only the more ardently for her doubts and sweet, fluttering reluctances. They redoubled his eagerness for possession. Her modesty and maiden reserve pleased his fastidious judgment enormously. He never could understand how a woman could shamelessly want a man. To his mind such conduct denoted a lack of delicacy; it smacked of the gross, the plebeian. He leaned above her, enveloping her in his love like a cloud. His breath fell warm upon her eyelids, it weighed them down.

"Darling!" he murmured.

With her dark banded hair and tear-flushed cheeks, she seemed to him an adorable child to be protected from that great beast, the world, to be sealed into a secret garden of love to which he alone bore the key. He smiled at the absurd notion that she did not love him.

"Trust me!" he said, gently masterful. "You will, little Jane?"

"No."

The bare monosyllable, flat and faint, was all she could compass. She stood up, trembling.

Carey rose also. The single negation where he had expected soft yieldingness was like a blow from a fist. It filled him with fury. His face suddenly flushed, overspread with dull red to the tips of his ears; twin vertical lines sprang out whitely on his

forehead. He swung out a swift arm, wrapped it round her tightly, and pulled her to him. Her resistance put an edge of fire in his veins. He was breathing heavily. By his code there was but one way of dealing with recalcitrance in a lady. And this recalcitrant lady had promised; in point of honor she was his very own. He pressed down her head and held it forcibly against his shoulder.

"Now!" he muttered, and he kissed her. "Now—will you?" He kissed her again, roughly, and again. "Will you?"

"No."

He stared down at her long and steadily. For a kaleidoscopic instant he had a flashing glimpse of that other Janet, hard beneath all her softnesses, damnably hard, the kind of a Janet that could trample softness under her feet and become a Joan or a Jael or a Judith. His jaw stiffened as he gazed.

"All right!" he exclaimed at last violently. "Have it your own way!" He threw her off and took an abrupt turn about the room. "What shall we do with all this?" A sweep of the hand indicated the furniture.

Janet turned toward him a pallid face. "It doesn't matter."

He fumbled in his pocket and handed her the key. "Do what you like. I will notify the agent."

She took the key and stood looking down at it mutely.

There was a moment of crowded silence, during which Carey regarded her with a bitter fixity of attention. Then he turned and strode to the door. He hesitated a long minute with his hand on the knob, then went out.

Janet stood with bent head in an attitude of intense listening as his footfalls echoed loudly down the hall. She heard the vestibule door open and slam to again. With the same soft, intent air she moved toward her wraps. The couch with its tumbled disarray of cushions was behind her, and suddenly her knees gave way; she flung herself prone upon it and buried her face in the cushions.

The room was very still. Upon the mantel the heart-shaped golden flames of the seven candles burned steadfastly upward like beacon fires ascending in clean, windless night spaces. From shadowy recesses the dream-children stole out. They gazed at her with eyes ineffably sad and reproachful. She had rejected them, too. All the mothers in her who had endured second choice dumbly fell upon her and had their supreme and bitter way with her. Who was she to demand a perfect union—that high, ultimate gift of heaven? They jeered derisively at her puny and selfish ideals, her callow insolences. Did not they know wisdom? Better a half-loaf than to starve wretchedly of hunger. Before her tortured mind they hung visions: of a home, children

who would echo her down to eternity—those mighty factors which make second choice tolerable and have been its bitter-sweet compensations since choice began.

She sobbed aloud.

"But not without love!" she whispered, brokenly. "I cannot—"

The dream-children drew nearer. They hovered close, a cloudy circle, gazing at her from wistful, half-smiling eyes. Tiny fingers soft as a rose-petal curled softly round her own, thrilling mysteriously up to her heart-strings, enchanting her senses. A small head nestled against her bosom; eyes like drowned stars dreamed mistily up into hers; a little blind mouth brushed its dewy sweetness across her breast, seeking, seeking—

She struggled up, half-swooning, and stretched out adoring arms.

"I'm coming to you, darlings," she cried. "I'm coming!"

She crossed the room swiftly, took down the receiver of the telephone, and called a number.

"Is Mr. Carey home yet? Oh, is it you, Bruce? This is Janet. . . . Yes, a wild, bad Janet, but good now—and very sorry! . . . Yes, if you are sure you still want me. . . . I am here—at the house. . . . That would be very nice of you. In half an hour?"

She hung up the receiver, and sat down to await his return.

Another New Series—October Cosmopolitan

In the next (October) Cosmopolitan we begin a rattling good series of mystery stories by E. Phillips Oppenheim. There is a young woman detective in them, with a side-partner who has the time of his life trying to match wits with her—together a perfectly likable and alive pair of human beings. But you know Oppenheim—and his kind of stories. So here is just the announcement—without frills—the first of the new series in October Cosmopolitan.

"Wolfville"

A few days ago a man came into the shop to talk over some special features for the magazine. In the course of the talk he made the remark, "I never read fiction." As he was leaving he picked up a July *Cosmopolitan*—and saw an Alfred Henry Lewis "Wolfville." It was all off. He began to read it, and didn't leave until he had finished. He took back his first "fiction" statement, but declared that actually the "Wolfville" stories are the only ones he has read for years. They *are* good stories—live, human, humorous. We are going to print quite a number of them—and if you don't know Doc Peets, Faro Nell, Tucson Jennie, Old Man Enright, and the rest, we suggest that you begin to know them now. In this story Mr. Lewis makes you acquainted with one of "Wolfville's" most famous citizens, Old Monte

Old Monte: Official Drunkard

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks," etc.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

"SHORE; Old Monte's the offishul drunkard of Arizona," declared the Old Cattleman, answering my question. "Or," he continued, at the same time making ready a restorative pipe, "seein' that mebbly Wolfville's joorisdiction won't be held none to reach beyond, let's say the offishul drunkard of Cochise County. That's Old Monte's civic designation, offishul drunkard, an' meant to fix his commonal place. Does he resent it? Which he proudly w'ars that title like it's a kingly crown! It's as good as even money that, to undertake to sep'rate him from it or deny the same, is the one single thing he bristles up an' gives you a battle over.

"Which this yere last should mean a heap, since Old Monte's plumb pacific by nacher, an' abhors war to the p'int of bein' timid. To be shore, he'll steam at the nose, an' paw the sod, an' act like he's out to spread rooin far an' wide an' leave everything in front of him on both sides of the road. But in them perfervid man'festations, he don't reelly intend nothin' either high or heenious, or more'n jest to give his se'f-respect an outing, that a-way. Let the opp'sition call him down, an' the crafty old cimarron'll go the diskyard instantar.

"Which at that, Old Monte ain't without his interestin' side. When onder the infloence of nose-paint, which last is constant, he has three distinct moods. About the fourth drink, let a stranger show up, an'—all aff'ble an' garyoolous—Old Monte's right

thar, all spraddled out, to do the honors. When the stranger, gettin' weary, kicks Old Monte off him, the same bein' shore to happen, since no one formed in the image of his Maker can put up with them verbal imbecil'ties of his beyond a given length of time, he'll arch his back an'—apparently—wax that f'rocious a wronged grizzly to him is as meek as milk. An' yet, as I already tells you, it's jest a blazer; an' the moment the stranger begins betrayin' symptoms that a-way, Old Monte lapses into his third mood, the same bein' one of haughty silence, an' struts off a heap dignified like it's beneath him to bandy words.

"That's the savin' clause in Old Monte's constitootion; he may get drunk, but he never gets injoodicious. Thar's a sport from some'ers over 'round Shakespeare in the dance-hall one evenin', whose patience has been plenty trespassed on by Old Monte. By way of bringin' matters to a decisive head, this yere Shakespeare party tells Old Monte he's a liar. Do you reckon Old Monte hooks up with him? Not a chance! He simply casts on that maligner from Shakespeare a look of disparagement, an' with nose held high, as markin' his contempt, moves away with the reemark, "That's something I refooses to discuss with you."

"Which thar's no more real p'isin in Old Monte than in a hired girl.

"We has the chance once to try some courage-fomentin' experiments on Old Monte,

an' it's the mistake of our lives we don't. Doc Peets, whose regrets is scientific, feels speshully acote. Thar's a partic'lar bar'l of nose-paint gets trundled into town, which is nothin' short of bein' the condensed essence of hostility an' braggin' extravagance. Black Jack, after years as barkeep, says himse'f he never sees nothin' like it. After two drinks, folks gets that ornery they feels bigger'n a buffalo bull an' as ferocious as a grizzly b'ar. Enright has it freighted back to Tucson in alarm, fearin' for the peace of the camp. At the time none of us thinks of it, but later it's a subject of regret that none is saved to try on Old Monte. Mebbly that speshul brand turns out to be the missin' ingredient, an' keys him up to heroism.

"Jest to show you some of the milder workin's of that lick. Boggs flies away four inches of it onder his belt, an' later when he's walkin' by the corral an' meets a Mexican, he reaches out in a casyooal an' abstracted way, collars that Greaser, an' hefts him over a six-foot 'dobe fence same as if he's a bag of bran an' all plumb rel'vant. Boggs declar's himse'f he don't know why none. He's thinkin' of something else at the time, he says, an' the eepisode don't leave no partic'lar traces on his mem'ry. The trooth is it's that vehement an' onmuzzled nose-paint, incitin' him to voylence.

"Is the Mexican hurt? Which, if I remembers rightly, Peets does mention about a busted collar-bone. But it don't create no int'rest—him bein' a Mexican. You see, thar's a gen'ral feelin', amountin' fa'rly to an onwritten law, that Mexicans ain't got no rightful call to be seen in public, that a-way, an' when one does go pirootin' round permiscus in voylation of this yere tenet, nacherally he takes his chances. You-all can gamble, though, that Boggs shore never would have reached for him none, onless actchoated by that whiskey.

"It certainly is the prize beverage! As modest an' retirin' a sperit as Cherokee Hall, to whom any form of boastful bluff is plumb reepellent, subscribes to a mod'rate snifter; an' next, in less time than it takes to rope a pony, he's out in front of the Red Light, onbucklin' in a display of fancy pistol-shootin'. Thar's a brace of towerists who's wandered into camp, an' Cherokee let's on he'll show 'em. Which he shore shows 'em! He tosses two tomatter-cans on high, an' with a gun in either hand keeps 'em dancin' an' jumpin' about in the atmos-

phere until thar's six bullets through each. It's a heap satisfyin' as a performance, an' both them towerists leaves town that evenin' by speshul buckboard.

"Onaffected by that lick, Cherokee wouldn't have gone an' made no sech spectacle of himse'f, that a-way, though urged by the yoonanymous voice of the outfit. When he so far recovers as to a'preeciate what Faro Nell has to say of them tomatter-can exploits—an' she's plenty explicit—he blushes to that degree he comes mighty nigh blushin' himse'f to death.

"It's after we notes what it does to Cherokee, an' hears of them exhibitions of broote force by Boggs, that we gets timid about that whiskey, an' Enright orders the bar'l sealed up an' sent back. An' right he is! S'ppose them Red Dogs was to have come prancin' over for a social call, an' s'ppose in entertainin' 'em we-all inadvertent an' innocent has reecourse to that lick, whatever do you-all reckon 'd have been the finish? Son, it'd have been one of these yere things they calls a holacost, an' nothin' short. Most likely historians would have wrote about it onder the head of 'The Last Days of Red Dog.' Which, recallin' them tomatter-can feats of Cherokee, to say nothin' of Boggs's carelessness with that Greaser, I ain't able to figger it out no other way. We certainly overlooks a bet when we don't hold out a quart or two of that lick, an' exper'ment on Old Monte. Which it might have made a oncurbed Alexander of him!

"No, that lack of war instinct in Old Monte ain't no specific drawback. Him drivin' stage that a-way, he ain't expected none to fight. The hold-ups onderstands it, the company onderstands it, everybody onderstands it. That's why, when the stage is stopped, the driver's never downed. Which if thar's money aboard, an' the express outfit wants it defended, they slams on some sport to ride shotgun that trip. It's for this yere shotgun speshulist to give the route-agents an' argyooment. Which him an' them is licensed to go bombardin' each other until the goin' down of the sun.

"As for the driver, the ettikette in case the stage is stopped, simply calls for him to set his brake an' plumb peaceful, hold his hands above his head. It's inside his rights, too, accordin' to the rooles of the trail, to cuss out the hold-ups, an' call 'em all the hard names of which he's cap'ble. Havin' downed or driven off the shotgun sport, an'

seen the bottom of the express-box, the hold-ups tells the stage-driver to pull his freight. Whar-upon he picks up the reins, kicks free the brake, lets fly a loorid an' final broadside of vitooperation—he havin' reeserved the same by way of peroration—an' goes rackin' on his windin' way.

"Wolfville's been on the map for most a year when Old Monte first comes curvin' into our midst. In the beginnin', an' ontill we-all gets adjusted to him, he's something of a burden. Leastwise, he ain't what you'd go so far as to call a boon none. An' at that"—here the old gentleman's expression became one of beniginity and generous toleration—"I wouldn't say Old Monte gives us actchooal trouble. Comin' down to what folks commonly deescribes as trouble, I've allers held that, whether in the case of camps or people that a-way, thar's no sech word. Also, that thar's no sech thing as a gent bein' on the wrong trail. When all is said, every gent is on the right trail, only some is headed the wrong way.

"Thar's a picture back of the Red Light bar which expresses my feelin's. On it is the face of a bilious, sour-seemin' citizen, as bitter as a badger, who looks like he considers life a failure. He's sayin', 'I've had a thousand troubles, nine hundred and ninety-



"Thar's a sport from some'ers over 'round Shakespeare in the dance-hall one evenin', whose patience has been plenty treespassed on by Old Monte"

nine of which never happens.' I often perooses this yere sentiment, while subscribin' to my forty drops, an' to my thinkin' it's as straight as Cherokee's deal-box; an' that article of virtu—as Doc Peets would say—is so plumb straight it's moral.

"When you-all puts as much of your life behind you as I has, son, you'll realize that the notion the sun rises in the east, that

a-way, is a astronom'cal fal'cy. Which the sun rises in the stomach, the same bein', as Peets asshores me freequent, the ondoubted home of the hooman soul. Everything, for black or white—an' yerein you-all beholds the hand of Providence—is up to us. Likewise, them Scriptyooral words concernin' the wind an' the shorn lamb ain't wholly empty, an' only so you lives through the 'nitial agonies you gets used to anything. How often is it that what at the start we regyards as a disaster becomes, when we grows inyoored to it, something we not merely likes but prizes?

"Which it's that a-way about Old Monte a whole lot. When he comes weavin' in that time, an' it dawns on us he's plottin' to make himse'f a perm'nency, it certainly does look for a spell that, what with his consumption of nose-paint an' his turrific genius for snorin', he's goin' to be more'n we can b'ar.

"Does Old Monte snore? Not to create ondo excitement, it's none the less the bar'foot, onclothed trooth that his snorin' falls nothin' short of sinful. Dan Boggs has plenty of countenance when he brings them snores to the attention of Enright.

"Thar's shore a limit somewhar, Sam,' Boggs says, 'to this yere drunkard's right to snore. Which he's simply keepin' everybody over to the O. K. House settin' up. Unless something's done to check him, thar'll be a epidemic of St. Vitus dance. You ask Doc Peets; he'll tell you that this yere Monte, with his snorin', is a scourge.'

"Is Old Monte's snores that egreegious? As measurin' their deevastatin' scope, the stage corral is two hundred yards away; an' yet the nightly raspin's an' roarin's of that profligate keeps what cayoooses is confined thar millin' all night long. They allows in their onseegin' equine way thar's somethin' pendin', an' nacherally they don't desire none to be took onawares. Them ponies—which ponies allers has a heap more proodence than sense, that a-way—maintains themselves in constant readiness to make a frenzied break for the hills.

"It's not alone their volume, but their quality which makes them snores of Old Monte so ondesir'ble. Mebbly you-all never gives yourse'f up to a close study of snores. Some folks snores a heap deprecatory, an' like they're apol'gizin' for it as they goes along. Which you're disarmed from the start. Others snores in a manner ca'mly confident, an' all as though the news that

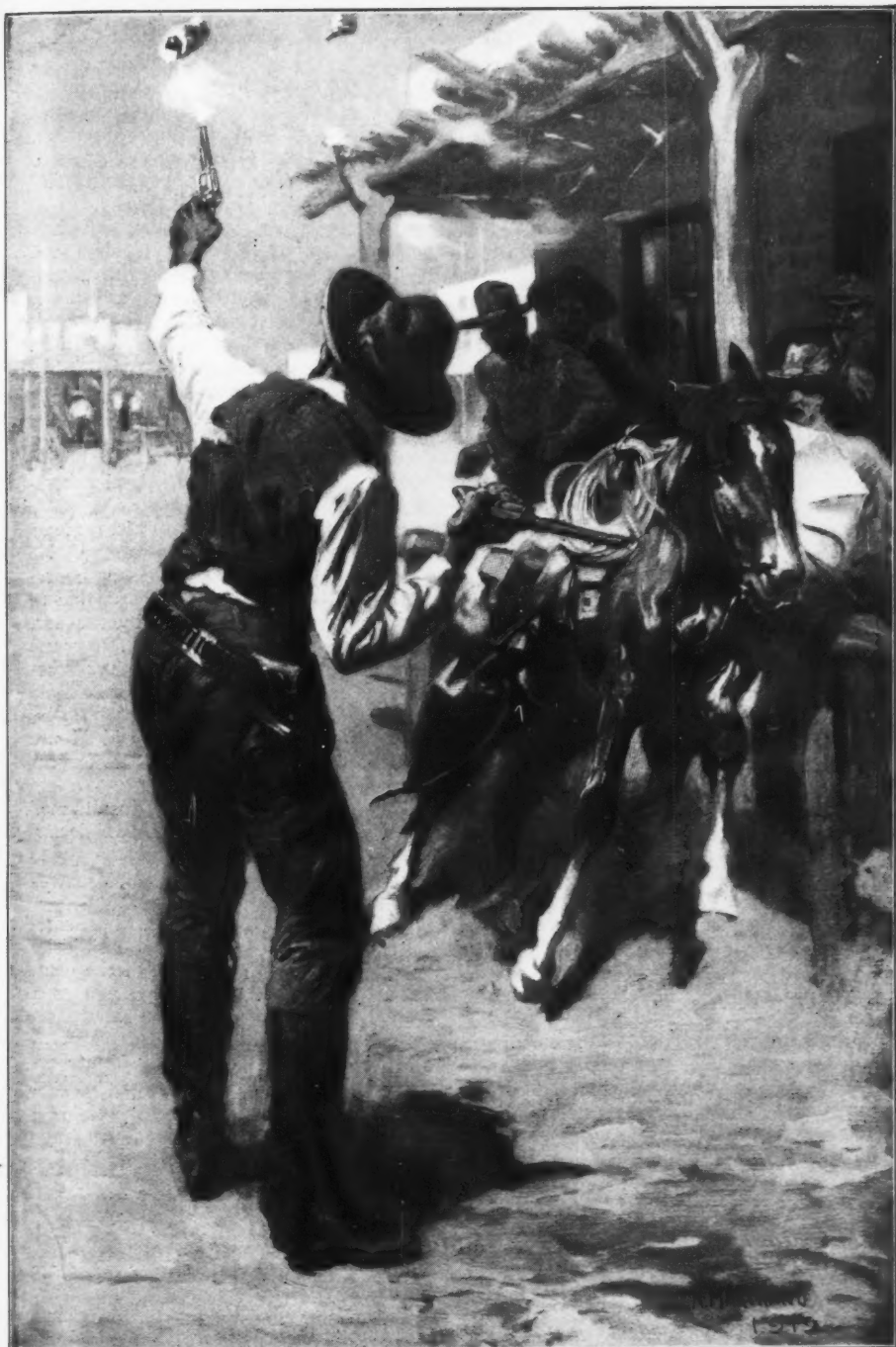
any gent objects will astonish 'em to death. Still others snores plumb deafiant, an' like they ain't snorin' so much for comfort, that a-way, as to show their contempt for mankind. Which it's this yere note of challenge which makes that partic'lar kind of snorin' so hard to condone by any gent of sperit. Also, it's to this yere hostile school Old Monte belongs.

"After Boggs lodges complaint that time, Enright takes a corrective peek into the sityooation. Thar's two rooms over the O. K. kitchen, sort o' off by themselves. Upon Enright's hint, Missis Rucker beds down Old Monte in one, an' Deef Andy, who mends harness for the stage company, in the other.

"It's for the safety of your excellent car-vansay, ma'am,' Enright explains, when he's makin' them su'gestions. 'Which Dan's 'motional, an' mighty easy moved, an' some mornin', unless you adopts them improvements, that somnolent sot you're harborin' go too far with Dan. I takes it you-all don't want the shack all smoked up with Dan's six-shooter? In which event you'll put that reverberant drunkard in the far-corner room, with Andy next.'

"Which Andy's that deaf it's bloo chips to white he sleeps through the day of jedgment. He certainly will, unless Gabriel exerts himse'f beyond what you has a right to expect. Adders is plumb alert to Andy. Shore, we still suffers from Old Monte; but it's softened an' modified a heap—like as if it's far-off thunder strained through wool. While I won't say none that we gets edyoocated to whar we dotes on them snores, the fur of our patience don't get rubbed the wrong way to anything like a prior extent.

"Peets once mentions a long-ago poet sport named Johnson who, speakin' of a fellow poet after he's dead an' down under the grass-roots, lets on that he touches nothin' he don't adorn. Which you can go your ultimate simoleon that ain't Old Monte's style. The only things he don't upset is bottles; the only flood he never spills is whiskey. This yere last would be ag'inst his religion. Wherever he goes pirootin' he's draggin' his rope, an' half the time he's steppin' on it. It's him that coaxes that onhappy Polish picture-painter our way. This yere is long after Old Monte's drivin' stage, however, an' as offishul drunkard of the outfit becomes a tol'rated feachure of the camp. This Polish



DRAWN BY J. W. MARCHAND

"It certainly is the prize beverage! As modest an' retirin' a sperit as Cherokee Hall, to whom any form of boastful bluff is plumb reepellent, subscribes to a mod'rate snifter; an' next, in less time than it takes to rope a pony, he's out in front of the Red Light, onbucklin' in a display of fancy pistol-shootin'!"

artist-person is distinguished as the only gent who ever, on a cold collar that a-way, ups an' commits soocide in Wolfville. Shore, he's locoed, besides bein' as much out o' place in Arizona as a faro layout in a Sunday-school. It's ondoubted the misrepresentations of that egreegious Monte which lures him our way. Old Monte crosses up with him over in Tucson, an' while thar's no ties between 'em, except what nacherally forms between two gents who sets drinkin' together all night, before ever they're through with each other that inspired inebriate lands the locoed artist party on our hands.

"Enright shore does go the limit in re-bookin' Old Monte.

"Why, Sam,' says the befogged old ground-hawg, an' he's that deprecatory he whines, 'I allows you'll look on him as a acquisition.'

"All the same,' returns Enright, an' I never knows him more forbiddin', 'yere-after please confine your annoyin' assidooities to drivin' stage, an' don't go projectin' round none tryin' to improve the outlook of this camp.'

"Old Monte; with this, gets that dismal he sheds tears. 'Which it shore looks like I can't do nothin' right,' he sobs.

"Then don't,' retorts Enright.

"From the start, Old Monte 'graves himse'f upon the mem'ry of folks as the only sport to onroll his blankets in Cochise County who consomes normal over twenty drinks a day. Upon festal occasions like Noo Year's, an' Christmas, an' Fourth of Jooly, an' Thanksgivin', no gent who calls himse'f a gent thinks of keepin' tabs on a fellow gent, no matter how frequent he signs up to Black Jack. On sech gala o'casions the bridle is plumb off the hoss, an' even though you drinks to your capacity an' some beyond, no one's that vulgar as to go makin' reemarks. But that ain't Old Monte; he's different a heap. It looks like every day is Fourth of Jooly with him, he's that inveterate in his hankerin' for nose-paint.

"Also, regyarded as to his social side, Old Monte is somethin' of a nooiance. He's plumb gregar'ous, an' makes a speshulty of enlargin' his acquaintance. Knowin' folks is his fad. Only so you give him lick enough an' get him started, he'll go surgin' round accostin' every gent he sees. No matter how austere a stranger is, Old

Monte'll tackle him. He's simply got to talk. An' at that he never says nothin' worth hearin'. His volyoobilities leads no-whar; an' in its total absence of direction, to say nothin' of the gen'ral meagerness of results, his conversation resembles nothin' so much as a dog chasin' its tail.

"An' then thar's them footile bluffs he's allers tryin' to run. When he first shows up, an' before ever we gets him rightly numbered, I recalls what Peets afterward speaks of as a 'characteristic incident.' Old Monte's been pesterin' in an' out of the Red Light, ontill he's got Black Jack fretted. As he comes squanderin' along for, say, the twentieth time that evenin', Black Jack—his feelin's gettin' the bits in their teeth—groans, an' murmurs,

"Yere's that booze-soaked old hoss-thief ag'in!"

"Old Monte gets the echo of it, same as folks allers does when it ain't wanted. He savvys he's been referred to as a 'booze-soaked old hoss-thief,' but he's onable to say who. So he stands thar by the bar, glarin' 'round an' snortin'. Final, he roars:

"Who cuts loose that personal'ty? Whoever is it greets me as a "booze-soaked old hoss-thief"?"

"Thar ain't no answer, an' Old Monte takes to pitchin' on his rope more fervent than before.

"Show me the tarrapin who insults me,' he howls. 'Let him prance forth, an' declar' himse'f! Thar's a word I yearns to say to him. Wharfore, let him no longer dog it, but p'int himse'f out as the gent.'

"All right,' says Black Jack, whose soreness gets the best of his reespons'ibilities as barkeep—"all right, then; I'm the gent. I'm the party who alloodes to you as a "booze-soaked old hoss-thief." Now whatever is it you desires to say?"

"So you're the gent?" Old Monte returns, castin' a witherin' glance at Black Jack; 'so you're the gent who calls me a "booze-soaked old hoss-thief"?"

"Which I'm that identical stingin' lizard,' says Black Jack, his air fierce, 'an' you-all can put your swell bet on it. Now what is it you're so plumb eager to say?"

"What am I eager to say?" Old Monte repeats. 'Which I merely wants to observe that you ain't done nothin' to swell up over. You-all needn't go plumbin' you're the first barkeep who calls me a "booze-soaked old hoss-thief.'" Havin' la'nched this yere, an'

without waitin' to size up the effects, Old Monte turns off as stiffly pompous as though he ain't left a grease-spot of Black Jack.

"This yere empty run-in with Black Jack is a specimen of how Old Monte performs dooin' them days when he's new to the camp, an' is gettin' 'climated, so to speak. An' at that nothin' daunts him, nothin' serves to knock his verbal horns off. When folks won't listen no longer, he goes bulgin' forth into the highways an' the byways, an' holds long an' seemin'ly important discussions with inan'mate objects, sech as signs an' dry-goods boxes an' sim'lar elements of the landscape. Also, to mules an' burros, who can't resist none; which sech is his nacheral prey. I reemarks him myse'f, whisperin' in the oregyardful y'ear of a burro in front of the O. K. Restauraw one evenin', said anamile as sound asleep as a tree. When that drunkard's through them confidences, he goes zizzagin' on his way, an' all as virchously superior as though, through partic'lar information an' the display of onusual wit, he's done come to the rescow of some valyooed pard.

"That time Black Jack offends Old Monte, by speakin' of him as a 'booze-soaked old hoss-thief,' it's cur'ous to see the impression it leaves on Monte. After he hits the sidewalk, followin' what he cl'arly considers is his crushin' come-back at Jack, he gets the feelin' that Black Jack's ha'ntin' along on his trail. Before he's gone fifty foot he w'rls about an' waves a warnin' hand, an' shouts:

"Don't you-all follow me! Which if you crowds me to whar my desp'ration pulls its picket-pin, them places that has knowed you won't know you no more forever."

"It seems at this as if the Black Jack specter, which Monte thinks is ha'ntin' him, undertakes to squar' itse'f.

"Whatever's that?" Old Monte asks after listenin' mighty dignified to what appearantly is the spook's excooses; 'you begs my pardon? Not another word! It's good as it lays, an' if you-all keep on talkin' you'll spile it. Let it go then that I forgives you, an' say no more about it.' Yere he shakes hands with the Black Jack phantom like him an' the phantom's a pa'r of brothers meetin' after many years. 'Thar's my hand,' he concloudes, givin' the fingers of the phantom a mighty earnest squeeze. 'I'm your friend, an' that goes!'

"Havin' established peace, Old Monte

insists that the Black Jack phantom b'ar him company to the O. K. Restauraw. In spite of all Missis Rucker can say or do, he plants the phantom at the table in the cha'r opp'site his own, feeds it on the best that's in the kitchen, an' all as confident as if it's shorely so. Also, he insists on payin' for the Black Jack phantom's *frijoles* same as if them viands is actchooally consoomed. When Missis Rucker tries to show him he's down wrong, he refooses utter to have it that way.

"Do you-all reckon, ma'am, that I can't trust my eyes none?" he demands, replyin' to them protestations of Missis Rucker's. 'Which you-all 'll tell me next I ain't had nothin' to eat myse'f, an' that them flap-jacks an' salt hoss, to say nothin' of them air-tights I tops off with that a-way, is figments.'

"But thar's only one of you-all," Missis Rucker persists, 'an' wharfore should you go payin' for two?'

"Ma'am," returns Old Monte, his manner plumb s'picious, 'I don't quite sense your little game. Whatever it is, however, you-all can't play it none on Old Monte. You write back to my fam'ly an' the neighbors, an' the least flatterin' among 'em 'll tell you that I'm as cunnin' as a pet squinch-owl. Thar's two of us who feeds, an' for two of us I settles. Also, bein' a female, you're too feeble witted for reason, too mendacious for trooth. Which, bein' a woman, your word, accordin' to my theeries, ain't worth powder an' fuse to work it.'

"Don't you go callin' me no names," says Missis Rucker, her eyes snappin' same as when Rucker drops a dish. 'I puts up with a lot already, because it's plain you're locoed. But don't go callin' me no names, unless you're ready to cash in.'

"Woman!" repeats Old Monte, plenty cynical. 'What is she except a fleetin' show to man's deloosion given. Likewise, I knows 'em from soda to hock. Which thar's nothin' to 'em. You opens their front door an' you're in their back yard.'

"Before Missis Rucker can come back at him, he's suddenly carried plumb off his feet by missin' his Black Jack phantom.

"Whar's my friend?" he wails; 'wharever does he vamose to?' Sayin' which, he goes squanderin' off to look for him, leavin' the indignant Missis Rucker paid for two.

"Texas has been givin' y'ear to the talk between Missis Rucker an' Old Monte, an'

at the close he turns mighty thoughtful. It's before Texas's Laredo wife starts to round up that divorce, but she's already makin' war medicine, an' the signs an' signal smokes an' all p'intin' to an uprisin', is vis'ble on every hill. Which he's some careful not to let Missis Rucker hear him none, but as he walks away he mutters:

"That ghost-seein' sport's got the tree-mors! All the same, I strings my game with his on them estimates of ladies."

"Texas is that fav'rably affected by what Old Monte says that he talks things over with Dave Tutt, who himse'f ain't married to Tucson Jennie none as yet."

"Which thar's good in that maverick," says Texas, allodin' to Old Monte; 'thar's good in him if we could only get the nose-paint out.'

"Which I wouldn't wonder none neither," says Tutt.

"He drinkt up two quarts an' a half yesterday," says Texas.

"Ain't thar no steps which can be took?" Tutt asks. "Two quarts an' a half, that a-way, shore sounds like he's somethin' of a prop'sition though."

"These yere reemarks is made in the Red Light, an' Tutt an' Texas appeals to Cherokee, whar that courtier of fortune is settin' in behind his layout. Cherokee waves 'em off, p'lite but firm."

"Don't ask me none," he says. "You-all knows my doctrines. Let every gent kill his own snakes."

"That's my theology," reemarks Boggs, who comes ramblin' across from the Noo York Store, whar he's been changin' in the price of a yellow stack for shirts. "I recalls how when I'm a prattlin' yearlin' hearin' Parson Ed'ards of the Campbellite Church, quotin' whar Cain gives it out cold that he's not his brother's keeper; an' even at that onthinkin' age I fully endorses Cain's p'sition."

"The talk takes in Black Jack, who, by virchoo of him bein' a barkeep, nacherally savvys a heap about the lickier question. Jack relates how a sot he knows former is shocked into never takin' a drink, by simply blowin' his hand off inadvertent while tanked up."

"Whang! goes the old Betsy," says Jack, 'an' that dipsomaniac's shy his left hand. "Which that let's me out!" he exclaims; an' datin' from said catastrophe he'd no more touch lickier than he'd join the church."

"But it's doubtful," observes Tutt, "if Enright'll let us shoot this yere Monte drunkard's hand off, however reeform'tive our intentions."

"It's ten to one he won't," says Texas. "Still thar ought to be other schemes for shockin' a party into moral'ty, which stops short o' cripplin' him for life."

"But is this yere inebriate worth the worry?" asks Boggs. "Also, is it right? It shore strikes me as mighty gratooitous for us to go reorganizin' the morals of a plumb stranger, an' him not even asked."

"Which he's worth the worry all right," Texas replies. "Thar's no efforts too great when thar's a chance to save one who has the thorough onderstandin' of ladies which this gent has."

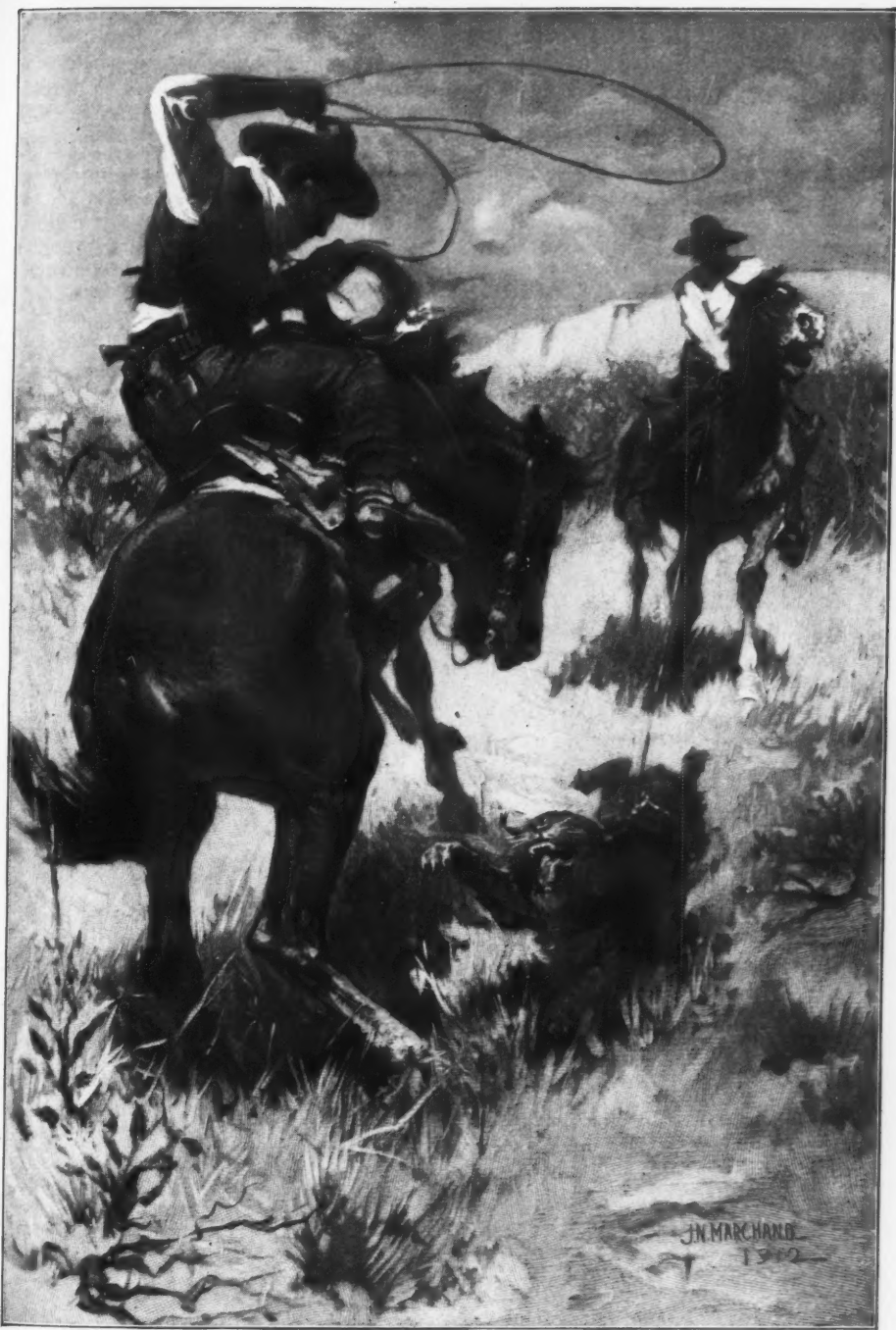
"Up over the Red Light bar is a stuffed bobcat, the same bein' held as mighty dec'rative. Also, it's only the day before when a couple of Enright's riders comes packin' a live bobcat into town, which between 'em they ropes up over in the foothills of the *Tres Hermanas*, an' stuffs labor'ously into a pa'r of leggin's."

"It's when they thinks of this yere new-caught, captive bobcat that the same idee seizes on Texas an' Tutt yoonanimous."

"It's yere an' now," they both exclaims, "that we sees our way through. It only calls for the intelligent use of that Bar-8 bobcat, which them cowpunchers ties down, to reegen'rate this Monte drunkard an' make him white as snow."

"Old Monte ain't present none, bein' over to the O. K. House. By bein' plumb painstakin', that a-way, Tutt an' Texas gets a collar onto the captive Bar-8 bobcat, an' chains him up over the bar, in place of the stuffed bobcat, deeposed. The Bar-8 bobcat jumps off once or twice, before he learns, an' comes mighty clost to lynchin' himse'f inadvertent; but Black Jack is plenty patient, an' each time pokes him back on his shelf with a cha'r. After mebbly the third jump, it gets proned into the bobcat that thar's nothin' in it for him to go hurlin' himse'f into space that a-way, an' bein' saved from death by hangin' only through the cha'r-laig mediations of Black Jack. Acceptin' this yere view, he stands pat on his shelf. Likewise, he shore looks mighty vivid up thar, an' has got that former stuffed bobcat beat four ways from the jack."

"We're hankerin' round, now the Bar-8



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND

"A couple of Enright's riders comes packin' a live bobcat into town, which between 'em they ropes up over in the foothills of the *Tres Hermanas*, an' stuffs labor'ously into a pa'r of leggin's"

bobcat's organized, waitin' for Old Monte to show up an' be reformed.

"An' you can gamble," Tutt says, "that the shock it'll throw into him'll have a ben'ficial effect. Shootin' off a hand or so ain't in it with the way that drunkard's goin' to feel."

"That's the way I figger," Texas reemarks. "One glance at that bobcat, an' him on the verge of the treemors, an' thar'll a thrill go through his whiskey-sodden frame like the grace of heaven through a camp-meetin'." For one, I antic'pates most excellent effects. Whatever do you think, Doc?

"Whatever do I think?" Peets repeats. "Which I thinks I'll lay out all my instroooments an' onpack all my drugs. Also, as the orig'nators of this new cure for the licker habit, it'll be for you an' Dave to convey the patient to his room at the O. K. House, as soon as ever you-all can control his struggles."

"Old Monte comes shiverin' over, every nerve as tight as a fiddle-string. Black Jack shoves him the bottle, but with his soul set on whiskey he of course ain't no-ticin' no bobcats."

"It's Tutt who he'ps him out. 'What stuffed-anamile sharp,' says Tutt, directin' himse'f at Black Jack, 'mounts that bobcat up thar?'

"At this Old Monte raises his eyes. Thar's that Bar-8 feline, half crouched, glarin' down on him with green eyes big as moons."

"Old Monte gives a yell which they hears in Red Dog. Wharupon the bobcat, takin' it for a threatenin' deemonstration, onfolds in an answerin' yell, an' makes a scramblin' jump at Old Monte's head. Shore, he don't land none, bein' brought up short like a roped pony. Thar he swings, cussin' an'



"Old Monte gives a yell which they hears in Red Dog. Wharupon the bobcat, takin' it for a threatenin' deemonstration, onfolds in an answerin' yell, an' makes a scramblin' jump at Old Monte's head"

spittin' an' clawin', as mad as a drunken squaw, an' begins all over to happ'ly hang himse'f as former. Old Monte? Which that victim of appetite falls to the floor as flat as a wet leaf, an' to all appearance as dead as Joolius Caesar.

"Actin' on them instructions received prior, Tutt an' Texas packs Old Monte across to Peets, who, after fussin' over him for mebbly an hour, brings him to s'fficient so he goes from one convulsion into another, in what you-all might deescribe as an endless chain of fits. It's plumb lucky he has Peets to ride herd on him. At that, while Old Monte lives, he don't but jest. Which he's shore close enough at one time to kingdom come to hear the singin'.

"For two weeks Old Monte's boilin' an' boundin' 'round in his blankets, Texas an' Tutt, feelin' a heap reemorseful, standin' watch and watch. While Old Monte's convalescin', it's decided that no more attempts to improve his morals will be made, him bein'—accordin' to Peets—too far gone that a-way.

"He's onreform'ble," explains Peets. "Whiskey's got to be his second nacher, an' the only way you-all can cure him now is kill him."

"By way of partial rep'ration for what he suffers, Enright calls a meetin', an' dooly commissions Old Monte offishul drunkard, with a non-reevok'ble franchise to go as far as he likes.

"Which the post of offishul drunkard," Enright explains, 'carries with it no money, no power, an' means no more than that he who holds it is free to drink from dark to daylight an' to dark ag'in, onbuffaloed, on-criticized, onreproved. Peets imparts to us the other evenin' how them Hindus has their sacred cobras. Cobras not bein' feas'ble none in Arizona, Wolfville, in loo of sech, accepts Old Monte. Yereafter, w'arin' the title of offishul drunkard, he takes his place in the public regyard as Wolfville's sacred cobra."

"When Old Monte learns of his elevation, his eyes fills up with gratified pride, an' as soon as ever he's able to stand the w'ar an' t'ar, he goes on a protracted public drunk by way of cel'bration. 'Gents,' he says, 'I thanks you. Yereafter the gnawin' tooth of conscience will be dulled, havin' your distinguished endorsement so to do. Virchoo is all right in its place. But so is vice. The world can't be all good at one an' the same

time. Which if we all done right an' went to the right, we'd tip the boat over. Half has got to do wrong an' go to the left, to hold things steady. That's me. It's the only way in which a inscroot'ble Providence permits me to serve my hour. Offishul drunkard! Ag'in I thanks you. Which this yere's the way I long have sought, an' mourned because I found it not—Long meter."

"Boggs is the only gent who takes a gloomy view. 'That's fine for this yere Monte,' says Boggs, talkin' to Enright. 'As Wolfville's offishul cobra he's mighty pleasantly provided for. But how about the camp? Whar does Wolfville come in? We're a strong people, but does any gent pretend that we possesses the fortitooode required to b'ar up through the comin' years?—an' all onder the weight of this yere onmatched inebriate, whom by our own act we onmuzzles in our shrinkin' midst? Gents, this thing can't last. Thar's bound to be a breakdown."

"Not necessar'ly, Dan," retorts Enright, his manner some cold, 'not necessar'ly. Which I need not remind you-all that Sand Creek Riley, who aforetime drives the Tucson stage, gets himse'f bumped off the other evenin' while insistin' that aces-up beats three-of-a-kind. Also, Sand Creek's place has not been filled. Reecalizin' the half trooth of what Dan says, I this evenin' enters into strategic reelations with the stage company's agent. Likewise, it pleases me to report that all is settled, an' that datin' from now Old Monte, as stage-driver, will fill the place of Sand Creek Riley, whom we all regrets. It's hardly reequired I p'int out the benefits of this arrangement. As stage-driver Old Monte every other night gets sawed off on Tucson. Also, I misjudges the vitality of this camp if, with the sityooation thus relieved, an' Tucson carryin' half the load, it's onable to pull through. Even Dan, by the light of these yere explanations, oughter hope for the best."

"That's whatever!" says Boggs. "If I'd waited until you was heard, Sam, I'd never voiced them apprehensions. But the fact is this yere Monte cobra of ours, with his 'bibin's an' his guzzlin's, has redooced me to a state of nervous prostration. It's all right now. Which I'll say, however, that it shore invests me with a shudder when I ree-flects on what them Tucson sports'll say an' think of us, so soon as ever they wakes up to what's been played on 'em."

The next "Wolfville" story will appear in the November issue.



Portrait of Madame Veil-Picard, who illustrates Boldini's ideal of feminine beauty

IN an art-gallery, in a street window, in a salon, you have seen a portrait. This woman, tall and slim and undulating, is the fine flower of a race. Everything in her and about her is rhythmic and polished. Without being more beautiful than other women, she has an aristocratic superiority all her own—a kind of fragile distinction. You can see that this woman was born to be admired. Look carefully at her hands; they are long and white; the tapered, manicured fingers are fancifully distended; and these patrician hands, you know, are capable of nothing more strenuous than a caress or a pretty gesture. The eyes stare into yours with imperturbable calm. And the lips? They are full, bow shaped, regular; they are faintly touched with rouge; you do not want to kiss them—no, but in a room, brilliant with lights and mirrors, you want to hear them make precise and pretty statements about matters of absolutely no importance.

Should you ask who she is there is only

Boldini

Painter of Gowns and Souls

By Vance Thompson

one answer: This is the woman painted by Jean Philippe Sylvestre Boldini. She has come from many lands, from many courts; she is duchess, princess, countess; sometimes her eyes are black, sometimes they are sapphire-colored or the color of a bee; but always her bow-shaped mouth is touched with rouge, and always the pointed fingers are fancifully bent; she is the woman Boldini paints.

Boldini is a little man, but stocky and square shouldered, with dogmatic chin and half-shut, quizzical eyes. His manners are abrupt. Indeed, Boldini is as famous for his bluntness of speech as Whistler was for his wit. He lives very quietly in a small mansion in the Boulevard Berthier. There he paints. Thither come the tall patrician ladies in shining black, with their ropes of pearls, their lean black hounds, their furs, their decorative children; and he consents to paint them. A silent man, even to them he has not much to say. An independent man; certainly of all painters living to-day he is the most indifferent as to what is said about him. For him the printed word does not exist. He shrugs the critic away. There is something rather fine about this; it is, at all events, exceptional.

Boldini was born in 1845—the last day of the year—in Ferrara, that city of silence. His father was an excellent painter of the academic school; like Delacroix, he sat down in a chair to do his painting. Jean Boldini began to draw as a child, but he refused to accept his father's instruction or advice. He never had a master. He was obstinately—and in the end victoriously—himself. He studied and copied in the rich museum of Ferrara. For a while he worked in the academy of Florence. Then there were years—indifferent and inconspicuous years, I believe—in London. It was when Boldini was about thirty years of age that he went

to Paris—in order that his destiny might be fulfilled. (His destiny was to paint that woman, slim and long and undulating, who is the supreme flower of a race.) He sent to the Salon of 1878 a "Relay of Horses." It made him known in a way. In those days Boldini painted many genre pictures. He was fond of small canvases. These pictures are both interesting and important; but it is to his portraits that Boldini owes his universal celebrity.

Boldini rarely paints a man; it is his opinion that even the ordinary woman is a thousand times better worth while than the ordinary man; he rarely paints the portrait of an ordinary woman. Corsets and gowns, silks and furs and jewels, count for a great deal in the world this artist has created for us. He loves tall, aristocratic ladies sheathed in soft and brilliant garments. Above all, he is a hunter of souls.

Now, the soul of the modern woman of



The Duchess of Marlborough and her son. The quality of "soul" depicted in this canvas is maternal pride
—the American girl become the mother of a marquis



Mrs. Clarence Mackay. In many pilgrimages to the New World Mecca Boldini has painted the leaders of American society

the gold-guarded caste is, if Boldini has read it aright for us, an electro-magnet—a sort of electricity thrills in the tall, thin bodies and whirls in the silks and feathers. I do not think you can get any closer to what he means by the soul. It is something unresting and intense—motion at once vivid and vital.

There is a portrait of the Marquise de Casati. It is strange and disturbing. It is painted in a way which is at the same time modern and romantic; with splendid harmonies of black and mauve and a white dazzling in its intensity. When it was first exhibited in Paris it widened the esthetic significance of feminine beauty. It taught us that feminine beauty is more vivid and more vital, more unresting and more intense, than we had hitherto discerned it to be. This is the "soul"—to use his own phrase—Boldini found in it. And just because he has enlarged the esthetic meaning of woman's beauty he has done for our generation what Largillière and Nattier did for theirs. Moreover, what he has done for the type of Italian beauty, in his portrait of the Marquise de Casati, he has done for very many of the great ladies who dwell in the cosmopolis of Paris, when the season is at its height.

In an uncritical way you may call them all Parisian types; but it is not Boldini who has Parisianized them; that was done for them in the Rue de la Paix; and underneath this common uniform of fashion the painter has succeeded in preserving the essential quality of race. These beautiful women have come from the oil-fields of Russia, from the lake-shore drives of the Middle West, from mediatized courts of Germany, from the avenues of New York, from Galician outposts of wealth, from South American ranches. In one and all Boldini has discerned a subtle and fiery kind of racial distinction; he has summoned a little of it into the eyes they look at you with—perhaps this, also, is what he means by "soul." There is the portrait of the Princess von Hohenlohe, a nervous unquiet figure, almost theatric in its pose, seated, wearing a *beige* robe, and, under her feet, the pelt of a wild beast. In his famous portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough the pose is not dissimilar, and the manner is as emphatically that of Boldini, yet the contrast is sharp. The figure of the duchess is both noble and fine, with a

strange, bright air of alertness at once racial and American. The attitude is full of grace and pride, as she holds her young son—round them, significantly gilded, sweep the bold lines of the couch of satin and of wood. Now in these three portraits Boldini has shown three "souls" (as he would say), and they are these: the insolent fascination of the Tuscan countess, the dreamy disquietude of the great German princess, and the alert, maternal pride of the American girl who has become the mother of a marquis. Three times—and in these three distinct ways—he has proclaimed woman's divine right to be beautiful.

I am very much interested in Boldini's theory that his portraits are documents which the future historian of our social epoch must carefully consult. Charles V boasted that he had posed three times for Titian—"a triple victory over death and oblivion"; and the woman who has posed for Boldini has unquestionably acquired a fragment of immortality. In the future he who reads Boldini's "documents" will discover a social tendency where you and I see only a woman. Some of these future deductions are not beyond the reach of a far-flung guess. It is evident to the man who reads the newspapers of to-day and converses intelligently with his contemporaries that women are making a serious stand for serious things—that they are taking a new place in the state, in politics, in professional life, in commerce, and in industry, as well as in art and in science. What is not so often pointed out is that to-day, as yesterday, the most precious work of art she can achieve is herself. Time may change that, but at present the ambition of the woman of the class Boldini paints is to "make the best of herself"—not morally, not mentally, but physically. In a word, her ambition is to be a beautiful woman in a perfect gown. She wishes to be as beautiful as nature will permit her to be. She wishes to be embellished to the extreme limit prescribed by the mode. In every one of his portraits Boldini has recognized this feminine ambition and legitimized it. That is the chief distinction of his work. He has painted women of all nations and of all types, and unfailingly he has endowed them with beauty and with elegance.

Boldini is modest, but his pride in his



Mrs. Philip Lydig. Beauty, elegance, aristocratic bearing—one of Boldini's most famous portraits



Portrait of Mme. Diaz Albertini. In every one of his portraits Boldini has recognized woman's ambition to be beautiful and well dressed

work is high as need be; even after his paintings have been sold he does not like them to be exhibited without his permission. Not long ago an American lady whose portrait he had painted sent it to the Luxembourg and wrote the painter, telling him what she had done and adding that she thought the great national gallery of France was the proper place for the work. The artist was not pleased. He sent word to the curator of the museum that unless the portrait was re-

moved from the gallery at once "action would be taken." In addition he stated that he would never send anything to the museum, whereas it had been his intention to present to the Luxembourg a picture much more representative of his style than the portrait of the American lady. So the picture vanished from the Luxembourg. Painter of souls, painter of gowns, Boldini turned moralist for once and preached a sermon against vanity.

The Penalty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A MAN'S WINNING FIGHT

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "Living Up to Mottoes," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Barbara Ferris, sculptress, twenty-two years old, had had many love affairs, but could not trust herself to marry. The most assiduous wooer was a lifelong friend, Wilmot Allen, who, when the story opens, has been thrown upon his own not very promising resources. These finally failing, he accepts a considerable loan from a legless man whose livelihood is apparently gained by the hand-organ species of begging. This man now makes subtle inquiries about Barbara which Allen resents but cannot, on account of his obligation, evade. Wilmot goes to Barbara's studio, where he finds her discouraged over a bust of Satan upon which she has been working. Still, what she chooses to call her career is stronger than his appeal for her to give it all up and marry him. She tells him to go away and amount to something, and he warns her that somehow he will make her love him, make her marry him. But upon him is the obligation to a street-beggar who can lend various thousands in ready cash, who does not scruple at murder, who has a hat-manufactory manned with pretty girls, and who, for some reason, is interested in Barbara Ferris, daughter of the Avenue.

ONE bright morning in May, divinely early, two persons of very different appearance and nature came out of two houses of very different appearance and nature at precisely the same moment, and started to move toward each other by methods of locomotion no less different than were the appearances of the respective persons or the respective houses from which they emerged.

The house from which the one issued was of speckless white marble, and looked from the advantageous corner of Sixty-something Street and Fifth Avenue upon the purple and white lilacs and the engaging spring greens of Central Park.

The other came out of a dark house at the angle of a narrow street in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, whose door, crossed by dingy gilt lettering, violently clanged a bell at opening and closing. The first person stepped with the long clean strides of youth and liberty. The second person cannot be said to have stepped at all. The first person, meeting a policeman, smiled and said, "Good morning, Kelly." The second, similarly meeting with an officer of the law, scowled upward, and said, "Do it again, and I'll break you." The first person came out of the up-town palace like a fairy from a grotto; the second emerged from the down-town rookery like some prehistoric monster from a cave.

At a distance you might have mistaken him for an electrician or a sewer-expert coming into view through one of those round

holes in the sidewalk by which access is provided to the subterranean apparatus of cities. But, drawing nearer, you perceived that he was but half a man, who stood upon the six-inch stubs of what had once been a pair of legs. But what nature could do for what was left of him nature had done. He had the neck, the arms, and the torso of a Hercules. His coat, black, threadbare, shining, and unpleasantly spotted, seemed on the point of giving way here and there to a system of restless and enormous muscles. But that these should serve no better purpose than ceaselessly to turn the handle of an unusually diminutive and tuneless street-organ might have roused in the observer's mind doubts as to the wisdom and vigilance of that divine providence which is so much better understood and trusted by the healthy and fortunate than by the wretched, the maimed, and the diseased.

For the most part the legless man went about the business of begging among the business men of the city, since from the congested slum into which he disappeared at night it was no great feat for a man of his power to reach the more northern streets of that circle in whose midst the finances of the nation by turns simmer, boil, and boil over. It was not unusual, during the noon-time rush of self-centered individuals, for the legless man to get himself stridden into and bowled clean over upon his face or back, since nothing is more loosening to purse-strings than the average man's horror at having injured some creature already maimed; nor was it unusual for him at such

times to scramble up smiling with a kind of invincible cheerfulness that more potently stirred the generosity of the man who had knocked him down than ever groans and complaints could have done.

If the weather was fine and conducive to bodily comfort, the beggar sometimes turned north and worked his way to Washington Square or the lower blocks of Fifth Avenue. Sometimes, having agreed to pose for the head and trunk to some young art-student, he left his hand-organ behind, and permitted himself the extravagance of riding in a surface car. His boarding of a street-car was a feat of pure gymnastics, swift and virile; so too was his ascending or descending of a flight of steps, or the high platform on which he was to pose. Incessant practice, added to natural skill and balance, enabled him to accomplish, without legs, feats which might have balked a man with a capable and energetic pair of them. He could travel upon his crutches for the length of a city block almost as fast as the average man can run, and if it came to climbing a rope or a rain-duct he was more ape than human. In his own dwelling he had for his own use, instead of the laborious stairs needed by its other inmates, a system of knotted ropes by which he could ascend from cellar to attic, and polished poles by whose aid he could accomplish the most lightning-like descending slides.

Marrow Lane, shaped like a dog's hind leg; is one of those crooked and narrow thoroughfares which the approaches and anchorings of the Brooklyn Bridge have cast into gloom and darkness. There are spots upon which the sun will not shine again until the great bridge has perished; there are corners in which drafts strong as a heaven-born wind whistle from one year's end to the other. There are thousands of children in the region, and in the more purely tenement settlements to the north, who have yet to see green field or to handle a flower.

At the very crook of the dog's leg, on the north side of Marrow Lane, a narrow door, half glazed and sometimes burnished by the sun, has printed across it in dingy gilt letters:

BLIZZARD MFR.

HATS

Once the door with the faded gilt letters had closed, with him inside, the legless man, who was none other than Blizzard, the manufacturer of hats, put off those airs

of helplessness and humility by which so many coins were attracted into the little tin cup upon the top of his hand-organ, and assumed the attitude of one accustomed to command and to be served, to reward and to punish. He was no longer a beggar, but a magnate. He swelled with power, and twenty girls of almost as many nationalities, plaiting straw hats by the gas-light, cringed in their hearts, and redoubled the speed of their hands. About the twenty girls who slaved for Blizzard there were two peculiarities which at once distinguished them from any other collection of female factory-hands on the East Side. They were all strong and healthy looking, and they were all pretty. He had collected them much as rich men in a higher station of life collect paintings or pearls. If some of them bore the marks of blows and pinchings, it was not upon any part of them which showed. If some of them suffered from the fear of torture or even sudden death, it did not prevent them from showing the master rows of even white teeth between ingratiatingly parted lips whenever he deigned to speak to them. If any girl among them thought to escape him, to find work elsewhere, to betray what she knew of him, even, and vanish into the slums of some far city, she was deterred by the memory of certain anecdotes constantly related by her companions. The most terrible of these anecdotes was that related of a certain Florence Magrue. She had fled with her story to the nearest policeman, who had quietly returned her to the shop, reluctantly, it was admitted, but with the determination of a man whose very existence depends upon the favor of another. The master had welcomed her and smiled upon her as upon an erring child. He had sent her upon an errand into the cellar under the shop, himself unlocking the door. And that was the last that anyone had ever seen of Florence Magrue.

In addition to fear, the master supplied certain creature comforts, not lightly to be thrown away. If a girl could make up her mind to accept shame, bodily injury if she displeased, and a life of toil, she fared better under Blizzard's direction than her sister who worked for Ecbaum, let us say, the lacemaker, or Laskar, or any of a thousand East Side employers of labor. The man could be kind upon impulse, and generous. He paid the highest wages. He

supplied nourishing food at noon, and a complete hour in which to discuss it. Furthermore, if a girl appealed to his own personal taste, she got a holiday now and then at full pay, the work of her hands was subjected to less critical inspection, and if she had any music in her, he invited her upstairs sometimes to work the pedals of his grand piano, while his own powerful, hairy hands rippled and thundered upon the keys. He was of a Godlike kindness when his mind inclined to music, and the pedaling was skilful and sure. But let the unfortunate crouched under the keyboard, her trembling hands taking the place of those feet which the master had lost, respond stupidly to the signals conveyed to her shoulder by graduated pressures from the stump of his right leg, and punishment of blows, pinchings, and sarcasms was swift and sure.

The legless man was very much at home in his own house. He had inhabited it for many years, and its arrangements were the expression of a creature immensely able and ingenious, but maimed both in body and soul.

The whole building, four stories tall, had once been a manufactory, but Blizzard had subdivided its original lofts into pens, dens, passageways, and rooms according to an elaborate plan of his own. And it was evident to the most casual glance that expediency alone, untrammelled by any consideration of purse, had been followed. Those walls, floors, and ceilings, for instance, through which no sound of human origin, unaided by mechanical device, could penetrate, must have cost a mint of money. Nor could any man who depended for a living upon occasional pennies dropped into a tin cup have got together so extensive a collection of books upon scientific subjects, many of them handsomely bound and printed in foreign countries. Works upon explosives, tunneling, electricity, and music were especially abundant, not only in English, but in German. And there were books upon the organization of armies, and upon the chemistry of precious stones. A cursory examination of his books would have found the master of the house to be interested also in obstetrics, in poisons, and in anesthesia; but of romance, humanity, or poetry his library had but a single example, the "Monte Cristo" of the Elder Dumas.

Had all the doors and windows of the house been thrown open, and all its inhabit-

ants expelled, so that you could have free ingress with a companion or two, and time and the mood to explore the whole of its ramifications and arrangements, you must have concluded that the designer of so much that was hideously obvious and so much that was mysteriously obscure was a most extraordinary example of viciousness, ability, purpose, and musicianship. You must have been staggered at passing from a room containing a grand piano and a bust of Beethoven to find yourself in a little operating-theater such as any eminent surgeon might wish to be at work in, to find beyond this a small but excellently appointed gymnasium; above this, to be reached only by climbing a knotted rope, a long room, lighted from above, containing drawing-tables, many cases of drawing-instruments, and a host of workmanlike designs and specifications. Thence you might pass, still wondering, into an apartment of soft divans, thick rugs, an open fireplace, a smell of incense, double windows and double doors.

Or you might descend by stairs or polished poles to the cellar under the hat-factory, and find yourself, prying into the most obscure corner and lighting matches for guidance, confronted by the door of a mightily strong safety vault, the knobs of the combination lock bright and easily turned. And you might say, "Well, it's either the house of a man whose scheme of life is utterly beyond my comprehension, or of a madman."

VII

OF the two persons who left their homes this morning, the legless beggar, owing to having ridden part of the way in a street-car, was the first to reach the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square, whence the last rear-guard of fashion in old New York retreats before the advance-pickets of the encroaching slums, like a stag before a pack of hounds. Here he ensconced himself, placed his tin cup on the top of his organ, together with the few pairs of shoelaces which proclaimed him a merchant within rather than a beggar without the law, and proceeded to enliven the still quiet neighborhood with the dreadfully strained measure of Verdi's "Miserère." He turned the handles of the little organ fitfully, so that now the strains of sorrow

The Penalty

arose at such long intervals as hardly to be connected with one another, and now all huddled and jumbled like notes in a barbaric quickstep, and as he played he addressed his instrument in a quiet, cruel voice.

A housemaid opened a window in the servants' wing of No. 1 Fifth Avenue. Blizzard turned his head slowly at the sound, and looked up at her with agate eyes, coldly interrogative. There was no one else at the moment within earshot.

Nevertheless before speaking the housemaid looked nervously into the house behind her; then up the avenue, and down into Washington Square. She was a girl of some beauty, but her face was most engaging from a kind of waggish intelligence that it had.

"Tst!" she said.

The organ squeaked and rattled. It was maneuvering for a position from which to attack the "Danse Macabre." Blizzard indicated by a lift of heavy eyebrows that he was all attention.

"You can trust Blake," she said.

Blizzard grunted. "Send him to me at six."

"Marrow Lane?"

He nodded, and turned from her with an air of finality. The housemaid hesitated, drew a long breath, pulled in her head, and closed the window.

A loose-jointed man in clerical garb came hurrying down the avenue. He made longer swings with his right arm and longer strides with his right leg than with his left. He had a white, thin face, and a look of worry and anxiety. He was perhaps distressed to think that the world contained many souls to whose salvation he would never be able to attend. Perceiving the legless beggar, he stopped hurrying, sought in his pocket, and found a few pennies. These he dropped into the tin cup.

"God bless you, reverend sir," said the beggar in a voice of deep irony.

"Don't," said the clergyman. He managed to look the beggar in the eyes. "How many hats have we?" he asked in a quick whisper.

"We're on our fourth thousand."

The clergyman was visibly upset. "Six thousand to go," he muttered. "I shall be caught."

The beggar smiled. "Come to me at six thirty," he said.

The man of God's eyes brightened. "You'll help me again?"

"Tst," said the beggar. "Move on. Here's a plain-clothes man."

The shepherd moved on as if he had been pricked by an awl, since it was not among the police that he felt called upon to separate the black sheep from the white.

The plain-clothes man approached loitering. He might have been a citizen in good standing and with nothing better to do than hobnob with whatever persons interested him upon his idle saunterings.

"How many pairs of laces have you sold this morning?" he asked.

"Nary a pair, charitable sir," returned the beggar.

"Speaking of shoe-laces," said the plain-clothes man, "what is your opinion of head-gear?"

"Bullish," said the beggar. "Straw hats will be worn next winter."

The eyes of both men sparkled with a curious exhilaration. The plain-clothes man drew a deep and sudden breath, and appeared to shiver. So a soldier may breathe at the command to charge; so a thoroughbred shivers when the barrier is about to fall.

"There will be nice pickings," said the beggar; "there will be enough geese to feed ten thousand."

The plain-clothes man dropped a penny into the tin cup. "By the way," he asked professionally, "where can I lay hands on Red Monday?"

The beggar shook his strong head curtly. "Hands off," he said.

"When did he join the church?"

"Last night, with tears and confession. A strong man Red, now that he has seen the light."

The plain-clothes man laughed and passed on, still loitering.

The "Danse Macabre" had come to a timely end, if that which is without tempo may be said to have any relation with time, and the trio of Chopin's "Funeral March" was already in uneven progress. The legless man sat on the bare pavement, his back against the handsome area railing of No. 1 Fifth Avenue and steadily revolved the mechanism of the organ with his hairy, powerful hand.

Passers were now more frequent. Some looked at him and continued to look after they had passed, others turned their eyes steadfastly away. Some pitied him because he was a cripple; others, upon suddenly discovering that he had no legs, were shocked



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

On discovering that the creature was maimed it had been Barbara's first impulse to pass swiftly on, but another glance at the face which had arrested her, held her. She took some coins from her purse and dropped them into the tin cup which the beggar held out to her

The Penalty

with a sudden indecent hatred of him. A lassie of the Salvation Army invited him to rise up and follow Christ; he retorted by urging her to lie down and take a rest. Then, as if premonition had laid strong hands upon him and twisted him about, he turned, and looked upward into the fresh, rosy face of Barbara Ferris.

Their eyes met. Always the child of impulse, and careless of appearance and opinion, she felt her thoughts, none too cheerful or optimistic that morning during her long walk down the avenue, drawn by the expression upon the legless man's face to a sudden focus of triumph and solution. She struck the palm of one small workmanlike hand with the back of the other, and exclaimed, "By George!"

The face that was turned upward to hers was no longer the insolent, heavy face of success which we have attempted to describe, but one in which the sudden leaping into evidence of a soul dismissed facts of color, contour, and line as matters of no importance. If there was wickedness in his glance, there were also awe and wonder. He had a tortured look, the look of a man who has fallen from unknowable heights—from an Elysium which he regrets and desires with all a strong man's strength, but to which the way back is irrevocably barred by the degradation and the sin of the descent—and who, all but overwhelmed by the knowledge that he can never return whence he came, yet bears his eternal loss with an iron courage that has about it a kind of splendor.

Barbara Ferris felt that she was looking upon Satan in that moment when he first realized that his fall from heaven was for eternity and that, against every torturing passion of conviction, he must turn his talents and his fearful courage to the needs of hell.

In that first moment of their meeting, she realized nothing about the man but the terribly moving expression of his face. Nothing else mattered. If her plastic training was equal to catching and fixing that expression in clay or marble, she would be made according to the mold of her ambition. The flame of art burned white and clear in the inmost shrine of her being. She saw before her, and beneath her, not a human being, but an inspiration. And since inspiration is a thing swift, electric, and trebly enticing from the fact that it presents

itself shorn of all those difficulties which afterward, during execution, so terribly appear and multiply, her heart beat already with the exquisite bliss of an immortal achievement. In her vocabulary at that instant it would have been impossible to discover under B the aggressive But, or under I the faltering If. She was inspired. It was enough.

Then she, in whose mind strong wings had suddenly sprouted, perceived that the person directly responsible had not even a pair of legs, and felt throughout her whole being a cold gushing of horror and revolt.

This was not lost upon Blizzard. It was an ordinary enough human sensation, whose reflections had often enough given the iron that was in his soul another twist and refreshed in him vengefulness and hatred. Yet on the present occasion the knowledge that he was physically loathed roused in the man a feeling rather of that despair which may be experienced by the drowning at that precise moment when the straw so eagerly clutched has proved itself a straw, and he winced as beneath a shocking blow between the eyes.

On discovering that the creature was maimed it had been Barbara's first impulse to pass swiftly on. But another glance at the face which had arrested her held her. She took some coins from her purse and dropped them into the tin cup which the beggar held out to her. And he looked upward into her face.

"Did you ever pose for anyone?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"I should like to make a bust of you. I'll see that it pays you better than—better than earning a living this way."

For the first time Blizzard smiled. "Do you want me to come now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "My studio is in No. 17 McBurney Place." Here she stopped upon a somewhat embarrassing thought. But the legless man read what was in her mind.

"Two flights up?" he queried. "Three? I can climb. Don't trouble about that."

"You will come as soon as you can?"

"I have to meet a man here in half an hour. Then I'll come."

"Please," she said, "ask for Miss Ferris."

At the name a tremor went through the legless man from head to stump. He blanched, and for the thousandth part of a second all that was devil in him rushed with

smoldering lights to his eyes. But of this Barbara perceived nothing; her repugnance mastered, she had already brightly smiled, nodded, and was walking swiftly away, her head high, spring air in her lungs and inspiration in her heart.

The beggar's eyes playing upon her, she passed through the peaceful warm sunshine of the quiet old square, and vanished at last into the still brighter sunshine and still older quiet of McBurney Place.

To work with her own hands, at least until she had made something beautiful, seemed to her a better aim than any other which the world offers. She had at first been the victim of private lessons, amusedly approved by her father, and only intermittently attended by herself, since it is not in a day that a fashionable idler is turned into a steadily toiling aspirant for eternal honors. Just so long as she remained an amateur and occasional potterer in her father's house she was applauded by him and assumed by the world in general to be a very talented young lady; but when, her artistic impulses—if not her technique—having strengthened amazingly, she insisted upon the steadier routine of an art-school, she met with an opposition as narrow, it seemed to her, as it was firm. Her own will in the matter, however, proved the stronger. And having passed with excellent rapidity through those grades of the school in which the student is taught to make cubes and spheres, she modeled from the antique, and at last, upon a day almost sacred in her memory, was promoted to the life class.

And here, one morning, Dr. Ferris, interested in spite of himself in her swift progress, found her, with a number of other young ladies and gentlemen, earnestly at work making, from different angles of vision, greenish clay statuettes of a handsome young Italian laborer who had upon his person no clothes whatever. That fastidious surgeon, to whom naked bodies, and indeed naked hearts, could have been nothing new, was shocked almost out of his wits. He had left only the good sense and the good manners not to make a scene. He beat instead a quiet, if substantial, retreat, and put off the hour of reckoning. His daughter was soiled in his eyes, and when she explained to him that a naked man was not a naked man to her, but a "stunning" assemblage of planes, angles, curves, lights, and shadows he could not understand. And

they quarreled as furiously as it is possible for well-bred persons to quarrel. He commanded. She denied his right to command. He threatened. She denied his right first to create a life, and then to spoil it. He advanced the duty of children to parents, and she the duty of parents to children. Finally Barbara, thoroughly incensed at having her mind and her ambition held so cheap, flung out with, "Have you *never* made a mistake of judgment?" And was astounded to see her father wither, you may say, and all in an instant show the first tremors she had ever seen in him of age and a life of immense strain and responsibility. From that moment the activity of his opposition waned. She knew that her will had conquered, and the knowledge distressed her so that she burst into tears.

"My dear," said her father, "I once made a very terrible mistake of judgment. There isn't a day of my life altogether free from remorse and regret. I have given you money and position. It isn't enough, it seems. My dear, take the benefit of the doubt into the bargain. If I am making another terrible mistake, you must bear at least a portion of the responsibility."

It is curious, or perhaps only natural, that Barbara was at the moment more interested to know what her father's great mistake of judgment had been than in the fact that her ambition had won his tolerance and consent, if not his approval and support. If she had asked him then and there, for he was still greatly moved, he might have told her, but reticence caught the question by the wings, and the moment passed.

And they resumed together their life of punctilious thoughtfulness and good manners. Dr. Ferris continued to cut up famous bodies for famous fees, while Barbara continued to do what she could to reproduce the bodies of more humble persons, for no reward greater than the voice of her teacher with his variously intoned, "Go to eet, Mees Barbara! go to eet."

VIII

It was a discouraged but resolute Barbara who stepped forth from her father's house that bright morning in May and passed rather than walked down the quiet upper stretches of Fifth Avenue. That she might fail in art, and make a mess of her life generally, sometimes occurred to her. And

it was a thought which immeasurably distressed her. It would be too dreadful a humiliation to crawl back into the place which she had so confidently quitted for a better; to be pointed out as a distinguished amateur who had not succeeded as a professional; and to take up once more the rounds of dinners, dances, and sports which serve so well to keep the purposeless young and ignorant.

To society the tragedy of Barbara's backsliding into art was very real. Dozens of men said very frankly that they missed her like the very devil. "There is nobody else," they said, "quite so straightforward, or quite so good looking."

Hers was a face not less vivid than a light. It seemed that in her, the greatest artist of all, abandoning the accepted conventions of beauty, had created an original masterpiece. If she had been too thin, her eyes, tranquil, sea-blue, and shining, must have been too large. Her nose was Phidian Greek; her chin, but for an added youthful tenderness, was almost a replica of Madame Duse's; a long round throat carried nobly a gallant round head, upon which the hair was of three distinct colors. The brown in the Master's workshop had not, it seemed, held out; she had been finished with tones of amber and deep red. The brown was straight, the red waved, the amber rioted in curls and tendrils. Below this exquisite massing of line and color, against a low broad forehead, were set, crookedly, short narrow eyebrows of an intense black; her eyelashes were of the same divine inkiness, very warm and long; a mouth level to the world, resolute, at the corners a little smiling, was scarlet against a smooth field of golden brown.

If she had a certain admiration of her own beauty it was the admiration of an artist for the beauty of a stranger. Since she had had neither hand nor say in her own making, the results were neither to her credit nor against it. For success in her chosen line she would have exchanged her beauty very willingly for a plain mask, her glorious youth for a sedate middle age. She would have given perhaps an eye, an ear, or so at least she thought in this ardent and generous period of early beginnings and insatiable ambition. In her thoughts nothing seemed to matter to her but art.

There was no sustaining pleasure in the fact that her father had given in to her.

Opposition—unspoken, it is true, but not to be mistaken—remained in his attitude toward her. He found indirect means for conveying his idea and that of her friends that she was wasting herself upon a folly, and was destined, if she persisted in it, to only the most mediocre success. An exhibition of her works, undertaken with the avowed wish to know "just where she stood," had been discouraging in its results. The art-critics either refused to take her seriously or expressed the opinion that there were already in the world too many sculptors of distinguished technique and no imagination whatsoever. Her friends told her that she was a "wonder." And there were little incidents of the farce which caused her to bite her lips in humiliation.

That the critics should be at the pains of telling her that she was without imagination angered her, since it was a fact already better known to herself. And in one moment she would determine at all costs to prove herself an imaginative artist, and in the next "to chuck the whole business." But she could not make up her mind whether it is worse for a captain to wait for actual defeat or, having perceived its inevitability, to surrender. To go down with colors flying appeals perhaps to noble sides of man; but it is a waste of ships, lives, and treasure.

Passing swiftly down the avenue, she did not know whether, upon arriving at her studio in McBurney Place, she should get into her working-apron or make an end, once and for all, of artistic pursuits. But with the lifting of the legless beggar's face to hers, all doubts vanished from her mind like smoke from a room where the windows and doors are opened. Whatever his face might have revealed to another, to her it was Satan's, newly fallen, and she read into it a whole wonder of sin, tragedy, desolation, and courage; and knew well that if she could reproduce what she seemed to see, the world would be grateful to her. She would give it a face which it would never make an end of discussing, which should be in sculpture what the face of Mona Lisa is in painting. It would be the face of a man whom one jury would hang upon the merest suspicion; for whom another would return a verdict of "not guilty" no matter what the nature of his proved crimes; and whether the face was beautiful or hideous would be a matter of dispute for the ages.

Upon arriving at No. 17 McBurney Place,

and having climbed two flights of stairs, the door of her studio was opened before she could lay hand to the knob, and a very small boy with very big eyes, and no more flesh upon his bones than served to distinguish him from a living skeleton, appeared on the threshold, smiling, you may say, from head to foot. He was dressed in a blue suit with bobbed tails and a double row of bright brass buttons down the front, and when she had gathered him from the gutter in which he had reached to his present stunted stature, a child half gone in pneumonia, he had told her that his name, his whole name, was "Bubbles" and nothing but "Bubbles."

"Good morning, Miss Barbara," he said, "Mr. Plumber's bin and gone, and the feller from the hardware store has swore he'll be around before noon to fix the new knobs in the doors."

"Good!" said Barbara. "Well done, Bubbles."

And she passed into the studio, wondering why a little face all knotting with smiles, affection, and the pleasure of commands lovingly received and well obeyed, should remind her of that other face, massive, sardonic, lost, satanic, which had looked up into hers across the battered tin cup on the top of a battered street-organ. She turned to a little clay head that she had made recently and for which Bubbles had sat; touched it here and there, stepped back from it, turned her own head to the left, to the right, and even, such was the concentration of her mood, showed between her red lips the tip of a still redder tongue. But no matter what she did to test and undo her first impression there persisted between the two faces a certain likeness, though in just what this resemblance consisted she was unable to say.

"Bubbles," she said, "you were telling me about beggars the other day and how much they make, and how rich some of them are. Did you ever run across one that sells shoe-laces, plays a hand-organ, and hasn't got any legs?"

"Sure," said he, "there's half a dozen in the city." And he named them. "Burbage: he's the real thing, got his legs took off by a cannon-ball in the wars. Prior: he ain't no 'count. Drunk and fell under a elevated train. He ain't saved nothing neither. He drinks *his*. Echmeyer: he's some Jew; worth every cent of fifty thousand dollars.

They calls him *congeneyetul*, 'cause he was born with his legs lef' off him. Fun Barnheim: he's German, went asleep in the shade of a steam-roller, and never woke up till his legs was rolled out flat as a pair of pants that's just bin ironed. Then o' course there's Blizzard."

Barbara was smiling. "What became of his *legs*, Bubbles?"

"God knows," returned the boy; "Blizzard don't boast about it like the others. But he ain't no common beggar. He's a man."

"A good man?"

"Good? He ain't got a kinder thought in his block than settin' fire to houses and killin' people. But when he says 'step,' *it* steps."

"It?"

"The East Side, Miss Barbara. He's the whole show."

"What does he look like?"

The boy at first thought in vain for a simile, and then, having found one to his liking, emitted with great earnestness that the beggar, Blizzard, looked exactly like "the wrath of God." Whatever the boy's simile may convey to the reader, to Barbara, fresh from seeing the man himself, it had a wonderful aptness.

"That's my man," she exclaimed. "Blizzard! He's got a wonderful face, Bubbles, and you said just what it looks like. I'm going to make a bust of him."

"He's coming here?"

"Yes. Why not?"

The boy was troubled. "Miss Barbara," he said earnestly, "I wouldn't go for to touch that man with a ten-foot pole."

"I sha'n't touch him, except with compasses to take measurements. He's civil spoken enough."

"He's bad," said Bubbles, "bad. And when I say bad, I mean millions of things that you never heard tell of, and never will. If he comes in here—and, and raises hell, don't blame *me*."

Barbara laughed. "He will come here, and sit perfectly still," she said, "until he wishes he was dead. And then he will receive money, and an invitation to come tomorrow. And then he will go away."

Bubbles looked unnaturally solemn and dejected.

"Besides," said Barbara, "I have you to protect me."

Though Bubbles made no boast, a world



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"What's the best news with you, Harry?" asked the beggar. The young man did not look up from his pleasantly indicative of a healthy nature and a healthy mind. "It's a curious thing," observed when it is cold and inhospitable. And yet it's in the cold months that most people legless beggar had no manner of language different



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work. "That the water'll soon be warm enough for swimming," he said. To Barbara that answer seemed the beggar, "how many more people drown themselves when the water is nice and warm than receive visits from despair." Bubbles looked up, wondering. In his experience the from that of the streets to which he belonged

The Penalty

of resolution swept into his great eyes, and you knew by the simultaneous rising toward his chin of all the buttons upon the front of his jacket that he had drawn the long breath of courage, and stiffened the articulations of his spine.

Barbara's studio was a large high-ceilinged room whose north wall was almost entirely composed of glass. It was singularly bare of those hangings, lanterns, antique cabinets, carved chairs, scraps of brocade, brass candlesticks six or seven feet high, samovars, pewter porringers, spinning-wheels, etc., etc., upon which so many artists appear to depend for comfort and inspiration. Nor were there any notable collections of dust, or fragments of meals, or dirty plates. There was neither a Winged Victory, a Venus de Milo, nor a Hermes after Praxiteles. And except for the bust of Bubbles there was no example of Barbara's own work by which to fish for stray compliments from the casual visitor. Of the amenities the studio had but a thick carpet, an open fireplace, and a pair of plain but easy chairs. Upon a strong tremorless table placed near the one great window, a huge lump of clay, swathed in damp cloths, alone served to denote the occupant's avocation.

Off the studio, however, Barbara had a pleasantly furnished room in which she might loaf, make tea, or serve a meal, and this in turn was separated from the tiny room in which Bubbles slept by a small but practical kitchen.

Barbara, having withdrawn to roll up her sleeves and put on her work-apron, the legless beggar arrived in silence at the outer door of the studio, and having drawn a long breath, knocked, and Bubbles, not without an uncomfortable fluttering of the heart, pulled it open. The boy and the beggar, being about the same height, looked each other in the face with level eyes.

"So," said Blizzard, "this is what has become of you. You were reported dead."

"No, sir," said Bubbles, "I wasn't dead, only sick. She brought me here, and had her own father and a nurse to take care of me. And now I'm Buttons." And he went on glibly: "Come right in; Miss Ferris is expecting you. I guess she wants you to sit on the platform over in the window."

Blizzard, having unslung his hand-organ and slid it with a show of petulance into a corner, crossed the room, swinging strongly and easily between his crutches, like a fine

piece of machinery, climbed upon the model's platform, and seated himself in the plain deal chair which already occupied it. From this point of vantage he turned and looked down at the boy.

"So," he said, "her father is Dr. Ferris."

"He's *the* Dr. Ferris," Bubbles returned loyally.

"So—so—so," said the legless one slowly, and he closed his eyes for a moment as if he was tired. Then, opening them, and in abrupt tones, "Pay you well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Many people come here?"

Bubbles, who had gone to school—not in the schools, but in the city of New York itself—could lie without the least tremor or change of feature, and with remarkable suddenness. "Lots and lots of 'em," he said. "*She's* well known."

Blizzard merely grunted. "Tell her I've come."

But it was not necessary for Bubbles to give the message at the door of the inner room, since at that moment Barbara entered, her round arms bare to the elbow and her street dress completely hidden by a sort of blue gingham overall. Bubbles, whose presence was not required during working hours, at once withdrew to his bedroom.

Here he changed his tunic of brass buttons for a plain gray jacket, snatched his cap from its hook, gained the street by a back stair, and set off at the tireless street-boy trot that eats up the blocks. Half an hour later he returned, his face no longer wearing a look of anxiety, changed back into his many-buttoned jacket of dependence, and sitting upon his bed, his back against the pillows, proceeded with astonishing deftness and precision to figure with the stump of a pencil, upon the leaves of a small dog-eared note-book. Then, appearing to have achieved a satisfactory solution of whatever problem he had had occasion to attack, he began to go through a series of restless fidgetings, which ended with a sigh of relief and a guilty look, and producing from a hiding-place a cigarette, he smoked it out of the window, so that his room might not carry forward the faintest trace of its telltale odor.

IX

WHEN Barbara at length told the legless man that he might rest, he appeared to think that she had invited him to converse.

He leaned back as far as he could in the deal chair. His expression was no longer that which had struck Barbara so hard in the imagination, but one of easy and alert affability. He looked at her when he spoke, or when she spoke, but casually and without offense. Whatever feelings surged in him were for the moment carefully controlled and put aside. In his manner was neither obtrusiveness nor servility, only a kind of well-schooled ease and directness. In short, he behaved and spoke like a gentleman.

"You're the first person I ever sat for," he said, "who hasn't asked me how I lost my legs."

Barbara, regarding the rough blocking of his head which she had made, smiled amiably. That first impression of him, still vivid and lucid in her mind, appeared already, almost of its own accord, to have registered itself in the lump of clay. And she could not but feel that she had laid the groundwork of a masterpiece. If the beggar wished to converse, she would converse—anything to keep him in the mood for returning to pose as often as she should have need of him. And so, though entirely absorbed by the face which she had found, and at the moment almost uncharitably indifferent to the legs which he had lost, she raised her eyes to him, still smiling, and said:

"It wasn't from want of interest, I assure you. I'm sorry you lost them, and I should like to know how it happened."

"Bravely spoken," said the beggar.

"I have been told," said Barbara, "that you are a great power in the East Side, a sort of overlord."

"Even a beggar has flatterers. They overrate me." The accompanying shrug of his great shoulders had an affectation of humility. "Now, if I had a pair of legs—but I haven't. And if I had I shouldn't be an East-Sider. For the maimed, the crippled, the diseased, it is pleasantest to be in residence on the East Side. You have company. You may forget your own misfortunes in contemplating the greater misfortunes of others."

"Do you mind telling me," she asked, "where you learned your English?"

"My father," Blizzard explained, "was rather a distinguished man—Massachusetts Institute of Technology man, University of Berlin, degree from Harvard and Oxford. He had a prim way of putting things. I suppose I caught it."

The usual whine about better days was missing from the beggar's voice. If he seemed a little proud of his high beginnings, he did not seem in the least perturbed by the contemplation of his fallen estate. Barbara was by now frankly interested, and proceeded with characteristic directness to ask questions.

"Is your father living?"

"No. But it would hardly matter. We became thoroughly incompatible after my accident. He had very high ambitions for me, and a chronic disgust for anything abnormal—such as little boys who had had their legs snipped off. I didn't like it either. I suspect it made an unusually vicious child of me, a wicked, vengeful child."

Blizzard's candid expression implied that he had, however, soon seen the evil of his youthful ways, and turned over a whole volume of new leaves.

"What happened?" Barbara asked.

Blizzard laughed. "I cannot be said to have run away," he answered, "but I got away as best I could, and stayed away. My father settled money upon me. And that was the end of our relations."

"And then," said Barbara, "you being young and foolish, lost your money."

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "I was a very bad little boy, but much too ambitious to be foolish. And you know you can't get very far in this world without money."

"Still," said Barbara, "a hand-organ and a tin cup?"

"A loiterer in the streets of New York," the beggar explained, "picks up knowledge not to be had in any other way. Knowledge is power."

"Then you don't have to beg, don't have to pose, don't have to do anything you don't want to do?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I have to crawl while others walk. I have to wait and procrastinate, where another might rush in and dare."

Again that first expression of Satan fallen overpowered the casual ease and even levity of his face. But he shifted his eyes lest Barbara see into them and be frightened by that which smoldered in their stony depths.

Without a word, Barbara stepped eagerly forward to the rough model that she had made of his head, and once more attacked her inspiration with eager hands. The beggar held himself motionless like a thing of stone, only his eyes roved a little, drinking

The Penalty

in, you may say, that white loveliness which was Barbara at such moments as her own eyes were upon her work, and turning swiftly away when she lifted them in scrutiny of him. Now and then she made measurements of him with a pair of compasses. At such times it seemed to him that her nearness was more than his unschooled passions could bear with any appearance of apathy. Though a child of the nineteenth century, he had been enabled for many years to give way, almost whenever he pleased, to the instincts of primitive man, which, except for the greater frequency of their occurrence, differ in no essential way from the instincts of wild beasts.

Had she been a girl of the East Side he would not have hesitated upon the present occasion or in the present surroundings. But she was a girl of wealth and high position. It was not enough that his hands could stifle an outcry, or that the policeman upon the nearest beat was more in his own employ than in that of the city. Cold reason showed him that in the present case impunity was for once doubtful.

Her hands dropped from their work to her sides.

"How goes it?" asked the beggar.

"If it goes as it's gone," she said—"if it only does!"

"It *will*," said the beggar, and there was a strong vibration of faith and encouragement in his voice. "May I look?"

"Of course."

He came down from the platform, and she could not but admire the almost superhuman facility with which he moved upon his crutches. Halting at ease, before the beginning which she had made, he remained for a long time silent. Then, turning to her, he freed his right hand from the cross-piece of his crutch, and lifted it to his forehead in a sort of salute.

"Master!" he said.

The blood in Barbara's veins tingled with pleasure. He had thrown into his strong, rich voice an added wealth of sincerity, and she knew, or thought she knew, that at last the work of her hands had moved another, who, whatever else he might have been, was by his own showing no fool, but a man having in him much that was extraordinary. And she felt a sudden friendliness for the legless beggar.

His eyes still upon the clay—knowing, considering, measuring, appraising eyes—he

said shortly and with decision, "We must go on with this."

"To-morrow—could you come to-morrow at the same time?"

"I *will*," he said.

"Good. Are you hungry?"

But the legless man did not appear to have heard her. A sound in the adjoining room had arrested his attention. He listened to it critically and then smiled.

"A good workman," he said, "is turning a screw into wood."

"How clever of you," said Barbara. "There was a man coming from Schlemmer's to put on some glass knobs for me. Bubbles has brought him in by the back stairs."

The faint crunching sound of the screw going into the wood ceased. There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Barbara.

Bubbles appeared in the opening. "We're all through in here."

It did not at once strike Barbara that to have finished his work in the next room the man from Schlemmer's must have arrived upon the scene very much earlier than he had promised. And she could not by any possibility have guessed that Bubbles, in a state of nervous alarm, had slipped down the back stairs and run all the way to the hardware store to fetch him.

"He may as well begin in here, then," she said; "I'm through for this morning." And she turned to the beggar. "To-morrow—at the same time?"

He nodded briefly, but did not at once turn to go. He wished, it seemed, to have a good look at the young workman who now followed Bubbles into the studio. And so did Barbara, the moment she saw him.

To her critical eye he was quite the best looking young man she had ever seen "in the world or out of it." He was tall, broad, round necked, narrow in the hips, and of a fine brown coloring. He carried with easy grace a strong, well-massed head, to which the close adherence of the ears, and the shortness of the dark brown shiny hair, gave an effect of high civilization and finish. Brown, level eyes, neither hard nor soft, but of a twinkling habit, a nose straight thick, finely chiseled, an emphatic chin, and a large mouth of extraordinary sweetness, were not lost upon Barbara, but that which served most to arrest her attention was that resemblance which she at once perceived to exist between the young workman



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Harry, the workman, turned to Barbara with a certain quiet eagerness. "Look here," he said, "it's none of my business, but I know, and you don't. That man," he waved the screw-driver toward the door by which Blizzard had departed, "is poison. There's nothing he'd stop at. Nothing." "Quite so," said Barbara coldly, "and as you say it's hardly anybody's affair but mine"

The Penalty

and the legless beggar. Yet between Bubbles, who also resembled Blizzard in her eyes or in her imagination, and the youth from the hardware store, she was unable, swiftly comparing them, to find anything in common. To the one nature had denied even full growth and development; upon the other she had lavished muscle, blood, and bone. The small boy had a ragged, peaked, pathetic face, hair that sprouted every which way, the eyes of an invalid, ears of unequal size and different shapes, that stuck straight out from his head—all the stampings, in short, of street-birth and gutter-raising. The workman had an efficient, commanding look, the easy strong motions of an athlete trained and proved. Neither in the least resembled the other, yet both resembled the legless beggar, who in turn resembled Satan after the fall—and Barbara was inclined to laugh.

"I am so obsessed with one man's face," she thought, "that I see something of it in all other faces."

"Good morning, Harry." It was the beggar's voice, cool, and perhaps a little insolent.

"Good morning, Blizzard." The young man nodded curtly and turned to Barbara. "Do you wish all the knobs changed?"

"Please."

Without another word, the young man knelt at the door by which he had entered and began with the aid of a long screw-driver to remove its ancient lock of japanned iron and coarse white china.

"What's the best news with you, Harry?"

The young man did not look up from his work. "That the water'll soon be warm enough for swimming," he said.

To Barbara that answer seemed pleasantly indicative of a healthy nature and a healthy mind.

"It's a curious thing," observed the beggar, "how many more people drown themselves when the water is nice and warm than when it is cold and inhospitable. And yet it's in the cold months that the most people receive visits from despair."

Bubbles looked up, wondering. In his experience the legless beggar had no manner of language different from that of the streets to which he belonged. But now he spoke as Miss Barbara spoke, only, perhaps we may be permitted so to express it, very much more so.

Barbara turned to the beggar. "I haven't paid you."

But he retreated in smiling protest, picked up his hand-organ, and slung it across his shoulders. "The door, Bubbles."

Bubbles sprang to let the beggar out.

"To-morrow," said Barbara, "at the same time. Good-by, and thank you."

"Good by and thank *you*," said Blizzard.

Bubbles followed him to the head of the stairs and watched, not without admiration, the astounding ease of the legless one's rapid descent.

Harry, the workman, having disengaged the old japanned lock from the door, rose to his feet, and turned to Barbara with a certain quiet eagerness. "Look here," he said, "it's none of my business, but I know, and you don't. That man," he waved the screw-driver toward the door by which Blizzard had departed, "is poison. There's nothing he'd stop at. Nothing."

"Quite so," said Barbara coldly, "and as you say it's hardly anybody's affair but mine."

The workman was good nature personified. "If you *must* go on with him," he said, "haven't you a big brother or somebody with nothing better to do than drop in, and," his eyes sought the clay head of Blizzard, "watch the good work go on?" He stepped closer to the head, and examined it with real interest. "It *is* good work," he said; "it's splendid."

Barbara was mollified. "What," she said, "is so very wrong about poor Mr. Blizzard?"

"Oh," said the young man, "we know a great deal about him, and we are trying very hard to gather the proofs."

"We?"

"I'm a very little wheel in the machinery of the secret service."

"I *knew*," said Barbara, "the moment I saw you that you weren't *only* a locksmith or a carpenter. Does Mr. Blizzard know what you are?"

"He can't prove it, unless you tell him."

"I sha'n't do that."

"How often will he have to pose for you?"

"Heaven only knows. But I think"—and she looked the young man in the face, and smiled, for his face had charmed her—"I think that if ever I finish with Mr. Blizzard, I shall ask you to be my next model."

The admiration with which the young man regarded Barbara was no less frankly and openly expressed than was hers for him. "Until this moment," he said, "I

have never understood the eager desire which some people have to sit for their portraits. Whenever *you* say."

She laughed. "And the new door-knobs?"

"Just because a man belongs to the secret service," returned the youth, "is no reason why he shouldn't attempt once in a while to do something really useful."

And he knelt once more and took up his work where he had left off. Barbara stood by and watched him at it. "I would like to do his hands, too," she thought, "when I can get round to it." They were very strong, square, able hands. She found herself wishing to touch them. And since this was a wish that she had never experienced for any other pair of hands, she wondered at herself with a frank and childish wonder.

"Your taxi, Miss Barbara."

"Thank you, Bubbles."

She slipped out of her overall, and with swift touches adjusted her hat at a small mirror. The secret-service agent once more rose from his knees.

"Good-by," said Barbara, "and thank you, and don't forget."

"Never," said he.

She shook hands with him, and his firm strong clasp, literally swallowing her own little hand, was immensely pleasant to her and of a fine friendliness.

"Good-by, Bubbles. See you in the morning."

"Good-by, Miss Barbara."

She was gone. The man resumed his work. The boy watched.

"Harry."

"What?"

"Was I right?"

"Right."

"A wonder—or not?"

"A wonder."

"Harry."

"What?"

"You won't leave Blizzard up to me all alone, will you? Not *now*, you won't?"

"No, Bubbles, not now. Whenever he's posing in this room, you and I won't be far off."

"Because," said Bubbles, smiling with relief, "I'd do my best, but if it came to a show-down with *him* there ain't a thing I *could* do."

"One time or another," said Harry, "we'll *get* him. You and I will."

"I betcher," said Bubbles.

And in his little peaked face there was much that was threatening to the ultimate welfare of the legless beggar.

X

BARBARA, ordinarily clear minded and single minded, drove up-town with her thoughts in a state of chaos. She wished to think only about her newly begun head of Satan fallen, since nothing else seemed to her at the moment of any importance, but the face, hands, and voice of the young secret-service agent refused to be banished, and kept suing for kindly notice.

In almost the exact degree in which the legless beggar was repulsive to her sense of perfection the secret-service agent was attractive. She had never seen a man so agreeable to her eyes. And yet, as a marine artist might see fame in painting a wreck upon a seashore, rather than a fine new ship under full sail, so she felt that, artistically considered, there was no comparison whatever between the two men. The face of the elder compelled attention and study, and loosed in the observer's mind a whole stream of conjecture and unanswerable questions. The face of the younger began and ended perhaps in the attractions of youth and high spirits. It was a face of which, should the mind back of it prove wanting, you might tire, and learn to look upon as commonplace.

In the midst of unguided thinking Barbara laughed aloud; that small boy whom she had lifted from the cold gutter to comparative affluence and incomparable affection for his rescuer came unbidden into the flurry-scurry of her thoughts, and remained for some time. And she knew that if all her friends should fail her, if the beggar returned no more to be modeled, if the secret-service agent proved but a handsome empty shell, Bubbles would always show up at the appointed time and place while life remained in him.

Then, again, as she tried to concentrate upon her bust of Blizzard, the secret-service agent stepped forward, you may say, and smiled into her eyes. And she smiled back. Again she seemed to feel the strong clasp of his hand, and to hear the agreeable and even musical intonation of his strong voice. Odd, she thought, that he should come to put on door-knobs, turn out to be a secret-service agent, and have at the same time, if

The Penalty

not the characteristics of a fine gentleman, those at least of a man of education and sensibility infinitely superior to the highest type of day-laborer or detective. One of her new acquaintances talked like a gentleman and claimed to be the son of a distinguished man; the other, claiming nothing, was infinitely more presentable; and there was only the small boy who remained frankly representative of his class. In spite of his coat of bright buttons, he was of the streets streety; a valiant little ragamuffin, in all but the actual rags. He had the morals of his class and the point of view, and differed only in the excellence of his heart. This was a heart made for loving, devotion, and sacrifice. Yet it was crammed to the brim with knowledge of evil, and even tolerance therefor. That certain men in certain circumstances would act in such and such a way was not a horrible idea to Bubbles, but merely a fact. In the boy's code stealing from a friend was stealing, but stealing from an enemy was merely one way of making a living.

Upon arriving at her father's house, Barbara met Wilmot Allen just turning away from the door. His handsome face brightened at the sight of her, and he sprang forward hatless to furnish her with quite unnecessary aid in stepping out of the taxi.

"Oh, *there* you are!" he said. "Sparker said you might be home for lunch and again you might not. Please may I graft a meal?"

"Of course," said Barbara, "but unless somebody else drops out of the skies we'll be all alone."

"Your father off on a case?"

"Yes," said Barbara, as they went in, "he is operating, but in Wall Street. And what's the best news with you?"

"That spring's come and summer's coming. When do your holidays begin?"

"*That*," said Barbara, with a certain air of triumph, "is a secret of the workshop. Let's sit in the dining-room. It's the only way to hurry lunch."

To persons used to humbler ways of life Dr. Ferris's dining-room would have proved too large and stately a place for purposes of intimate conversation. Warriors and ladies looked down from the tapestried walls upon a small round table set with heavy silver and light glass for two, and having the effect, in the midst of an immense deep-blue rug, of a little island in a lake. But Barbara and Wilmot Allen, well used to even larger and more stately rooms, faced

each other across the white linen with its pattern of lotus-plants and swans, and chatted as comfortably and unconcernedly as two children in their nursery.

"As for holidays," said Barbara, "I have a new model, Wilmot; a wonderful person, and that means *work*. I may stay in town right through the summer."

Allen sighed loudly, and on purpose. "You make me tired," he said. "Bring a lump of clay down to Newport, and I'll sit for you."

Barbara affected to study his face critically. Then she shook her head. "My new model," she explained, "has got the face of a fallen angel. I think I can do it. And if I can do it, why, I see all the good things of sculpting coming my way."

"An ordinary every-day angel face wouldn't do?" her guest insinuated. "I could go out and fall."

"I don't doubt it!" she returned somewhat crisply. "I feel very sure that you could disgrace yourself without trouble and even with relish. But it wouldn't show in your face. You see, you couldn't really be wicked."

"Couldn't I though!" exclaimed the young man. "A lot you know about it. I could eat you up for one thing without turning a hair, and that would be wicked."

"It wouldn't," Barbara laughed. "It would be greedy. My new model has the face of a man who has never stopped at anything that has stood in his way. I fancy that he has murders up his sleeve and every other crime in the calendar. And sometimes memory of them brings the most wonderful look of sorrow and remorse into his face, and at the same time he looks resolved to go on murdering and burning and sinning because he can't get back to where he was when he began to fall, and must go on falling or perish. Don't you think that if I can cram that into a lump of clay I'll make a reputation for myself?"

"I think," said Wilmot, "that if you've got that kind of a man sitting for you, you'll need all the reputation you can get. You talk of him with the same sort of enthusiasm that a bird would show in describing being fascinated by a snake."

Barbara considered this judicially. "Do you know," she agreed, "it is rather like that. He fascinates me, and at the same time I never saw a brute I hated so. He must be wicked to deserve such pain."

either succeed—and quit, or fail and quit, and then see, if you can't take a little more interest in your own people, in your own heart—even in me.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
The Fall of the House of Usher
 Wilnot fixed his rather tired eyes on Barbara's face, and spoke with a certain earnest tenderness. "Barba," he said, "say that by a certain date you'll either succeed—and quit, or fail and quit, and then see, if you can't take a little more interest in your own people, in your own heart—even in me."

"Oh, he suffers, does he?"

"Of course. Wouldn't you suffer every minute of your life if you had no legs?"

Barbara, intent upon what was on her plate, did not perceive the sudden astonished darkening of Wilmot Allen's face, nor that the interest which he had hitherto only feigned in her new model had become genuine.

"What is he?"

"I was going to say 'just a beggar,'" said Barbara. "But he isn't just a beggar. I've gathered that he's rather well off, and that he's one of the powers on the East Side. And he looks money and power, even if he doesn't talk them."

"Is his name by any chance Blizzard?"

She looked up in astonishment. "How did you know?"

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "I've knocked about the city and known all sorts of curious people, and heard about others. So Blizzard's your new model. Now look here, Barbara, are we old friends or aren't we?"

"Very old friends," she said.

"Then let me tell you that you're a little fool to have anything to do with a man like that. You can't touch pitch you know, and—"

"I only touch him with a pair of compasses," she interrupted sweetly.

"Don't quibble," said Allen with energy; "it's not like you. That man is so bad, so unsavory, so vile, that you simply *mustn't* have him about. He's dangerous."

"So is a volcano," said Barbara, "but there's no reason why the most innocent bread-and-butter miss shouldn't paint a picture of a volcano if she felt inspired."

"I see that there's only one thing to do. I shall tell your father."

Wilmot Allen was genuinely troubled. And Barbara laughed at him.

"I'm not a child," she said.

"That's just it," said he; "that's why you ought to be ashamed of yourself. And anyway you are a child. All girls say they aren't until they get into a mess of some sort, and then they excuse themselves to themselves and everybody else by protesting that they were. 'I was so young. I didn't know,' and all that rot."

"Blizzard," said Barbara, "is quiet, polite, and a good talker. He comes, he sits for me, and he goes away."

The butler having left the room, Wilmot fixed his rather tired eyes on Barbaras' face, and spoke with a certain earnest

tenderness. "Barbs," he said, "take it from me, happiness doesn't lie where you think it does. I think the very highest achievements of the very greatest artists haven't brought happiness. Look here, old dear; put a limit to your ambition. Say that by a certain date you'll either succeed and quit, or fail and quit, and then see if you can't take a little more interest in your own people, in your own heart—even in me."

"Wilmot," she said seriously, "if I fail with my head of Blizzard, I think I *shall* give up."

"Wouldn't it be better," he pleaded, "to give up now? And then, you know, you could always say if *only* you'd kept on you would have made a masterpiece."

"And who would believe that?"

"I!" said Wilmot. "It's easy for me to believe anything wonderful of you. It always has been."

"And a moment ago," she smiled, "you called me a little fool and said you'd tell my father on me."

She rose, still smiling, and he followed her into the library.

"Are all the studios in your building occupied?" he asked.

"They are," said Barbara, "and they aren't. Kelting, who has the ground floor, has gone abroad. And Updyke, who has the third floor, has been in Bermuda all winter." She sank into a deep leather chair that half swallowed her.

"There's a janitor?"

"No. There's a janitress, a friendly old lady, quite deaf. She has seen infinitely better days."

"To all intents and purposes then," said Wilmot, "and the trouble that he felt showed in his face, 'it's an empty house, and you shut yourself up in it with some model or other that you happen to pick up in the streets, and you don't know enough to be afraid. You'll get yourself murdered one of these bright mornings.'"

"Oh, I think not!" said Barbara. "There's Bubbles, you know."

"Oh, Bubbles!" exclaimed Wilmot. "He doesn't weigh eighty pounds. This Blizzard—look here, get rid of him. I can't tell you what the man is." He laughed. "I don't know you well enough. But take my word for it, if a crime appeals to him, he commits it. And the police can't touch him, Barbs."

"Why can't they?"

"He knows too much about them individually and collectively. They're afraid of him. Get rid of him, Barbs."

Wilmot Allen's voice was strongly appealing. The fact that he sat forward in his chair, instead of yielding to its deep and enjoyable embrace, proved that he was very much in earnest. But Barbara shook her lovely head.

"You ask too much, Wilmot. My heart's in the beginning I've made. I've got to go on. It's a test case. If I've got *anything* in me, now is the chance for it to show. You see, when I made up my mind seriously to try to do worth-while things with my own hands, everybody was against me. And the sympathy that I am going to receive if I fail to make good is of a kind that's almost impossible to face."

"Then do me a favor. It won't interfere with your work, and it may be very useful at a pinch." He drew from his hip pocket a small automatic pistol. "Accept this," he went on, "and keep it somewhere handy as a sort of guardian. It's much stronger than the strongest man."

"How absurd!" she said. "And what are you doing carrying concealed weapons? I'm beginning to think that you're a desperado yourself."

He rose, smiling imperturbably, and laid the pistol in her lap.

"At least," she said, "show me how it works."

He explained the mechanism clearly and with patience, not once, but several times. "Point it," he said, "as you would point your finger, and keep pulling the trigger until the enemy drops."

"One every two hours," Barbara commented, "until relieved."

"May you never need it," said Wilmot, earnestly.

"I never shall," said Barbara. "Must I really keep it?"

"Yes."

"But you," she exclaimed, "you will be quite unprotected all the way from here to the nearest shop where such things are sold."

"I shall be armed again," he smiled, "before I am threatened. Indeed, to know that you are armed has heartened me immensely. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"I don't know," she answered with provoking submissiveness; "you haven't told me."

"It's just possible," he said, "that the turf courts at the Westchester Country Club have been opened. I might telephone and find out. Then we could collect some clothes, jump into a taxi, and go out and open the season."

"You can't afford taxis, Wilmot. And you never let anybody else pay for anything."

"Oh," he pleaded, "I can afford a taxi this once, believe me."

"In that case," said Barbara, "I surrender."

"If you only would, Barbs."

"Phone if you are going to, and don't be always slipping sentiment into a business proposition." She affected to look very stern and businesslike.

"I shall engage the magic taxi," he affirmed.

"The what?"

"Don't you know? There's a magic taxi in the city—just one. You get in, you give your order, and lo and behold, rivers and seas are crossed, countries and continents, until finally you fetch up in the place where you would be, and when you look at the meter you find that it hasn't registered as much as a penny."

"Time," said Barbara, "flies even faster than a magic taxicab. So if you are going to 'phone—"

"Is there no drop of sentiment in that exquisite shell which the world knows as Barbara Ferris? Didn't any man ever mean anything to you, Barbs?"

She flushed slightly, for there had come into her thoughts quite unbidden the image of a certain young man in workman's clothes, kneeling at a door, and removing an old japanned iron lock. She shook her head firmly, and smiled up at him insultingly.

"Men, Wilmot," she said, "are nothing to me but planes, angles, curves, masses, lights, and shadows. They are either suited to sculpture or they aren't."

Wilmot laughed, and while he was busy with the telephone, Barbara tried to think of the secret-service agent in cold terms of planes, curves, masses, etc., and found that she couldn't. Which discovery annoyed and perplexed her.



(C) PICTORIAL NEWS CO.

"They blew up the 'Maine'! They blew up the 'Maine'! Oh, as she now lies off the Cuban coast. A barnacle-encrusted



Richmond Pearson Hobson, who, by sinking the "Merrimac" in the roadstead, hoped to bottle up Cervera's fleet in the harbor of Santiago

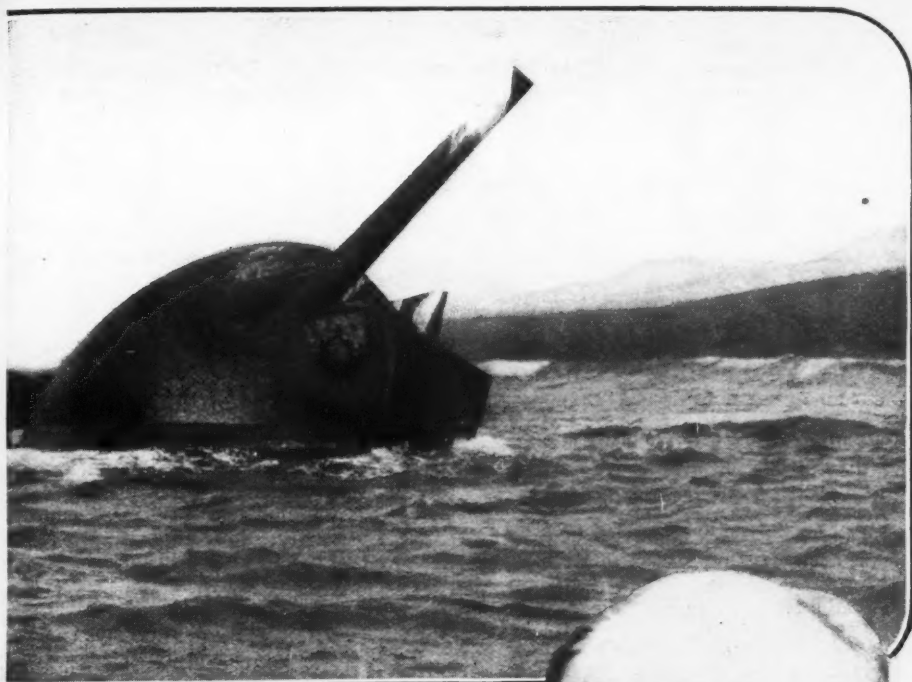
Spain's Price By Captain Richmond

THE raising of the *Maine* and the solemn rites attending her commitment to the sea, bring up in my memory pictures of the war with Spain, of a singular nature, gruesome, weird, and tinged with fate. When the lonely *Maine* took her last plunge she was but going to the tomb of the whole Spanish fleet. As I see her body resting there upon the floor of the ocean my mind turns to the *Maria Teresa*, lying broadside on upon the coral reef at Cat Island; to the *Oquendo*

and the *Vizcaya*, bows on upon the beach below Santiago; and to the *Colon*, turned upon her beam ends down the shelving shores of Mount Turquino. What a picture the five vessels together make of the general wreckage that overtakes his greatest works when man turns his hand against his fellow man.

But the picture is full of contrast. The American ship, after Christian burial, has found peace at last, but the Spanish ships, unhallowed, will lie tormented by the surf and lashed by the storms through the years that grind on into eternity.

As an assistant naval constructor I helped in the building of the *Maine*, in the last stages of its completion at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard; but I never saw the wreck any



the retribution!" Admiral Cervera's flagship, the "Vizcaya," gun-turret still raises a useless gun above the sea

for the "Maine" Pearson Hobson



Admiral Cervera, commander of the Spanish fleet, who on July 3, 1898, led his ships out of Santiago harbor and was signally defeated

neither than from the deck of the *New York* while we were blockading the harbor of Havana. My association with the Spanish wrecks was more intimate, and to them this article is confined.

My first intimation that disaster had overtaken the Spanish fleet came to me in prison two days after the battle off Santiago. In order to see more distinctly the fighting between the land forces going on out from my window, I sent a request to General Linares, the commander-in-chief, as a personal favor to return the binocular glasses I had surrendered when captured after the sinking of the *Merrimac*. An aid on the general's staff brought the reply in person: "The general's compliments. He would

gladly return your glasses, but, you remember, you gave them up to the navy. The general cannot locate them, and does not know but that they have been lost." "Ah!" my mind flashed. "The commander-in-chief cannot locate the glasses. They were in the possession of the navy, and may be lost. Then the running firing out of the harbor day before yesterday must have

been a battle, after all, although ending so quickly." My mind flew like lightning down the line of reasoning. I gave up my glasses to Admiral Cervera himself. They are lost. Then the admiral must be lost. Then the flagship must have gone out. The fleet must have gone out. The fleet must be lost. The Spaniards had not vouchsafed a word to me as to the battle, not even a word as to the way the land fighting was going, but I found myself repeating: "We have sunk the Spanish fleet. We have sunk the Spanish fleet." When the officer added that perhaps I might not require glasses, after all, "since negotiations are now going on looking to your exchange and the exchange of your men," I had no further doubt, and began working out in my mind how we could take the forts at the entrance of the harbor from the rear, remove the mines, and bring our fleet into the inner harbor. "We can now take the city with almost no loss," said I to myself, "and avoid assaulting those deadly inner trenches."

MY RETURN TO THE "NEW YORK"

The first actual word I had about the destruction of the Spanish ships was under the surrender tree between the lines, at the exchange of prisoners next day. The first notice of my duty in connection with the wrecks came a few minutes later. I was gliding through the lines escorted by Lieut.-Col. John Jacob Astor and Lieutenant Miley of General Shafter's staff, my men following in an army ambulance escorted by cheering soldiers, when Captain—now Admiral—Chadwick, Sampson's chief of staff, came riding up looking more like a cavalry officer than the seasoned sailor he was. Chadwick had gone out to recommend to Shafter that a demand be made for the surrender of the city, a recommendation that was finally adopted. "Hello, Hobson, I am glad to see you looking so well," he called. I had spent my last hour on the *New York* with Chadwick, dining with him alone in his cabin. He was more like a father than my commanding officer. "I'm in good shape, thank you, Captain," I replied. "How are the Spanish ships?" "You will see them to-morrow. The admiral has appointed you a member of a board to examine and report upon them."

I reached the *New York* off Siboney about dark, but I did not turn in at all that night. After reporting to Sampson and urging the

taking of the city by the fleet, and after happy exchanges with my messmates in the wardroom of the *New York*, I went to my stateroom and stayed up all night reading letters, the accumulation of seven weeks.

VIEWING THE SPANISH WRECKS

At daybreak the next morning, we were off in the *Gloucester* to the westward for the Spanish wrecks. We passed through our victorious fleet as the sun was rising. It was exhilarating to see those ships again. It was like seeing old friends, knowing that they had passed through stirring experiences in the interval. It was a special inspiration when we passed the *Oregon*. I could see in her calm, silent, frowning form the strength, courage, and determination of her great commanding officer, Captain Clark, and his officers and men, who had come fourteen thousand miles to take the leading part in the battle of Santiago. The *Gloucester* steamed between the fleet and the shore, passing as close as we dared to the entrance of Santiago. With glasses we made out the *Reina Mercedes*, sunk the night before in the channel, off Estrella Point, but evidently on one side of the channel. Richard Wainwright, the commanding officer of the *Gloucester*, showed us where he came up in the battle and dashed after the two torpedo-boat destroyers, engaging them both at the same time. The *Gloucester* was only a converted yacht, and had only light guns, but we could see her as in the battle, clinching with two adversaries, each her superior, one on each side. Wainwright showed us where the two went down, only a few miles west of the harbor, and we could make out, just above the water, a part of the hull of one of them, the *Pluton*, beached in the battle. We did not go in to examine it closer, as that would have exposed us to fire from the shore. The other destroyer, the *Furor*, sank in deep water, and all the officers of the board who had seen the doomed vessel in the battle, as she reared under an explosion and sank by the stern, agreed that there was no chance whatever to raise her, and that, shot to pieces and torn by explosion as she was, there would be little incentive to making the attempt. Later investigations confirmed these conclusions, and nothing was ever done. Before I had finished the wrecking work raising the *Teresa*, the part of the hull of the *Pluton* we had seen above water had disappeared, and there

was nothing to tell the tale of the death tragedy of these destroyers.

We turned our glasses away from the sunken *Phuton* and leveled them upon the *Teresa*, about a mile farther to the westward, with her bow turned to the beach, floating almost at her water-line; and farther still to the westward, about half a mile beyond, we saw the *Oquendo* similarly beached.

A GUN'S CREW OF THE DEAD

The *Gloucester* stopped a short distance away, and we pulled over to the *Teresa*. As we approached, the details of the wreck began to appear, and I soon saw that fire had wrought fearful havoc. The black hull was charred fore and aft, and the side plating was badly warped. We climbed up the remains of the sea steps. Passing the gangway, I stood petrified at the ghastly scenes of wreckage. Every vestige of woodwork was gone; the deck beams stretched across, twisted and warped, with the bolts and rivets sticking up like teeth. Smoke was still rising from the coal-bunkers. The foremast lay fallen, stretching aft across the beams; the deck stringers and tie-plates were in waves, they were so badly warped, and along them lay the charred bodies of the men. The dead were thickest in the rear of the broadside guns. In the rear of the nearest 5.5 inch broadside gun the dead were at their stations, burned to a crisp. An eight-inch shell from our fleet had pierced the shield and exploded just behind it, killing the whole crew. There lay number one, the gun-captain, just in the rear of the gun. He was evidently in the act of firing when death overtook him. Number two lay beside his elevating-gear; number three was evidently giving the last touches to the training; numbers four, five, and six were at their respective stations. It was literally a gun's crew of the dead.

Being a naval constructor, I hastened down to the protective deck to see if that main factor of structural strength had been undermined by explosion. Stepping over dead bodies and across from beam to beam on the spar deck, and climbing down to the gun-deck, I found my way to the space abaft the after smoke-stack and let myself down by my hands till I stood on the protective deck between the upper coal-bunkers. The light was dim, and I groped my way about, stooping down to examine the deck for ruptures. I moved continuously

along the starboard side and found the deck intact, then passed over to the port side. My eyes becoming more accustomed to the dim light, I discerned a lump over near the forward angle and soon recognized the form of a man. I wondered what he could have been doing down there. Upon examination I found that the main steam-pipe ran from the boilers forward to the engines aft just underneath the protective deck at that point, and a special stop-valve had been fitted with the spindle running up through the deck so the valve could be worked from above. In case the steam-pipe were shot away and no one could reach the regular stop-valve in the engine-room, this special valve was fitted so a man, stationed above the deck, free from escaping steam, could shut it off. He operated the valve with a double-action ratchet wrench. A big shell had passed in and had set fire to the coal-bunkers and to the spare coal in this space and burned this man to a crisp. I have seen the petrified remains of men and animals taken from the ashes of Pompeii, preserving the very expressions of agony in which they died, but none compared with this man. Evidently he was expecting an order to turn off his valve, and finding himself weakening under the flames had sat down to keep from falling, then pressed his chin down upon his chest and clenched his teeth. He was burned to a crisp, but the charred bones of his fingers still clasped his wrench. It is possible that the shell that came in struck the blow, but however death came it did not loosen this gallant man's hold. No one who saw such scenes as we saw would ever allow anyone to reflect upon the courage and gallantry of the Spaniards. Their behavior ashore was the same. They died like the brave men they were.

THE WRECK OF SPAIN'S PRIDE—THE "COLON"

We did not linger on the *Teresa*, having decided to put in the first day on the *Colon*. We did not stop at all to board the *Oquendo*, though we passed close enough to see the indications of terrific explosions. We likewise left the *Vizcaya*, ten miles farther down the coast, for later examination and pushed on to the *Colon*, about thirty-two miles still farther west. We found this proud new ship, the pride of the Spanish navy, on her beam ends, nearly submerged, her stern inshore near the beach, at the foot of Mount Turquino, where the steep slope enters the sea.



(C) HARRIS
The "Colon," which was the pride of the Spanish navy on the morning of July 3, 1898. The newest and fastest of the doomed ships, the "Colon" got nearly forty miles from Santiago before her flag was hauled down and she was beached.

sion on the *Maine* being from the outside, it will be sufficient to glance at the photographs of the wreck of the *Viscaya* and see the contrast.

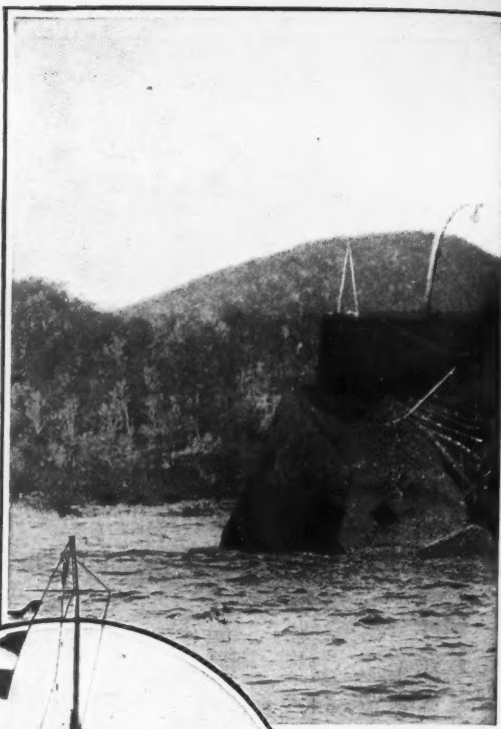
The *Viscaya's* guns and ordnance equipment were in fairly good condition, but as a structure, the internal explosions completely wrecked the vessel, both as a longitudinal and a transverse girder. Any thought of raising her or saving her was out of the question, and we recommended that no effort be made in this direction, but that only the guns be salvaged.

We spent the whole of July 8th on the *Viscaya*, and proceeded on the 9th to the *Teresa* and *Oquendo*, this time making a detailed examination of both vessels.

Going aboard the *Oquendo*, we found the havoc even greater than on the *Viscaya*. The effect of gun fire was terrific. The upper works, smoke-stacks, ventilators, and hatch trunks were literally riddled.

The eight-inch shells were particularly destructive. One of these shells struck the narrow space between the gun and the gun-port of the forward heavy turret, and by wedge action tore off a block of the armor, and entered the turret. Exploding, it killed every man in the crew, and we found here, as on the *Teresa*, a gun's crew of the dead.

Terrific as was the gun fire, it was secondary to the fire of conflagration. The ship from bow to stern on every deck was like the remains of a furnace. Every vestige of inflammable material was gone, with only cinders and ashes to show for its existence. The fierce heat had buckled the plates, warped



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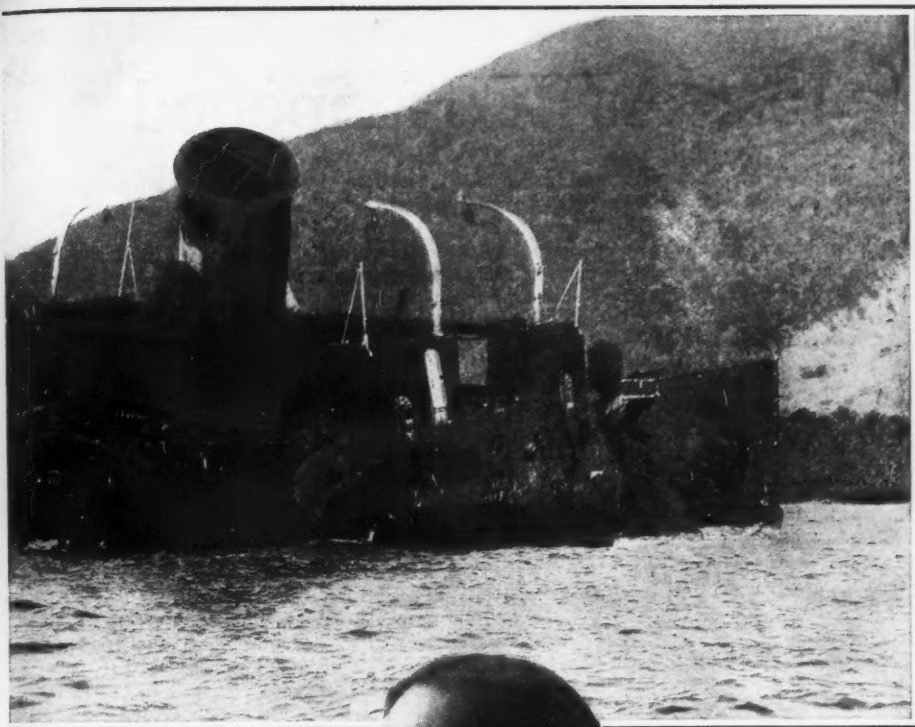
The "Almirante" twisted by fire, she —The "Oregon."

the beams, weakened the girders, stanchions, and pillars, causing the weights to collapse.

In my judgment fire, and not the sea, is

the great danger

afloat, whether for warships or for the merchant marine. Another *Titanic* disaster will probably not occur in fifty years, but the probabilities are that if luxury and ostentation, with all their inflammable trappings, continue to increase on the great ocean-liners, there will some day be a disaster alongside of which the *Titanic's* fate will appear tame indeed,



Oquendo as the Spanish left her in 1898. presents a terrifying spectacle of the result which came from the Pacific in time to

a disaster in which, with the boats consumed, every soul will either leap into the sea or be burned to death.

Here on the *Oquendo* again human bodies lay strewn about with the carcasses of bullocks, all charred, and in most cases burned to a crisp.

Added to the havoc of shell and of fire, came the explosion of the forward magazine, more terrific even than the magazine explosions of the *Vizcaya*. The ship was cracked literally across, and the end would have dropped off but for the support of the ground underneath. The joints between the vertical armor and the deck armor were torn apart. The starboard side of the ship, above the belt armor in this region, hung several feet outside of the armor belt. The plating was blown off or torn for



Capt. Charles E. Clark, who took the "*Oregon*" around Cape Horn and helped to sink Cervera's fleet

Riddled with shells, warped and of arousing the wrath of a nation. bear a decisive part in the battle

sixty feet of length. I crawled from a boat outside into the wrecked space and lingered for some time where the waves were lapping the torn insides of the vessel.

My mind was wrapt in contemplation of the magnitude and completeness of the destruction. Each vessel in turn seemed a greater wreck than the one we had just examined. My thoughts again turned to the *Maine*. Again I began to examine in all its details the effect of an internal magazine explosion. There were

the bulkheads torn down as the gases rushed aft; there were the side plates shelled off, leaving the frames standing. Through the clear water I could see whole plates down on the bottom lying there where they fell. "They blew up the *Maine*! They blew up the *Maine*! Oh, the retribution!"

Just As It Happened

There may be Ghetto types Bruno Lessing doesn't know, homely, every-day situations in the life of the great East Side—the tragedy, laughter, and tears of this strange, half-foreign people—he can't weave into an interesting story. But we doubt it. As we have told you before, his stories have been appearing exclusively in *Cosmopolitan* for more than six years—quite a record, don't you think? And not a hint from you to stop. The reason? Well, one reason is that Bruno Lessing not only thoroughly knows his people, their oddities and twists of character, but he is a master at making you enjoy them with him. Little classics of real life—with a dash of humor. Here he tells a tale of love and a dog

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

IZZY—A good-looking, amiable young man, very refreshing and somewhat fresh, but, on the whole, rather agreeable. He's our hero.

MARGULIES—Elderly and rich. Not at all interesting, excepting as the father of Rosie.

ROSIE—A peach.

LAPIDOWITZ—A schnorrer, if you know what that is—in plain English, a good-for-nothing. He has a long black beard, and a strong aversion to work.

NATHAN—The villain. Not that he is particularly bad, but you are not supposed to like him as much as Izzy.

DENNIS—He turns up in Part 3. He's cross-eyed.

BEANS—The dog in the case. He's really a pest, but the whole thing could not have happened without him.

Izzy's mother, Marcus & Gomprecht, Milken's Café, Little Solly Lefkovitz, the elevated railroad, and any other people or appurtenances that may be needed to fill in.

SCENE—Dear old New York. TIME—Quite recently.

THIS isn't a play, and couldn't even be made into a play, unless you could get a dog to play the star part. But "*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*" looks rather impressive, so I thought I'd put it in. It is just a rambling, inconsequential tale—the tale of a dog, so to speak. Life itself is very inconsequential. A man who has been living in a cave for two months may step out just in time to be run over by an automobile, and no philosopher could ever figure out satisfactorily the proper relation between the two incidents. What we call a coincidence is only a correlation of facts that we happen to notice. But, whether we

notice them or not, facts seem to keep on correlating. After which burst of wisdom let us plunge into the story.

Izzy Levine sat at his desk in Marcus & Gomprecht's establishment putting the finishing touches to an essay on "Should Women Vote?" Not that Marcus & Gomprecht dealt in woman's suffrage. They were in the wholesale upholstery business. But the *Yiddish Arbeiter*, a popular Ghetto weekly, had offered a series of prizes for the best argument either for or against woman suffrage, and Izzy, ambitious to shine in the field of literature, overflowing with Schopenhauer's ideas on the unfitness of women for everything, and not a bit interested in the upholstery business, had been devoting a great deal of his time to this essay. Gomprecht, the junior partner, was rather a phlegmatic person, and when Mr. Marcus called his attention to the amount of time Izzy devoted to everything save the upholstery business would only shrug his shoulders.

"But can we afford to pay wages by a loafer?" Mr. Marcus would insist.

"Ven you vas young like him," Gomprecht would answer, "you didn't never kill yourself working."

This particular afternoon the spectacle of Izzy sprawling over Marcus & Gomprecht's writing-desk, writing on Marcus & Gomprecht's stationery, in Marcus & Gomprecht's time exasperated Mr. Marcus.

"Go down to der stock-room in der basement," he finally said to Izzy. "See if dere iss fifty-nine bales of horsehair."

Izzy had just finished his essay. Whistling

cheerfully, he stepped upon the freight-elevator and descended to the basement. There were just fifty-nine bales. As the elevator rose to the ground floor, a young man, gorgeously arrayed, called to Izzy to stop.

"Take me up," he cried. "The passenger elevator ain't running."

"Sorry," said Izzy, "but it's against the rules. You have to walk. Nobody is allowed to ride on the freight-elevator." He pulled the cord, and the elevator began to ascend.

The young man shook his fist. "Come back here!" he cried. "Do you know who I am?"

Izzy smiled at him. "No,"

he said, "but if you walk up-stairs and give me your card maybe I'll be glad to make your acquaintance."

"You're a loafer!" cried the young man, exasperated.

Izzy, whistling softly, stopped the elevator and then began to descend.

"What did you say?" he asked.

The young man had at least the courage of his convictions. "You're a loafer!" he repeated. What happened after that, hap-

pened so swiftly that it would be difficult to tell it in detail. Then Izzy stepped upon the elevator and pulled the cord.

"Never call names when you ain't introduced," he said, smiling amiably.

The young man picked himself up from the corner into which he had shot and shook his fist. "You'll suffer for this!" he cried.

Izzy returned to his desk and began to address an envelope to the Should-Women-Vote? Editor of the *Yiddish Arbeiter*.

"Vell," exclaimed Mr. Marcus, bustling toward him, "v'y didn't you come unt tell me how many bales iss?"

"Because," said Izzy, moistening the flap of the envelope, "you didn't ask me to. You said I should go and see if there are fifty-nine bales."

Mr. Marcus glared at him. Somehow or other, Izzy had the effect of setting every nerve in Mr. Marcus's body on edge.

"How many bales iss?" he asked.

"Fifty-nine," said Izzy.

Then the door opened, and the gorgeously arrayed young man, breathing heavily from his stair-climbing, burst into the room. One of his eyes was very red. He approached the junior partner's desk.

"Look!" he said to the astonished Gomprecht, and pointing to his eye, "look what that prize-fighter you got did to me."

Gomprecht glared at Izzy. "Did you hit my son?"

Izzy surveyed the young man calmly. "I didn't know he was your son, but he said I was a loafer, so I had to punch him."

"I guess," said Gomprecht dryly, "maybe he vasn't so wrong. You better pack up and get ovid!"

"Sure," said Izzy cheerfully; "anything

to oblige. But you should educate your son not to call people names, or maybe his other eye will get into trouble."

Then Izzy affixed three of Marcus & Gomprecht's postage-stamps to his letter, donned his hat and coat, lit a cigarette, and with a cheerful air, departed. The cheerfulness of his demeanor, however, was entirely assumed, and by the time he reached the street, Izzy looked quite as dejected as he felt.

He lived alone with his mother and supported her, and while he felt he would have little difficulty in finding new employment,



"Look," he said, pointing to his eye, "look what that prize-fighter you got did to me"

Edgar

he realized that, distasteful as the upholstery business had been to him, it had paid better than anything he was likely to find for some time.

The next thing that happened was a dog-fight. Izzy had stopped to post his letter when two dogs in lively combat rolled against his legs. Izzy stepped aside to watch the fray. Isn't it wonderful that nearly all human beings have achieved that pinnacle of civilization that whenever they see two dogs fighting they pause to look on! Izzy's heart went out instinctively to the smaller dog. This was a yellowish-brown animal, evidently a cross breed of fox-terrier, bulldog, spaniel, Spitz, and dachshund. Yet, while his family tree was unquestionably bewildering, there was something delightfully appealing in his ears and his soft, brown eyes. And the fight was against him. Even as Izzy watched the combat the bigger dog, in one spring, seemed to overwhelm his little antagonist, and after one fierce whirl, trotted off, leaving the little fellow dazed and vanquished. There was no one else around, and the dog looked up into Izzy's face and, slowly, his stump of a tail began to wag. Izzy stooped and patted him upon the head.

"You made a good fight, doggie," he said, "but I guess you ain't much of a fighter."

The dog raised one paw, cocked his head on one side, and with each ear at a different angle gazed at Izzy. But Izzy had troubles of his own, and with a final, comforting pat upon the head, turned away and started homeward.

The next thing that happened was that the door of Milken's Café was open, and the invigorating odor of coffee assailed Izzy's nostrils. He hadn't thought of coffee before that moment, but now it seemed to him preposterous to plan what he would do in the future without first drinking a cup of it. So he entered and was immediately hailed with a cry of joy from a tall, lank, bearded, and seedy-looking individual, who sat at one of the tables, jotting down figures in a notebook.

"Izzy Levine! Of all men! I was just hoping you would come in."

"That's funny," said Izzy, smiling. "I've never been in here before. But, my dear Lapidowitz, I am no good to-day. I've just lost my job."

"But only two dollars, Izzy," exclaimed the schnorrer without wasting a word of

sympathy. "You see, I need ten to go to Buffalo, where Gordonsky has a job for me, and if you give me two, that makes six in all, and I can easy get the other four."

Izzy laughed heartily. "Here's a dollar, Lappy. Not a cent more. Never mind about the Buffalo story. I gave you a dollar to go to Chicago last month. Have a cup of coffee and tell me the latest gossip."

Lapidowitz accepted the dollar with a benediction that applied to Izzy and all his progeny through six generations. Then, looking down at the floor, "Where did you get the dog?" he asked.

"What dog?" asked Izzy, looking in his turn. And there, behind him, joyfully wagging his tail at being noticed, stood the victim of the recent combat.

"Well, you're a great doggie," said Izzy. "Whatever put it into your head to follow me?"

The dog rose upon his hind legs, laid his paws upon Izzy's knees, and began to lick his hands.

"I guess he has adopted me," said Izzy. "Ugh!" exclaimed Lapidowitz. "I hate dogs."

But Izzy paid no attention to him. He drew the dog upon his lap and stroked his head and his soft ears. "I guess," said he, "if no one comes around and claims you I'll have to give you board and lodging. I never had a dog follow me before."

The dog wore a collar, but it apparently bore no mark that gave a clue to his ownership.

"Well, good-by, Lapidowitz," said Izzy, rising. "That makes three dollars you owe me, but you needn't pay me until you have the money."

Whistling cheerfully, he strode out of the café. The dog followed him for a few paces, then stopped, hesitated an instant, bounded toward Lapidowitz, uttered a shrill yelp that made the schnorrer leap from his chair in terror, and then turned and dashed after Izzy. Lapidowitz sat for an hour pensively cursing dogs.

The following afternoon it happened that Lapidowitz sat in Milken's Café all alone. Milken, after pocketing all the money in the drawer, had stepped out to do some marketing and had asked the schnorrer to keep an eye on the place. It was an unlikely hour for customers, and Lapidowitz was beginning to doze in his chair when there entered an elderly man of such imposing appearance



"Never mind," said Lapidowitz gloomily. "If I could hold der dog I wouldn't need der chloroform"

and of such fierce mien that Lapidowitz promptly rose to his feet.

"Did you see my dog?" he asked, in excellent Yiddish.

"Your dog?" repeated the schnorrer.

"No. My cow!" cried the other fiercely.

"Didn't you hear me say dog? I lost him somewhere in the neighborhood, and I'll pay a hundred dollars to anyone who finds him."

Lapidowitz grasped the back of a chair for support. "A hundred dollars?" he gasped.

The man looked at him in amazement. "Say, you must have lots of time and nothing to do if you always repeat everything people say. A dog, I said, and a hundred dollars. That's what I said. I'm leaving word everywhere in the neighborhood."

Then Lapidowitz awoke and rose to the occasion. "Don't leave any more word," he said quickly. "I guess I can find him for you. A yellow, brown dog, with spots and—a little tail—and—"

"Yes, four feet and a nose. Where is he?"

"I—I think a friend of mine has him. But he isn't home now. Give me your address, and I'll bring the dog to you to-morrow."

The man handed him a card bearing the name of Isaac Margulies and an address uptown that unfolded visions of fabulous wealth to Lapidowitz's mind.

"Mr. Margulies!" he fairly gasped.

Pleased with the effect of his name, the rich man's manner grew more affable. "You see," he explained, "it was the anniversary of my wife's death, and I went to the cemetery on Long Island in my forty-horse-power automobile. I had the dog in the what-do-you-callum, the tonneau in the back—he's my daughter's dog. And on the way back I stopped on Clinton Street, near where I used to live, to get some pot-cheese with onions which you can't get anywhere else. The first thing I noticed when I got back into the automobile, the dog was gone. Good riddance, I says. But when I get home, you ought to heard my Rosie cry and make a fuss! Well, I got to go. You fetch the dog up and you get a hundred—well, let's say a hundred and fifty. Good-by!"

And he was gone, leaving Lapidowitz in a state of momentary though joyful collapse. One hundred and fifty dollars! And so easy! It was like raining money from the sky. And in addition, to do a favor for Isaac Margulies,

who not only owned a dozen tenement-houses, but lived uptown like a stylister! Without giving a moment's thought to Milken or the deserted café, Lapidowitz hastened to Izzy's home.

His knock upon the door was answered by a series of vicious yelps.

"Come in!" cried a woman's voice.

Lapidowitz carefully opened the door about two inches. "Is Izzy in?" he asked.

"No. He's working temporary by Lubarsky's real-estate office. I'm his mother."

Lapidowitz hesitated a moment, then, "Would you like to sell that dog?" he asked.

"Sell Izzy's dog? Are you crazy? Who are you? Come inside."

"I'll give five dollars," said Lapidowitz.

"Not for a million dollars," said Izzy's mother emphatically. "Wait. I'll come to the door."

But Lapidowitz waited not. The prospect of the dog taking advantage of an open door gave wings to his heels. He took the steps four at a time. In breathless haste he betook himself to Lubarsky's office and seeing Izzy through the window, came to a halt. It would not do to approach him impetuously, thought Lapidowitz. It would be sure to arouse suspicion in his mind. So Lapidowitz walked slowly around the block to regain his breath, and then, in the most casual manner, sauntered into Lubarsky's office.

"Is Mister Lubarsky in?" he asked. "Why, hello, Izzy! Since when are you here?"

"Hello, Lappy! Lubarsky is out of town. I'm only minding the office for him until he gets back. Sit down and tell me all the scandal you know."

"How is the dog?" asked Lapidowitz, lighting a cigarette that Izzy proffered him.

"That dog," said Izzy, "is a wonder. He's just as smart as—you are, Lappy. Honest he is! All day long he sits around and never does any work. In the afternoon he goes out for a little walk, but in an hour he always comes back and scratches on the door. And when I come home, he jumps all over me. He and I are just crazy about each other."

"Dogs are good company," vouchsafed Lapidowitz.

"Oh, I don't know so much about the company part," said Izzy. "Last night I just finished a fine poem for the *Yiddish*

Arbeiter and the minute my back was turned Gompny chewed up the poem."

"Gompny?"

"Yes, I've called him Gompny. After Gompny, a man I used to work for."

"Well, Izzy," said Lapidowitz slowly and thoughtfully, "I had an idea yesterday. You know I'm a very lonesome man. I live all by myself, and sometimes I get terribly lonely. So I thought maybe it would be a good thing if I got a dog, too."

"Fine!" exclaimed Izzy. "Every man ought to have a dog."

"So if you want to get rid of that dog you got I guess maybe I might take him."

"Get rid of Gompny? Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Izzy. "You're crazy."

"Oh, of course," hastily added Lapidowitz, "I wouldn't expect you to do it for nothing. Suppose I buy him from you for—well, say five dollars."

Izzy grinned. "Have you got five dollars to spend for a dog?"

"Sure I have," said Lapidowitz eagerly. "Here is it!"

Izzy held out his hand and took the bill that Lapidowitz extended to him. "Sure enough. It's five dollars," he murmured. Then he drew two dollars from his own pocket, handed them to Lapidowitz, and pocketed the latter's money. "You owe me three dollars, you know," he explained. "There's your change. A man who has money to buy a dog has money to pay his debts. I'll leave it to the rabbi if you like."

Lapidowitz glared at him. His lips moved. He was about to burst into a torrent of imprecation, when by great effort he managed to control himself and mustered a sickly grin to his countenance.

"You're a great joker, Izzy," he said. "But business is business. I really want a dog. Give me your dog, and I'll give you five dollars more."

Izzy opened his eyes in surprise. "Why, Lapidowitz, I wouldn't sell that dog for a thousand dollars. He and I are friends. Don't you understand? Go and buy some other dog. You can get lots of them."

Then Lapidowitz opened the floodgates of his wrath. "Swindler and robber!" he cried. "He ain't your dog! Give me back my money. I'm going to the police to tell them you stole the dog. I'll find the man who owns the dog, and he'll send you to jail. Loafer that you are! Give me back my money."

Izzy rose to his feet and yawned. "La-

Lapidowitz," he said genially, "you no longer interest me when you speak like that." Then he seized the schnorrer by the collar of his coat and gently but firmly pushed him out of the office. In the scuffle, Lapidowitz slightly scratched his hand against the door, and, finding it bleeding, hastened to the nearest drug-store to purchase a piece of sticking-plaster. Lapidowitz was afraid of germs.

While he was waiting for his purchase, he asked the druggist, "Gives it a medicine vot I can give a dog so he don't know nothing unt goes asleep?"

"Chloroform," suggested the druggist. "A good whiff of chloroform will make him unconscious."

"Dot's fine," exclaimed Lapidowitz. "How much costs it?"

"Oh, ten cents' worth will be all you need for a dog."

"Unt how do I do it? Der dog eats it?"

"Oh, no! You pour some on a sponge, hold the dog tight, and press the sponge against his nose."

"Hold der dog tight?" asked Lapidowitz. "Do I haf to do it?"

"Certainly," said the druggist. "They hate the smell of chloroform."

"Shall I put up some in a bottle for you?"

"Never mind," said Lapidowitz gloomily. "If I could hold der dog, I wouldn't need der chloroform."

That night, when Izzy reached home, the dog, as usual, sprang to meet him, barking joyfully, jumping on his hind legs in a frantic

endeavor to caress his new master. When his mother told him of the mysterious visitor who had offered to buy the dog, Izzy became puzzled.

He took the dog on his lap and began to examine him closely. Izzy knew Lapidowitz and knew how easy it was for Lapidowitz to part with five dollars for a dog. For the first time, the dog's collar attracted Izzy's close attention and he unbuckled it. On the inside, engraved upon a small plate, he read, "BEANS. Property of Miss Rosie Margulies." And written in ink on the leather stood the address.

Izzy's heart sank. "So you belong to somebody else," he said to the dog. "And I have to give you up."

The dog looked into his eyes and, with that strange sympathy that dumb animals sometimes display, began to whimper as if he knew that something unwelcome had happened.

"Why, your name isn't even Gompie," said Izzy sadly. "It's Beans. Well, Gompie—or Beans—I suppose I'll have to take you back to Miss—what's her name?" He looked at the plate again.

"Miss Rosie Margulies. I don't see what she wants with a dog. Maybe she'll be willing to sell you. Golly, that's a good idea! Hey, Gompie? Or Beans?"

The dog began to prance about with delight at the merry note in Izzy's voice. And Izzy determined to call upon Miss Rosie Margulies early the next morning and see if she would be willing to sell Gompie—or Beans—for any sum that lay within his power to pay.



Izzy's heart sank. "So you belong to somebody else," he said to the dog. "And I have to give you up"

Just As It Happened

Izzy's was not a nature to be long depressed. He possessed the happy faculty of ignoring obstacles and, having been fortunate in most of the experiences of his life, had fallen into the way of looking upon the world as an institution devised to contribute to his happiness. If I were to attempt an analysis of his nature, it would be most unsatisfactory. Considering how difficult it is to know oneself, how much more difficult must it be to understand another? And, still more, to describe that other's character satisfactorily to a third? Izzy was honest, generous, happy-go-lucky, with no particular ambition in life, totally without prejudice, thoroughly unconventional, and absolutely lacking in reverence for all creatures and things mundane.

"Mother," he said, "it says here on Gompy's collar that his name is Beans and he belongs to a lady uptown. I'm going up in the morning and see if I can buy him."

"That's foolish," said his mother, upon whom the dog had not made quite so deep an impression. "You'd better be getting a new job."

"Oh, there's no hurry. I have plenty of money saved up in the bank. I couldn't work, anyway, if I didn't have Gompy—or Beans. I don't think the lady can be very smart, or she wouldn't have called Gompy Beans."

"Supposing she won't sell him?" suggested his mother.

Izzy's eyes twinkled. "Well," said he, "I suppose, then, I'll have to marry her so as to keep the dog in the family."

"Supposing she's an old lady with gray hair and wrinkles?" said his mother, laughing.

"I'll tell her she can't have the dog back unless she adopts me. Say, mother, do you know what I think? I'll bet that rascal Lapidowitz found out the dog belongs to some one and wanted to buy him so that he could get a reward. Isn't he foxy!"

"Maybe the lady will give you a reward for bringing him back," suggested Mrs. Levine.

"A reward for Gompy?" said Izzy indignantly. "Why, I'd just as lief sell a little baby if we had one around here. Much rather, I think. Hey, Gompy? Or Beans?"

The dog jumped on his lap and began to lick his face with great enthusiasm. The next morning Izzy went uptown to the address that was written inside the dog's

collar. The place was a brown-stone house, very modest and even somewhat faded-looking, but, according to the standards of Delancey Street, a stylish and palatial edifice. In front of it stood a small automobile.

Izzy rang the bell. The door was opened by a young woman—hardly more than a girl—and at the sight of her Izzy experienced a most wonderful and most amazing sensation. For a moment he could hardly define it. He kept staring at her and she at him. Then, swiftly, the curious feeling came over him that he had been dreaming all his life and had only now, at this moment, awakened. His lips parted as if he were about to speak and then, realizing that for the first time in his life he was embarrassed, he laughed merrily. The girl smiled—she could not have helped it to save her life.

"Excuse me," said Izzy suddenly. "I forgot to take off my hat."

At this the girl laughed outright. Izzy, standing bareheaded with the sunshine sparkling (oh! we baldheaded men!) upon his curling black hair, could not take his eyes from her face.

"Do you know," he said, "you're the most beautiful girl I ever laid my eyes on?"

The girl colored, regained her composure, and drew herself up with as much dignity as she could muster to her aid. "Did you ring the door-bell?" she asked.

"Sure I did," said Izzy, his eyes dancing, "and in a minute I'll tell you what I came for. But first I want to apologize for saying you're so pretty. I shouldn't have said it, should I?"

"Why, no," with great indignation. "I haven't any idea who you are."

"Oh, I'm Isadore Levine. But that doesn't make any difference. I—I—say, do you know, when the light falls on your hair it shines just like gold? Oh, please don't go in. I came to see you about some business—I—just wait a minute."

The young lady frowned. He was an extremely good-looking young man, and it was evident that he admired her very much, but his breezy directness startled her.

"What do you want?" she asked him in an icy tone.

Izzy turned from her and resolutely fanned himself with his hat. Then: "I got your dog. Are you Rosie Margulies? Yes, I've got him. And I came all the way up-



Izzy could not take his eyes from her face. "Do you know," he said, "you're the most beautiful girl I ever laid my eyes on!"

town to see if I couldn't buy him from you. We're great friends, Gompny and I—I mean Beans. But my! All you have to say is you want him back and I'd walk all the way uptown on my head to bring him to you."

"You've found Beans?" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands with delight. "Where is he? How is he? Why didn't you bring him with you?"

"You don't think I'm too fresh, do you?" asked Izzy humbly.

"For finding Beans?" she asked, in surprise.

"No. For saying you were a peach."

What Rosie really intended to say will never be known. But she happened to look into the young man's eyes and saw there a revelation of such adoring admiration—

The next instalment of "*Just As It Happened*" will appear in the October issue.

and they were fine eyes, too—that, in a twinkling, all resentment died within her. Yet she said:

"Yes, I think you are rather fresh. But where is Beans? When will I get him?"

"He is down in Delancey Street, in the tenement-house where I live with my mother."

There was a note, half of defiance, half of regret, in Izzy's voice. But Rosie looked at him with renewed interest.

"Do you live in Delancey Street?" she asked eagerly. "We used to live in Delancey Street, too. It's much nicer than Hester Street, where we lived before that."

All this time Rosie had been standing in the doorway, holding the door with both hands. Now, she suddenly turned, the door opened wide, and a young man appeared at her side. He was very gorgeously dressed and one of his eyes was black and blue.

"Hello!" said Izzy cheerfully.

"How's Mr. Gomprecht?"

The young man glared at Izzy and was about to speak when, thinking better of it, he turned to Rosie. "Someone's calling you on the telephone."

"Please see who it is, Nathan. Find out what they want. This gentleman has found Beans."

"Gentleman?" muttered Nathan, as he went inside.

Izzy approached Rosie eagerly—came very close to her—and whispered hurriedly, "Say, if he's a friend of yours I'm awfully sorry that I did it."

"Did what?" asked Rosie, in surprise.

"I'm sorry I punched him in the eye," said Izzy.

Rosie's eyes opened wide. And they began to sparkle. She leaned forward and whispered, "He told me he nearly killed the man who hit him."

They were both laughing when Nathan came forward again. "It's a man named Lapidowitz," he said. "He lives at the corner of Hester and Clinton streets. He says he's got your dog and wants you to send down for it with the reward."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

As Quarren came forward between the peonies drooping over the flagged walk, Molly Wycherly, awaiting him on the veranda, laid her forefinger across her lips conjuring caution. "I didn't tell Strelsa that you were coming," she whispered

The Streets of Ascalon

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: The beginning of the story finds genteel New York excited over the advent of a beautiful Western widow, Strelsa Leeds, who is being vouched for by a *grande dame* of society. She is introduced to the reader at the Irish Legation, the abode of several congenial bachelors, among them Richard—also Rix, Ricky, and Dick—Quarren, a young man of no means but great talent, which he is devoting to society in return for its favors. He is a great favorite, but Strelsa seems not to care to meet him, and does not until her friends, the Wycherlys, open their new town house with a masked dance. Quarren is recognized as a harlequin, Mrs. Leeds as a Byzantine dancer dazzling with gold and jewels. Evading a swarm of admirers, she disappears through a wall of flowers. Quarren alone knows of a secret stairway, and he follows her to a concealed balcony. A battle of wits follows, Quarren making love to her, offering homage to her beauty, she, thinking her disguise is complete, coquetting with him. He offers to wager he can find out who she is. The forfeit is an hour out of life. He wins, and then, putting his arm about her, he tells her he is going to take the first minute in kissing her.

The moment for unmasking comes. When he tells her who he is she is pleasantly disappointed in him, as the hour with him has proved him to be not the type of man she had supposed him to be. It is the beginning of sincere friendship on her part, unseasonable love-making on his. They go to the supper-room together, avoiding the scions of great wealth who are looking for her, and behind the palms they pledge their new friendship—"with every sporting chance, worldly hazard, and heavenly possibility in it." And the possibilities he proceeds to put to the test. He calls her up at noon the next day, begs to be allowed to call at once, and does so, taking desperate chances with the favor he has gained, and almost meeting disaster when he asks Strelsa pointblank if she is engaged to be married. But she forgives him, defends him that afternoon in a Fifth Avenue dowager's drawing-room where he is being discussed with no flattery to himself, and writes to him from the South, whither she goes next day with the Wycherlys.

Mrs. Sprowl, the Fifth Avenue dowager, has assumed charge of a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, and warns off all comers but a Sir Charles Mallison, whom she sends South, whence comes news that Langly Sprowl, who takes what he wants where he finds it, has decided to take Strelsa. However, she comes back promise free, though inclined to favor young Sprowl, whose frankness in telling her the gossip about himself has deceived her. Mrs. Sprowl's attempt to discredit both Langly and Quarren leads to a break with the dowager, for Strelsa defends both men and refuses to consider Sir Charles seriously. Then Quarren accomplishes his own undoing by kissing Strelsa after a quiet dinner in her home. Strelsa is no longer at home to him, but she has awakened in him a desire to be more than a society entertainer, and he absents himself from all those places where his presence formerly meant that the function in progress would end without a hitch. Mrs. Sprowl takes him to task for upsetting society and tells him to pick out the girl he wants—unless it is Strelsa—and she will get her for him. But he refuses to return to servitude, undertakes to earn his own living, and soon enters into a partnership with Lord Dankmere, who has brought over his family's collection of pictures for sale. Molly Wycherly breaks to him the news that Strelsa has lost all her money. To her that means a marriage for purely material reasons, and a letter from Strelsa herself announces that she contemplates such a marriage. This is the situation when Quarren accepts an invitation to spend a week-end at Witch-Hollow, where Strelsa is a guest.

AS Quarren came forward between the peonies drooping over the flagged walk, Molly Wycherly, awaiting him on the veranda, laid her forefinger across her lips conjuring caution.

"I didn't tell Strelsa that you were coming," she whispered; "I didn't suppose the child could possibly object."

Quarren's features stiffened. "Does she?"

"Why, this morning I said carelessly to Jim that I meant to ask you, and Strelsa came into my room later and begged me not to ask you until she had left."

"Why?" inquired the boy grimly.

"I really don't know, Ricky."

"Yes, you do. What has happened?"

"You're certainly rude enough."

"What has happened, Molly?"

"I don't know for certain, I tell you. Langly Sprowl has been roving around the place a great deal lately. He and Strelsa ride together nearly every day."

"Do you think she has come to an understanding with him?"

"She hasn't told me so. Perhaps she prefers Sir Charles."

"Do you believe that?"

"Frankly, no. I'm much more afraid that Langly has persuaded her into some sort of a tacit engagement. I don't know what the child can be thinking of—unless the universal criticism of Langly Sprowl has convinced her of his martyrdom. There'll be a pretty situation when Mary Ledwith returns. I could kill Langly—" She doubled both pretty hands and frowned at Quarren, then her swift smile broke out, and she placed the tips of her fingers on his shoulders and stooping from the top step deliberately kissed him. "You dear fellow," she said; "I don't care what Strelsa thinks; I'm glad you've come. Come upstairs with me; I'll show you your quarters. Go lightly and don't talk; Strelsa is wandering around the house somewhere with a

bad case of blue devils, and I'd rather she were over her headache before your appearance adds another distressing jolt."

"Has she had another shock recently?"

"A letter from her lawyers. There won't be anything at all left for her."

"Are you sure?"

"She is. Why, Ricky, the city had half a million on deposit there, and even that foxy young man Langly was caught for twice as much more. It's a ghastly scandal—the entire affair. How many cents on a dollar do you suppose poor little Strelsa is going to recover? Not two!"

They paused at the door of his quarters. His luggage had already arrived, and a valet was busy unpacking for him.

"Sir Charles, Chrysos Lacy, Jim, and I are motoring. We'll be back for tea. Prowl about, Ricky; the place is yours and everything in it—except that little girl over there"—pointing along the corridor to a distant door.

He smiled. "She may be, yet," he said lightly. "Don't come back too soon."

So Molly went away, laughing; and presently, through the lace curtains, Quarren saw Jim Wycherly whirl up in a yellow touring-car, and Molly, Chrysos, and Sir Charles clamber in for one of those terrific and headlong drives which made Jim's hospitality a terror to the majority of his guests.

Quarren watched the car disappear, hopelessly followed by an overfed setter. Then the dust settled; the fat family pet came panting back to lie down on the lawn, dead beat, and Quarren resumed his toilet.

Half an hour later he emerged from his quarters wearing tennis-flannels and screwing the stem into a new pipe which he had decided to break in—a tall, well-built, pleasant-eyed young fellow with the city pallor blanching his skin and the breeze stirring his short blond hair.

"Hello, old man!" he said affably to the fat setter, who thumped his tail on the grass and looked up at Quarren with mild, deer-like eyes. "We're out of the running, we two—aren't we?" he added. "You try very pluckily to keep up with your master's devil-wagon; I run a more hopeless race. For the golden chariot is too swift for me, and the race is to the swift; and the prize, doggy, is a young girl's unhappy heart which is slowly turning from sensitive flesh and blood into pure and senseless gold."

He stood under a tree slowly filling his pipe. The scent of early summer was in the air; the odor of June peonies, and young leaves and clear waters; of grasses and hedges and distant hemlocks.

Leisurely, the fat dog waddling at his heels, he sauntered about the Wycherly place inspecting its renovated attractions—among others the new old-fashioned garden full of new old-fashioned flowers so marvelously developed by modern skill that he recognized scarcely any of them.

He looked in at the stables and caressed a horse or two, examined the sheepfold, passed by garage and hangar without interest, lingered wistfully by the kennels where a dozen nervous little Blue Beltons, too closely inbred, welcomed his appearance with hysterical emotions.

Beyond the kennels he caught a distant glimpse of blue water glimmering between tall hemlock trees; so he took the lake path and presently rounded a sharp curve where a rustic bench stood, perched high above the rocky shore. Strelsa Leeds, seated there, looked up from the newspaper which she had been reading. Some of the color faded from her cheeks. There was a second's silence, then, as though a little bewildered, she looked inquiringly into his smiling eyes and extended her hand toward the hand he offered.

"I didn't know you were coming," she said with pallid self-possession.

"I telegraphed for permission. Is your headache better?"

"Yes. Have you just arrived?"

"A little while ago. I was told to wander about and enjoy the Wycherlys' new ancestral palace. Does a ghost go with the place? You're rather pale, Mrs. Leeds. Have they engaged you as the family phantom?"

She laughed a little, then her gray eyes grew somber; and, watching, he saw the dusky purple hue deepen in them under the downward sweep of the lashes.

He waited for her to speak, and she did not. Her remote gaze rested on the lake where the base of the rocks fell away sheer into limpid depths; where green trees, reversed in untroubled reflection, tinted the still waters exquisitely, and bits of sky lay level as in a looking-glass.

"Are you—offended?" she said at last.

"Of course not!" he replied cordially.

She lifted her eyes, surveying him in silence.

"Why did you suppose so?" he asked amiably.

"Did you receive my letter?"

"Of course I did."

"You did not answer it."

"I didn't know how—then."

His reply seemed to perplex her—so did his light and effortless good-humor.

"I know how to answer it now," he added.

She forced a smile. "Isn't it too late to think of answering that letter, Mr. Quarren?"

"Oh, no," he said pleasantly; "a man who is afraid of being too late seldom dares start. I wonder if anything could induce you to ask me to be seated?"

She blushed vividly and moved to the extreme edge of the seat. He took the other end, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and put it in his pocket.

"Now," he said, smiling, "I am ready to answer your letter."

"Really, Mr. Quarren—"

"Don't you want me to?"

"I—don't think—it matters, now."

"But it's only civil of me to answer it," he insisted, laughing.

She could not entirely interpret his mood. Of one thing she had been instantly conscious—he had changed since she had seen him—changed radically. There was about him, now, a certain inexplicable air vaguely suggesting assurance—an individuality which had not heretofore clearly distinguished him—a hidden hint of strength. Or was she mistaken—abashed—remembering what she had written him in a bitter hour of fear and self-abasement? A thousand times she had regretted writing to him what she had written.

She said coldly, "I think that my letter may very properly remain unanswered."

"You think I'm too late?"

She looked at him steadily. "Yes, you are too late—in every sense."

"You are mistaken," he said cheerfully.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that all these superficial details which, under the magnifying-glass of fear, you and I have regarded with terrified respect, amount to nothing. Real trouble is something else; the wings of tragedy have never yet even brushed either you or me. But unless you let me answer that letter of yours, and listen very carefully to my answer, you and I are going to learn some day what tragedy really is."

"Mr. Quarren!" she exclaimed, forcing a laugh, "are you trying to make me take you seriously?"

"I certainly am."

"That in itself is tragic enough," she laughed.

"It really is," he said, "because it has come to a time when you have *got* to take me seriously."

She had settled herself into a bantering attitude toward him and now gaily maintained the lighter vein. "Merely because you and Lord Dankmere have become respectable tradesmen and worthy citizens you've hastened up here to admonish the frivolous, I suppose."

"I'm so respectable and worthy," he admitted, "that I couldn't resist rushing up here to exhibit myself. Look at that bruise!"—he held out to her his left hand, badly discolored between thumb and forefinger.

"Oh," she exclaimed, half serious, "what is it?"

"A bang with an honest hammer. Dankmere and I were driving picture-nails. Oh, Strelsa! you should have listened to my inadvertent blank verse, celebrating the occasion!"

The quick, warm color stained her cheeks as she heard him use her given name for the first time. She raised her eyes to his in questioning silence, but he was still laughing over his reminiscence and seemed so frankly unconscious of the liberty he had taken that, again, a slight sense of confusion came over her, and she leaned back, uncertain, inwardly wondering what his attitude toward her might really mean.

"Do you admit my worthiness as a son of toil?" he insisted.

"How can I deny it?—with that horrid corroboration on your hand. I'll lend you some witch-hazel."

"Witch-hazel from Witch-Hollow ought to accomplish all kinds of magic," he said. "I'll be delighted to have you bind it up."

"I didn't offer to; I offered you merely the ingredients."

"But you are the principal ingredient. Otherwise there's no virtue in a handkerchief soaked with witch-hazel."

She smiled, then in a low voice, "There's no virtue in me, either."

"Is that why you didn't include yourself in your first-aid offer?"

"Perhaps," she said quietly, watching

him out of her violet-gray eyes—a little curiously and shyly now, because he had moved nearer to her, and her arm, extended along the back of the seat, almost touched his shoulder. She was considering whether or not to withdraw it when he said,

"Have you any idea what a jolly world this old planet can be when it wants to?"

She laughed.

He went on: "I mean when *you* want it to be. Because it's really up to you."

"To *me*, my slangy friend?"

"To you, to *me*, to anybody, Strelsa."

This time he was looking smilingly and deliberately into her eyes; and she could not ignore his unwarranted freedom.

"Why do you use my first name, Mr. Quarren?" she asked quietly.

"Because I always think of you as Strelsa, not as Mrs. Leeds."

"Is that a reason?"—very gravely.

"You can make it so if you will."

She hesitated, watching his expression. Then: "You say that you always think of me—that way. But I'm afraid that, even in your thoughts, the repetition of my name has scarcely accustomed you to the use of it."

"You mean that I don't think of you very frequently?"

"Something like that. But please, Mr. Quarren, if you really mean to give me a little of that friendship which I had begun to despair of, don't let our very first reunion degenerate into silly conversation."

Amused yet resentful, perplexed, uncertain of this new phase of the man beside her, she leaned back, head slightly lowered; but her gray eyes were swiftly lifted every few moments to watch him. Suddenly she became acutely conscious of her extended arm where her hand now was slightly in touch with the rough cloth of his sleeve; and she checked a violent impulse to withdraw her hand. Then, once more, and after all these months, the same strange sensation passed through her—a thrilling consciousness of his nearness.

Absolutely motionless, confused, yet every instinct alert to his slightest word or movement, she sat there, gray eyes partly lowered. He neither spoke nor moved; his pleasant glance rested absently on her, then wandered toward the quiet lake; and venturing to raise her eyes she saw him smile to himself and wondered uneasily what his moment's thought might be.

He said, still smiling: "What is it in that curious combination of individualities known as Strelsa Leeds that rejects one composite specimen known to you as *Mister Quarren*?"

She smiled uncertainly. "But I *don't* reject you, *Mister Quarren*."

"Oh, yes, you do. I'm sensible of an occult wall between us."

"How absurd! Of course there is a wall."

"I've got to climb over it then."

"I don't wish you to!"

"Strelsa?"

"W-what?"

"That wall isn't a golden one, is it?"

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"I mean money," he said; and she blushed from neck to hair.

"Please don't say such things."

"No, I won't. Because if you cared enough for me you wouldn't let that kind of a wall remain between us."

"I ask you not to talk about such—"

"You *wouldn't*," he insisted, smiling.

"Nor is there now any reason why such a man as I am becoming, and ultimately will be, should not tell you that he cares—"

"Please—if you please—I had rather not—"

"So," he concluded, still smiling, "the matter, as it stands, is rather plain. You don't care for me enough. I love you—I don't know how much, yet. When a girl interposes such an occult barrier and a man comes slap up against it, he's too much addled to understand exactly how seriously he is in love with the unknown on the other side."

He laughed in a friendly, almost impersonal way and, as though quite thoughtlessly, dropped his left hand over her right, which lay extended along the back of the seat. And the contact seemed to paralyze every nerve in her body.

"Because," he continued leisurely, "the unknown does lie on the other side of that barrier—your unknown self, Strelsa—undiscovered as yet by me."

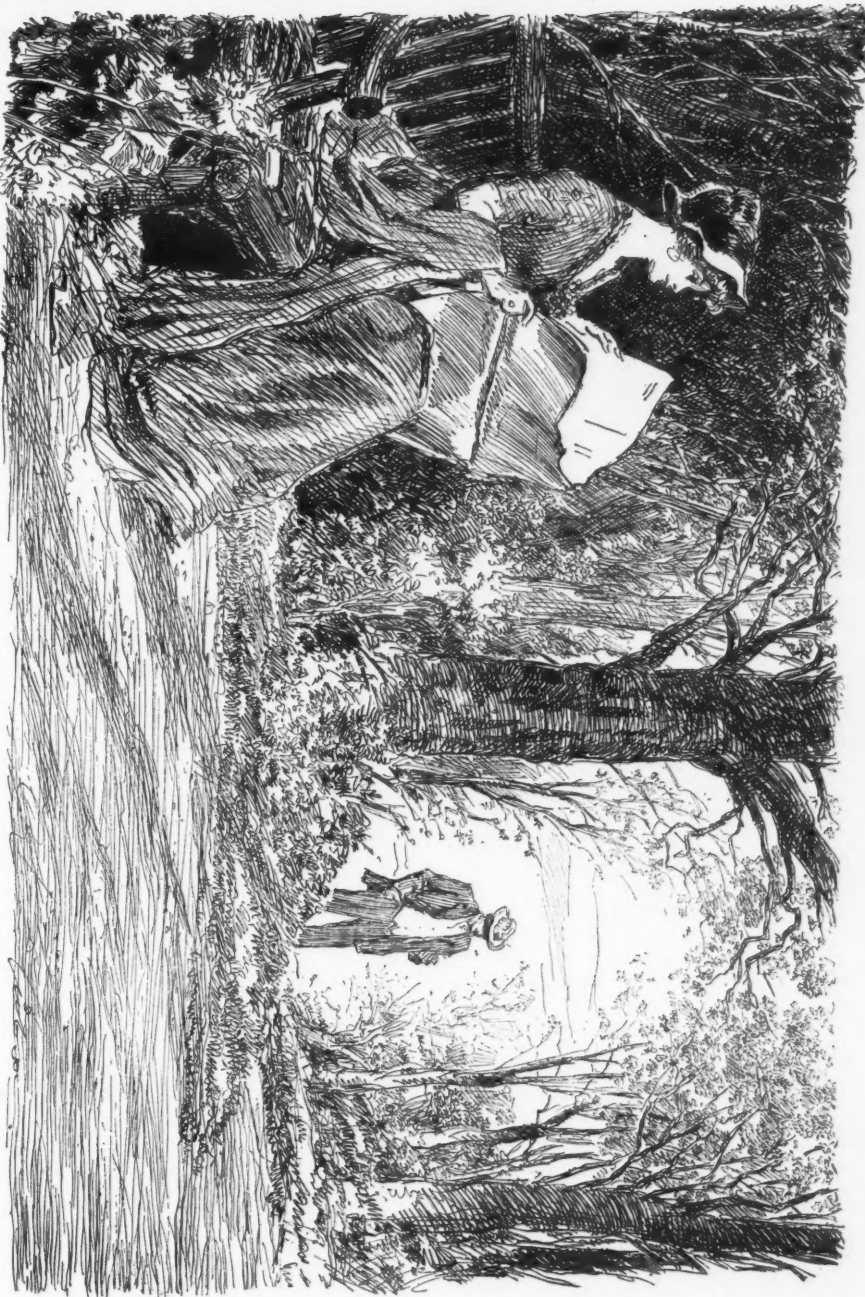
Her lips moved mechanically. "I wrote you—*told* you what I am."

"Oh, that?" He laughed. "That was a mood. I don't think you know yourself."

"I do. I *am* what I wrote you."

"Partly perhaps—partly a rather frightened girl, still quivering from a sequence of blows."

"Remembering all the other blows that have marked almost every year of my life!



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

He took the lake path and presently rounded a sharp curve where a rustic bench stood, perched high above the rocky shore. Sirella Leeds, seated there, looked up from the newspaper which she had been reading. Some of the color faded from her cheeks

But those would not count if I were not selfish, dishonest, and a coward."

His hand closed slightly over hers; for a moment or two the pressure left her restless, ill at ease; but she made no movement. And gradually the contact stirred something within her to vague response. A strange sense of rest subtly invaded her; and she remained silent and motionless, looking down at the still lake below.

"What *is* the barrier?" he asked quietly.

"There is no barrier to your friendship—if you care to offer it, now that you know me."

"But I don't know you. And I care for more than your friendship even after the glimpse I have had of you."

"I—care only for friendship, Mr. Quarren."

"Could you ever care for more?"

"No. I don't wish to. There is nothing higher."

"*Could* you—if there were?"

But she remained silent, disturbed, troubled once more by the light weight of his hand over hers, which seemed to be awaking again the new senses that his touch had discovered so long ago—and which had slumbered in her ever since. Was this acquiescence, this listless relaxation, this lassitude which was becoming almost painful—or sweet—she did not understand which—was this also a part of friendship? Was it a part of anything intellectual, spiritual, worthy?—this deepening emotion which, no longer vague and undefined, was threatening her pulses, her even breathing—menacing the delicate nerves in her hand so that already they had begun to warn her, quivering.

She withdrew her hand sharply, and straightened her shoulders with a little quick indrawn breath. "I've got to tell you something," she said abruptly, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

"What, Strelsa?"

"I'm going to marry Langly Sprowl. I've said I would."

Perhaps he had expected it. For a few moments the smile on his face became fixed and white, then he said, cheerfully, "I'm going to fight for you all the same."

"What!" she exclaimed crisply.

"Fight hard too," he added. "I'm on my mettle at last."

"You have no chance, Mr. Quarren."

"With—*him*?" He shrugged his contempt. "I don't consider him at all."

"I don't care to hear you speak that way!" she said hotly.

"Oh, I won't. A man's an ass to vilify his rival. But I wasn't even thinking of him, Strelsa. My fight is with you—with your unknown self behind that barrier. *Garde à vous!*"

"I decline the combat, monsieur," she said, trying to speak lightly.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of *you*—the *visible* you that I'm looking at and which I know something about. That incarnation of Strelsa Leeds will fight me openly, fairly—and I have an even chance to win."

"Do you think so?" she said, lips between her teeth.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"I do. But it's your unknown self I'm afraid of, Strelsa. God alone knows what it may do to both of us."

"There is no other self! What do you mean?"

"There are *two* others—not this intellectual, friendly, kindly, visible self that offers friendship and accepts it—not even the occult, aloof, spiritual self that I sometimes see brooding in your gray eyes."

"There *is* no other!" she said, flushing and rising to her feet.

"Is it dead?"

"It never lived!"

"Then," he said coolly, "it will be born as sure as I stand here!—born to complete the trinity." He glanced out over the lake, then swung around sharply. "You are wrong. It *has* been born. And that unknown self is hostile to me; and I know it!"

They walked toward the house together, silent for a while. Then she said: "I think we have talked some nonsense. Don't you?"

"You haven't."

"You're a generous boy; do you know it?"

"You say so."

"Oh, I'll cheerfully admit it. If you weren't you'd detest me—perhaps despise me."

"Men don't detest or despise a hurt and frightened child."

"But a selfish and cowardly woman? What does a man of your sort think of her?"

"I don't know," he said. "Whatever you are I can't help loving you."

She strove to laugh, but her mouth suddenly became tremulous. After a while,

when she could control her lips, she said, "I want to talk some more to you—and I don't know how; I don't even know what I want to say except that—that—"

"What, Strelsa?"

"Please be—kind to me." She smiled at him, but her lips still quivered.

He said after a moment, "I couldn't be anything else."

"Are you very sure?"

"Yes."

"It means a great deal to me," she said.

They reached the house, but the motor party had not yet returned. Tea was served to them on the veranda; the fat setter came and begged for tastes of things that were certain to add to his obesity; and he got them in chunks and bolted them, wagging.

An hour later the telephone rang; it was Molly on the wire, and she wanted to speak to Quarren. He could hear her laughing before she spoke.

"Ricky dear?"

"Yes."

"Am I an angel or otherwise?"

"Angel always—but why particularly at this instant?"

"Stupid! Haven't you had her alone all the afternoon?"

"Yes—you coker!"

"Well, then!"

"Molly, I worship you."

"*Et après?*"

"I'll double that! I adore you also!"

"Content! What are you two doing?"

"Strelsa and I have been taking tea."

"Oh, is it 'Strelsa' already?"

"Very unwillingly on her part."

"It isn't 'Ricky,' too, is it?"

"Alas! not yet!"

"No matter. The child is horribly lonely and depressed. *What* do you think I've done, very cleverly?"

"What?"

"Flattered Jim and his driving until I induced him to take us all the way to North Linden. We can't possibly get back until dinner. But that's not all."

"What more, most wonderful of women?"

"I've got *him* with us," she said with satisfaction. "I made Jim stop and pick him up. I *knew* he was planning to drop in on Strelsa. And I made it such a personal matter that he should come with us to see some fool horses at Acremont that he couldn't wriggle out of it, particularly

as Strelsa is my guest and he's rather wary of offending me. Now, Ricky, make the best of your time, because the beast is dining with us. I couldn't avoid asking him."

"Very well," said Quarren grimly.

He went back to the veranda, where Strelsa sat behind the tea-table in her pink gown, looking distractingly pretty and demure.

"What had Molly to say to *you* all that time?" she asked.

"Was I away long?"

"Yes, you were!"

"I'm delighted you found the time too long."

"I did not say so! If you think it was short I shall warn Jim Wycherly how time flies with you and Molly. Oh, dear! Is that a mosquito?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Quarren.

"Then indoors I go!" exclaimed Strelsa indignantly. "You may come with me or remain out here and be slowly assassinated."

And she went in, rather hastily, calling to him to close the screen door.

Quarren glanced around the deserted drawing-room. Through the bay-window late afternoon sunlight poured, flooding the room with a ruddy glory. "I wonder if there's enough of this celestial radiance to make a new aureole for you?" he said.

"So my old one is worn out, is it?"

"I meant to offer you a *double* halo."

"You do say sweet things—for a rather obstinate young man," she said, flashing a laughing side glance at him. Then she walked slowly through the sunshine into the dimmer music-room, and found a seat at the piano. Her mood changed; she became gay, capricious, even a trifle imperative.

"Please lean on the piano." He did so inquiringly.

"Otherwise," she said, "you'd have attempted to seat yourself on this bench; and there isn't room for both of us without crowding."

"If you moved a little—"

"But I won't," she said serenely, and dropped her slim hands on the keyboard.

She sang one or two modern songs, and he took second part in a pleasant, careless, but acceptable barytone.

"The old ones are the best," she commented, running lightly through a medley ranging from "The Mikado" to "Erminie," the "Black Hussar," and "The

Mascotte." They sang the "gobble duet" from the latter fairly well:

She.

"When on your manly form I gaze
A sense of pleasure passes o'er me";

He.

"The murmured music of your voice
Is sweeter far than liquid honey!"

And so on, through the bleating of his sheep and the gobbling of her turkeys until they could scarcely sing for laughing.

Then the mood of the absurd seized her; and she made him sing "Johnny Schmoker" with her until they could scarcely draw breath for the eternal refrain,

"Kannst du spielen?"

and the interminable list of musical instruments so easily mastered by that Teutonic musician.

"I want to sing you one of those imbecile, colored, pastel-tinted, and very precious Debussy songs," she exclaimed; and did so, wandering and meandering on and on through meaningless mazes of sound until he begged her for mercy.

Then, swift as a weather-vane swinging from north to south, her mood changed once more and softened; and her fingers again began idling among the keys, striking vague harmonies.

He came across the room and stood looking down over her shoulder; and after a moment her hands ceased stirring, fell inert on the keys.

A single red shaft of light slanted on the wall. It faded out to pink, lingered; and then the gray evening shadows covered it. The world outside was very still; the room was stiller, save for her heart, which only she could hear, rapid, persistent, beating the reveille.

She heard it and sat motionless; every nerve in her was sounding the alarm; every breath repeated the prophecy; and she did not stir, even when his arm encircled her. Her head, fallen partly back, rested a moment against his shoulder; she met his light caress with unresponsive lips and eyes that looked up blindly into his. Then her face burned scarlet, and she sprang up, retreating as he caught her slender hand.

"No!—please. Let me go! This is too serious—even if we did not mean it."

"You know I mean it," he said simply.

"You must not! You understand why!

And don't—again! I am not—I do not choose to—to allow—endure—such—things—"

He still held her by one hand, and she stood twisting at it and looking at him with cheeks still crimson and eyes still a little dazed.

"Please!" she repeated, and "please!" And she came toward him a step, and laid her other hand over the one that still held hers. "Won't you be kind to me?" she said under her breath. "Be kind to me—and let me go."

"Am I unkind?"

"Yes, yes! You know—you know how it is with me! Let me go my way. I am going, anyhow!" she added fiercely. "You can't check me—not for one moment!"

"Check you from what, Strelsa?"

"From—what I want out of life!—tranquillity, ease, security, happiness."

"Happiness?"

"Yes, yes! It *will* be that! I don't need anything except what I shall have. I don't want anything else. Can't you understand? Do you think women feel as—as men do? Do you think the kind of love that men experience is also experienced by women? I don't want it; I don't require it! I've—I've always had a contempt for it—and I have still. Anyway, I have offered you the best that is in me to offer any man—friendship. That is the nearest I can come to love. Why can't you take it—and let me alone! What is it to you if I marry and find security and comfort and quiet and protection, as long as I give you my friendship—as long as I never swerve in it—as long as I hold you first among my friends—first among men if you wish! More I cannot offer you—I will not!—Now let me go!"

"Your *other* self, fighting me," he said, half to himself.

"No I am! What do you mean by my other self? There *is* no other."

"Its lips rested on mine for a moment!"

She blushed scarlet. "Is *that* what you mean!—the stupid, unworthy, material self?"

"The trinity is incomplete without it."

She wrenched her hand free, and stood staring at him, breathing unevenly as though frightened.

After a moment he began to pace the floor, hands dropped into his coat pockets, his teeth worrying his under lip. "I'm not going to give you up," he said. "I love you. Whatever is lacking in you makes no difference to me. My being poor and your

being poor makes no difference either. I simply don't care—I don't even care what you think about it. Because I know that we will be worth it to each other—whether you think so or not. And you evidently don't, but I can't help that. If I'm any good I'll make you think as I do."

He swung on his heel and came straight up to her, took her in his arms and kissed her, then, releasing her, turned toward the window, his brows slightly knitted.

Through the panes poured the sunset flood, bathing him from head to foot in ruddy light. He stared into the red west, and the muscles tightened under his cheeks.

"*Can't* you care?" he said, half to himself.

She stood dumb, still cold and rigid with repulsion from the swift and almost brutal contact. That time nothing in her had responded. Vaguely she felt that what had been there was now dead—that she never could respond again; that, from the lesser emotions, she was clean and free forever.

"*Can't* you care for a man who loves you, Strelsa?" he said again, turning toward her.

"*Is that* your idea of love?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "Oh, it's everything else, too—everything on earth—and afterward—everything—mind, soul and body—birth, life, death—sky and land and sea—everything that is or was or will be." His hands clenched, relaxed; he made a gesture, half checked—looked up at her, looked long and steadily into her expressionless eyes. "You care for money, position, ease, security, tranquillity—more than for love; do you?"

"Yes."

"*Is that* true?"

"Yes. Because, unless you mean friendship, I care nothing for love."

"That is your answer?"

"It is."

"Then there *is* something lacking in you."

"Perhaps. I have never loved in the manner you mean. I do not wish to. Perhaps I am incapable of it. I hope I am; I believe—I believe—" But she fell silent, standing with eyes lowered and the warm blood once more stinging her cheeks. Presently she looked up, calm, level eyed. "I think you had better ask my forgiveness before you go."

He shrugged. "Yes, I'll ask it if you like."

To keep her composure became difficult.

"It is your affair, Mr. Quarren—if you still care to preserve our friendship."

"Would a kiss shatter it?"

She smiled. "A look, a word, the quiver of an eyelash is enough."

"It doesn't seem to be very solidly founded, does it?"

"Friendship is the frailest thing in the world—and the mightiest. I am waiting for your decision."

He walked up to her again, and she steeled herself, not knowing what to expect.

"Will you marry me, Strelsa?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I have told Mr. Sprowl that I will marry him."

"Also because you don't love me; is that so?"

She said tranquilly: "I can't afford to marry you. I wouldn't love you, anyway."

"Couldn't?"

"Wouldn't," she said calmly; but her face was crimson.

"Oh," he said under his breath, "you are capable of love."

"I think not, Mr. Quarren; but I am very capable of hate."

And, looking up, he saw it for an instant, clear in her eyes. Then it died out; she turned a trifle pale, walked to the window, and stood leaning against it, one hand on the curtain.

She did not seem to hear him when he came up beside her, and touched her lightly on the arm.

"I ask your forgiveness," he said.

"It is granted, Mr. Quarren."

"Have I ruined our friendship?"

"I don't know what you have done," she said wearily.

A few moments later the motor arrived; Quarren turned on the electric lights in the room; Strelsa walked across to the piano and seated herself. She was playing rag-time when the motor party entered; Quarren came forward and shook hands with Chrysos Lacy and Sir Charles; Langly Sprowl passed him with a short nod, saying, "How are you, Quarren?"—and kept straight on to Strelsa.

"Rotten luck," he said in his full, careless voice. "I'd meant to ride over and chance a gallop with you, but Wycherly picked me up and started one of his break-neck tears. What have you been up to all day?"

The Streets of Ascalon

"Nothing—Mr. Quarren came."

"I see—showed him about, I expect."

"A—little."

"Are you feeling fit, Strelsa?"

"Perfectly. Why?"

"You look a bit streaky."

"Thank you!"

"Pon my word you do—a bit under the weather, you know."

"Woman's only friend and protector—a headache," she said, gaily rattling off more rag-time. "Where did you go, Langly?"

"To look over some silly horses."

"They're fine nags!" remonstrated Molly, "and I was perfectly sure that Langly would buy half a dozen."

"Not I," said that hatchet-faced young man; and into his sleek and restless features came a glimmer of shrewdness—the sly thrift that lurks in the faces of those who bargain much and wisely in petty wares. It must have been a momentary ancestral gleam from his rum-smuggling ancestors, for Langly Sprowl had never dealt in little things.

Chrysos Lacy was saying: "It's adorable to see you again, Ricky. What is this we hear about you and Lord Dankmere setting up shop?"

"It's true," he laughed. "Come in and buy an old master, Chrysos, at bargain prices."

"I shall insist on Jim buying several," said Molly.

Her husband laughed derisively. "When I can buy a perfectly good Wright biplane for the same money? Come to earth, Molly!"

"You'll come to earth if you go sky-skating around the clouds in that horrid little Stinger, Jim," she said. "Why couldn't you take out the Stinger for a little exercise?"—turning to Sprowl.

"I'm going to," said Sprowl in his full, penetrating voice, not conscious that it required courage to risk a flight with the Stinger. Nobody had ever imputed any lack of that sort of courage to Langly Sprowl. He simply did not understand bodily fear.

Strelsa glanced up at him from the piano. "It's rather risky, isn't it?"

He merely stared at her out of his slightly protruding eyes as though she were speaking an unfamiliar language.

"Jim," said Quarren, "would you mind taking me as a passenger?"

Wycherly, reckless enough usually, balked a little at the proposition. "That Stinger is too light and too tricky, I'm afraid."

"Isn't she built for two?"

"Well, I suppose she *could* get off the ground with you and me."

"All right; let's try her?"

"Jim! I won't let you," said his wife.

"Don't be silly, Molly. Rix and I are not going up if she won't take us."

"I forbid you to try! It's senseless!"

Her husband laughed and finished his whiskey and soda. Then, twirling his motor-goggles around his fingers, he stood looking at Strelsa.

"You're a pretty little peach," he said sentimentally, "and I'm sorry Molly is here or—"

"Do you care?" laughed Strelsa, looking around at him over her shoulder. "I don't mind being adored by you, Jim."

"Don't you, sweetness?"

"Indeed I don't."

Wycherly started toward her; Langly Sprowl, who neither indulged in badinage nor comprehended it in others, turned a perfectly expressionless face on his host, who said:

"You old muffin-head, did you ever smile in your life? You'd better try now, because I'm going to take your best girl away from you!"

Which bored Sprowl; and he turned his lean, narrow head away as a sleek and sinister dog turns when laughed at.

Strelsa slipped clear of the piano and vanished, chased heavily by Wycherly.

Molly said: "It's time to dress, good people. Langly, your man is up-stairs with your outfit. Come, Chrysos dear. Rix, have you everything you want?" she added in a low voice as he stood aside for her to pass. "Have you *everything*, Ricky?"

"Nothing," he said.

"The little minx! Is it Langly?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" And, aloud: "Jim! Do let Langly try out the Stinger to-morrow."

Her husband, who had given up his search for Strelsa, said that Sprowl was welcome.

People scattered to their respective quarters; Quarren walked slowly to his. Sprowl, passing with his mincing, nervous stride, said,

"How's little Dankmere?"

"All right," replied Quarren briefly.

"Cheap little beggar," commented Sprowl.

"He happens to be my partner," said the other.

"He suits your business, no doubt," said Sprowl with a contempt he took no pains to conceal—a contempt which very plainly included Quarren as well as the earl and the picture business.

Arrived at his door, he glanced around to stare absently at Quarren. The latter said pleasantly,

"I don't suppose you meant to be offensive, Sprowl; you simply can't help it, can you?"

"What?"

"I mean, you can't help being a bounder. It's just in you, isn't it?"

For a moment Sprowl's hatchet face was ghastly; he opened his mouth to speak, twice, then jerked open his door and disappeared.

X

QUARREN had been at Witch-Hollow three days when Dankmere called him on the long-distance telephone.

"Do you want me to come back?" asked the young fellow. "I don't mind if you do; I'm quite ready to return."

"Not at all, my dear chap," said his lordship.

"I fancied you might care to hear how matters are going in the Dankmere Galleries."

"Of course I do, but I rather hoped nothing in particular would happen for a week or so."

"Plenty has. You know those experts of yours, Valasco, Drayton-Quinn, and that Hollander, Van Bosthoven? Well, they don't get on. Valasco and Drayton-Quinn won't speak, and Van Bosthoven has notified me that he declines to come to the house as long as either of the others are there."

"Very well; arrange to have them there on different days."

"I don't think Valasco will come back at all."

"Why not?"

"Because—the fact is—I believe I practically—so to speak—hit him."

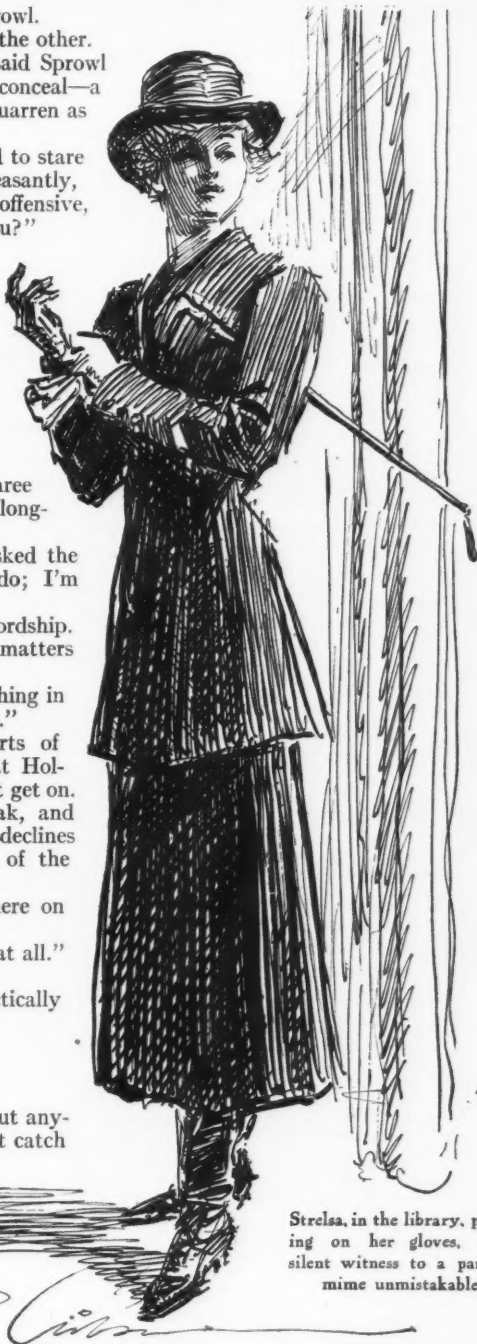
"What!"

"Fact, old chap."

"Why?"

"Well, he asked me if I knew more about anything than I did about pictures. I didn't catch his drift for about an hour, but then it came to me, and I got up out of my chair and walked over and punched his head. I don't think he'll come back, do you?"

"No, I don't. What



Strelsa, in the library, pulling on her gloves, was silent witness to a pantomime unmistakable

else have you been doing?" said Quarren angrily.

"Nothing. One picture—the Raeburn portrait—has a bad hole in it."

"How did it happen?"

"Rather extraordinary thing, that! I was giving a most respectable card-party—some ladies and gentlemen of sorts—from the Winter Garden, I believe—and one of the ladies inadvertently shied a glass at another lady—"

"For Heaven's sake, Dankmere—"

"Quite right, old chap—my fault entirely—I won't do it again. But, do you know, the gallery already has become a most popular resort. People are coming and going all day—a lot of dealers among them, I suspect—and there have been a number of theatrical people who want to hire pictures for certain productions to be staged next winter."

"We don't do that sort of thing!"

"That's what I thought. I say, Quarren, Karl Westguard wants the gallery Saturday night. May I let him have it?"

"Certainly. What for?"

"Oh, some idea of his—I've forgotten what he said."

"I believe I'd better come down," said Quarren bluntly.

"Don't dream of it, old fellow. Everything is doing nicely. My respects to the fair. By the bye—anything in my line up there?"

Quarren laughed. "I'm afraid not, Dankmere."

"Very well," said the earl airily. "I'm not worrying now, you know. Good-bye, old sport!" And he rang off.

Quarren, meeting Molly in the hall, said: "I think I'd better leave this afternoon. Dankmere is messing matters."

"Are you going to run away?" she said in a low voice, glancing sideways at Strelsa, who had just passed them, wearing her riding-habit.

"Run away," he repeated, also lowering his voice. "From whom?"

"From Langly Sprowl."

He shrugged and looked out the window.

"It is running away," insisted his pretty hostess. "You have a chance, I think."

"Not the slightest."

"You are wrong. Strelsa wept in her sleep all night. How does that strike you?"

"Not over me," he said grimly; but added, "How do you know she did?"

"Her maid told mine," admitted Molly shamelessly. "Now if you are going to criticize my channels of information I'll remind you that Richelieu himself—"

"Oh, Molly! Molly! What a funny girl you are!" he said, laughing. "You're a sweet, loyal little thing, too—but there's no use." His face became expressionless, almost haggard. "There's no use," he repeated under his breath.

Slowly, side by side, they walked out to the veranda, her hand resting lightly just within the crook of his arm, he absently filling his pipe.

"Strelsa likes you," she said.

"With all the ardor and devotion of a fish," he returned coolly.

"Rix?"

"What?"

"Do you know," said Molly thoughtfully, "she is a sort of a fish. She has the emotions of a mollusc as far as your sex is concerned. Some women *are* that way—more women than men would care to believe. Do you know, Ricky, if you'll let us alone, it is quite natural for us to remain indifferent to considerations of that sort?"

She stood watching the young fellow busy with his pipe.

"It's only when you keep at us long enough that we respond," she said. "Some of us are quickly responsive; it takes many of us a long while to catch fire. Threatened emotion instinctively repels many of us—the more fastidious among us, the finer grained and more delicately nerved, are essentially reserved. Modesty, pride, a natural aloofness, are as much a part of many women as their noses and fingers."

"What becomes of modesty and pride when a girl marries for money?" he asked coolly.

"Some women can give and accept in cold blood what it would be impossible for them to accord to a more intimate and emotional demand."

"No doubt an ethical distinction," he said, "but not very clear to me."

"I did not argue that such women are admirable or excusable. But how many modern marriages in our particular vicinity are marriages of inclination, Ricky?"

"You're a washed-out lot," he said—"you're satiated as schoolgirls. If you have any emotions left they're twisted ones by the time you are introduced. Most débutantes of your sort make their bow

equipped for business, and with the experience of what, practically, has amounted to several seasons. If any old-fashioned young girls remain in your orbit I don't know where to find them. Why, do you suppose any young girl, not yet out, would bother to go to a party of any sort where there was not champagne and a theater-box and a supper in prospect? That's a fine comment on your children, Molly, but you know it's true, and so does everybody who pretends to know anything about it."

"You talk like Karl Westguard," she said, laughing. "Anyway, what has all this to do with you and Strelsa Leeds?"

"Nothing." He shrugged. "She is part of your last word in social civilization."

"She is a very normal, sensitive, proud girl, who has known little except unhappiness all her life, Rix—including two years of marital misery—two years of horror. And you forget that those two years were the result of a demand purely and brutally emotional—to which, a novice, utterly ignorant, she yielded—pushed on by her mother. Please be fair to her; remember that her childhood was pinched with poverty, that her girlhood in school was a lonely one, embarrassed by lack of everything which her fashionable schoolmates had as matters of course. She could not go to the homes of her schoolmates in vacation times, because she could not ask them, in turn, to her own. She was still in school when Reggie Leeds saw her—and misbehaved—and the poor little thing was sent home, guiltless, but already half damned. No wonder her mother chased Reggie Leeds half around the world dragging her daughter by the wrist!"

"Did it make matters any better to force that drunken cad into a marriage?" asked Quarren coldly.

"It makes another marriage possible for Strelsa."

"It doesn't make any difference one way or the other," said Quarren, half to himself. "She will go on in the predestined orbit."

"Not if a stronger body pulls her out of it."

"There is nothing to which she responds—except what I have not."

"Make what you do possess more powerful, then."

"What do I possess?"

"Kindness. And also manhood, Ricky. Don't you?"

"Perhaps so—now—after a fashion. But I am not the man who could attract her."

"Wake her, and find out."

"Wake her?"

"Didn't I tell you that many of us are asleep, and that few of us awake easily? Didn't I tell you that nobody likes to be awakened from the warm comfort and idle security of emotionless slumber?—that it is the instinct of many of us to resist—just as I hear my maid in the morning and turn over for another forty winks, hating her!"

They both laughed.

"My maid has instructions to persist until I respond," said Molly. "Those are my instructions to you, also."

"Suppose, after all, I were knocking at the door of an empty room?"

"You must take your chances, of course."

There was a noise of horses on the gravel; Langly cantered up on a handsome hunter, followed by a mounted groom leading Strelsa's mare.

Sprowl dismounted and came up to pay his respects to Molly, scarcely troubling himself to recognize Quarren's presence, and turning his back to him immediately, although Molly twice attempted to include him in the conversation.

Strelsa, in the library, pulling on her gloves, was silent witness to a pantomime unmistakable; but her pretty lips merely pressed each other tighter, and she sauntered out, crop under one arm, with a careless greeting to Langly.

He came up, offering his hand, and she took it, then stood a moment in desultory conversation, facing the others so to include Quarren.

"I thought I overheard you say to Molly that you were going back to town this afternoon," she remarked, casting a brief glance in his direction.

"I think I'd better go," he said pleasantly.

"A matter of business, I suppose?" eyebrows slightly lifted.

"In a way. Dankmere is alone, poor fellow."

Molly laughed. "It is not good for man to be alone."

Sprowl said: "There's a housemaid in my employ—she's saved something, I understand. You might notify Dankmere." He half wheeled toward Quarren, eyes slightly bulging, without a shadow of expression on his sleek, narrow face.

Molly flushed; Quarren glanced at

Sprowl, amazed at his insolence out of a clear sky.

"What?" he said slowly, then stepped back a pace as Strelsa passed close in front of him, apparently perfectly unconscious of any discord.

"Will you get me a lump of sugar, Mr. Quarren? My mare must be pampered, or she'll start that jiggling Kentucky amble and never walk one step."

Quarren swung on his heel and entered the house; Molly, ignoring Strelsa, turned sharply on Sprowl.

"If you are insolent to my guests, you need not come here," she said briefly.

Langly's restless eyes protruded; he glanced from Molly to Strelsa, then his indifferent gaze wandered over the landscape. It was plain that the rebuke had not made the slightest impression. Molly looked angrily at Strelsa, but the latter, eyes averted, was gazing at her horse. And when Quarren came back with a handful of sugar she took it and fed it, lump by lump, to the two horses.

Langly put her up, shouldered aside the groom, and adjusted heel-loop and habit-loop. Then he mounted, saluted Molly and followed Strelsa at a canter without even noticing his bridle.

"What have you done to Langly?" asked Molly.

"Characterized his bad manners the other day. It wasn't worth while; there's no money in cursing. And I think, Molly dear, that I'll take an afternoon train."

"I won't let you," said his hostess. "I won't have you treated that way under my roof."

"It was outdoors, dear lady," said Quarren, smiling. "It's only his rudeness before you that I mind. Where is Sir Charles?"

"Off with Chrysos somewhere on the river—there's their motor-launch, now. Ricky!"

"Yes."

"I'm angry all through. Strelsa might have said something—showed her lack of sympathy for Langly's remark by being a little more cordial to you. I don't like it in her. I don't know whether I am going to like that girl or not."

"Nonsense. There was nothing for her to say or do."

"There was! She is a fish!—unless she gives Langly the dickens this morning.

Will you motor with Jim and me, Ricky dear?"

"If you like."

She did like. So presently a racing-car was brought around, Jim came reluctantly from the hangar, and away they tore into the dull weather now faintly illuminated by the prophecy of the sun.

In spite of the chains the car skidded dangerously at times; mud flew and so did water, and very soon Molly had enough. So they tore back again to the house, Molly to change her muddy clothes and write letters, her husband to return to his beloved Stinger, Quarren to put on a pair of stout shoes and leather spats and go wandering off cross-lots.

Far away he could see the river and the launch, too, where Sir Charles and Chrysos Lacy were circling hither and thither at full speed. Once, across a distant hill, two horses and their riders passed outlined against the sky; but even the eyes of a lover and a hater could not identify anybody at such a distance.

So he strolled on, taking roads when convenient, fields when it suited him, neither knowing nor caring where he was going.

Avoiding a big house amid brand-new and very showy landscape effects, he turned aside into a pretty strip of woods; and presently came to a little foot-bridge over a stream. A man sat there, reading, and as Quarren passed, he looked up.

"Is that you Quarren?" he said.

The young fellow stopped and looked down curiously at the sunken, unhealthy face, then, shocked, came forward hastily and shook hands.

"Why, Ledwith," he said, "what are you doing here? Oh, I forgot; you live here, don't you?"

"That's my house yonder—or was," said the man with a slight motion of his head. And, after a moment: "You didn't recognize me. Have I changed much?"

Quarren said, "You seem to have been—ill."

"Yes, I have been. I'm ill, all right. Will you have a seat for a few minutes—unless you are going somewhere in particular—or don't care to talk to me."

"Thank you." Quarren seated himself. It was his instinct to be gentle—even with such a man.

"I haven't seen much of you for a couple of years—I haven't seen much of anybody,"

said Ledwith, turning the pages of his book without looking at them. Then, furtively, his sunken eyes rested a moment on Quarren, "You are stopping with—"

"The Wycherlys."

"Oh, yes. I haven't seen them lately. They are neighbors"—he waved his sickly colored hand—"but I'm rather quiet—I read a good deal—as you see." He moistened his bluish lips every few moments, and his nose seemed to annoy him, too, for he rubbed it continually.

"It's a pretty country," said Quarren.

"Yes, I thought so once. I built that house. There's no use in my keeping up social duties," he said with another slinking glance at Quarren. "So I'm giving up the house."

"Really?"

"Hasn't—you have heard so, haven't you?"

He kept twitching his shoulders and shifting his place continually, and his fingers were never still, always at the leaves of his book or rubbing his face, which seemed to itch; or he snapped them nervously and continuously as he jerked about on his seat.

"I suppose," he said slyly, "people talk about me, Quarren?"

"Do you know anybody immune to gossip?" inquired Quarren, smiling.

"No; that's true. But I don't care anything for people. I read, I have my horses and dogs—but I'm going to move away. I told you that, didn't I?"

"I believe you did."

Ledwith stared at his book with lackluster eyes.

"You're young, Ledwith—if you cared to help yourself."

"But—I *don't* care. I care no longer, Quarren."

"That's losing your grip."

He raised his ashy visage. "I'm *trying* to let go. But it's slow—very slow—with a little pleasure—hell's own pleasure." He turned his shoulder, fished something out of his pocket, and pulling back his cuff, bent over. After a few moments he turned around calmly. "You've seen that on the stage, I fancy."

"Otherwise, also."

"Quite likely. I've known a pretty woman—" He ended with a weary gesture, and dropped his head between his hands. "Quarren," he said, "there's only

one hurt left in it all. I have two little children."

Quarren was silent.

"I suppose—it won't last—that hurt. They're with my mother. It was agreed that they should remain with her. But it's the only hurt I feel at all now—except—rarely—when those damned June roses are in bloom. She wore them a good deal. Quarren, I'm glad it came early to me if it had to come. Like yellow dogs, unsuccessful men are the fastest breeders. The man in permanent hard luck is always the most prolific. I'm glad there are no more children."

Quarren bit his lip and looked down at the sunlit brook dancing by under the bridge in amber beauty.

Ledwith said musingly: "I don't know who it might have been if it had not been Sprowl. It would have been *somebody*! The decree has been made absolute."

Quarren looked up.

"She's coming back here soon, now. I've had the place put in shape for her."

After a silence Quarren rose and offered his hand.

Ledwith took it. "I suppose I shall not see you again?"

"I'm going to town this afternoon. Good-by."

Looking back at the turn of the path, he saw Ledwith, bent nearly double, terribly intent on his half-bared arm.

Returning in time for luncheon, he encountered Sir Charles and Chrysos, prettily sunburned, just entering the house.

"We broke down," said the girl. "I thought we'd never get back, but Sir Charles is quite wonderful, and he mended that very horrid machinery with the point of a file. Think of it, Ricky—the point of a file!"

Sir Charles laughed and explained the simplicity of the repairs; and Chrysos, not a whit less impressed, stared at him out of her pretty golden eyes with a gaze perilously resembling adoration.

Afterward, by the bay-window up-stairs, Quarren said lightly to Molly,

"How about the little Lacy girl and the baronet?"

"She's an idiot," said Molly shortly.

"I'm afraid she is."

"Of course she is. I wish I hadn't asked her. Why, she goes about like a creature in a trance when Sir Charles is away. I don't



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

She walked slowly through the sunshine into the dimmer music-room, and found a seat at the piano. Her so, inquiringly. "Otherwise," she said, "you'd have attempted to seat yourself on up a little—" "But I won't," she said serenely, and



mood changed; she became gay, capricious, even a trifle imperative. "Please lean on the piano." He did this bench; and there isn't room for both of us without crowding." "If you moved dropped her slim hands on the keyboard

know whether to say anything to her or whether to write to her mother. She's slated for Roger O'Hara."

"I don't suppose her parents would object to Sir Charles," said Quarren, smiling.

"That's why I hesitate to write. Sir Charles is in love with Strelsa; anybody can see that, and everybody knows it. And it isn't likely that a child like Chrysos would swerve him."

"Then you'd better send him or her away, hadn't you?"

"I don't know what to do," said Molly, vexed. "June is to be quiet and peaceful at Witch-Hollow, and Sir Charles wanted to be here, and Mrs. Lacy asked me to have Chrysos because she needed the quiet and calm. And *look* what she's done!"

"It's probably only a young girl's fancy."

"Then it ought to be nipped in the bud. But her mother wants her here, and Sir Charles wants to be here, and if I write to her mother she'll let her remain anyway. I'm cross, Ricky. I'm tired, too—having dictated letters and signed checks until my head aches. Where have you been?"

"Prowling."

"Well, luncheon is nearly ready, and Strelsa isn't back. Are you going to New York this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Please don't."

"I think it's better," he said lightly.

"All right. Run away if you want to. Don't say another word to me; I'm irritated."

Luncheon was not very gay; Chrysos adored Sir Charles in silence, but so sweetly and unobtrusively that the baronet was totally unaware of it. Molly, frankly out of temper, made no effort of any sort; her husband, in his usual rude health and spirits, talked about the Stinger to everybody. Strelsa, who had arrived late, and whose toilet made her later still, seemed inclined to be rather cheerful and animated, but received little encouragement from Molly.

However, she chatted gaily with Sir Charles and with Quarren; and after luncheon invited Sir Charles to read to her and Chrysos, which the grave, handsome Englishman did while they swung in old-fashioned hammocks under the maple-trees, enjoying the rare treat of hearing their own language properly spoken.

Molly had a book to herself on the veranda—the newest and wickedest of French

yellow-covered fiction; her husband returned to the Stinger; Quarren listened to Sir Charles for a while, then, without disturbing the reading, slipped quietly off and wandered toward the kennels.

Here for a while he caressed the nervous, silky Blue Beltons, then strolled on toward the hemlock woods, a morning paper, still unread, sticking out of his pocket.

When he came to the rustic seat which was his objective, he lighted his pipe, unfolded the paper, and forced his attention on the first column.

How long he had been studying the print he did not know when, glancing up at the sound of footsteps on the dry leaves, he saw Strelsa coming in his direction. He could see her very plainly through the hemlocks from where he sat, but she could not as yet see him. Then the fat waddling dog ahead of her barked; and he saw the girl stop short, probably divining that the rustic seat was occupied.

For a few moments she stood there, perhaps waiting for her dog to return; but that fat sybarite had his chin on Quarren's knees; and, presently, Strelsa moved forward, slowly, already certain who it was ahead of her.

Quarren rose as she came around the curve in the path. "If you don't want me here I'm quite willing to retire," he said pleasantly.

"That is a ridiculous thing to say," she commented. Then she seated herself and motioned him to resume his place. "I was rather wondering," she continued, "whether I'd see you before you leave."

"Oh, are you driving this afternoon?"

"No."

"Then I should certainly have looked for you and made my adieus."

"Would you have remembered to do it?"

He laughed. "What a question! I might possibly forget my own name, but not anything concerning you."

She looked down at the paper lying between them on the bench, and, still looking down, said slowly: "I am sorry for what Langly did this morning. . . . He has expressed his contrition to me."

"That is all right as long as he doesn't express it to me," interrupted Quarren bluntly.

"He means to speak to you."

"Please say to him that your report of his mental anguish is sufficient."

"Are you vindictive, Mr. Quarren?" she asked, reddening.

"Not permanently. But I either like or I dislike. So let the incident close quietly."

"Very well—if you care to humiliate me—him—"

"Dear Mrs. Leeds, he isn't going to be humiliated, because he doesn't care. And you know I wouldn't humiliate you for all the world."

"You will unless you let Langly express his formal regrets to you."

He looked up at her. "Would *that* make it easier for you?"

"I—perhaps—please do as you see fit, Mr. Quarren."

"Very well," he said quietly.

He caressed the dog's head where it lay across his knees, and looked out over the water. Breezes crinkled the surface like swift meteors darting athwart the sun.

She said in a low voice, "I hope your new business venture will be successful."

"I know you do. It is very sweet of you to care."

"I care—greatly. As much as I—dare."

He laughed. "Don't you dare care about me?"

She bit her lip. "I have found it slightly venturesome on one or two occasions."

"So you don't really dare express your kindly regard for me, fearing I might again mistake it for something deeper." He was still laughing, and she lifted her gray eyes in silence for a moment, then,

"There is nothing in the world deeper than my regard for you—if you will let it be what it is, and seek to make nothing less spiritual out of it."

"Do you mean that," he asked, his face altering.

"Mean it? Why, of course I do, Mr. Quarren."

"I thought I spoiled that for both of us."

"I didn't say so. I told you that I didn't know what you had done. I've had time to reflect. It—our friendship isn't spoiled—if you still value it."

"I value it above everything in the world, Strelsa."

There was a silence. The emotion in his face and voice was faintly reflected in hers.

"Then let us have peace," she said unsteadily. "I have—been—not very happy since you—since we—"

"I know. I've been utterly miserable, too." He lifted one of her hands and kissed

it, and she changed color, but left her hand lying inert in his.

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"N-no."

He laid his lips to her fingers again; she stirred uneasily, then rested her other arm on the back of the seat and shaded her eyes.

"I think—you had better not—touch me—any more—" she said faintly.

"Is it disagreeable?"

"Yes—n-no. It is—it has nothing to do with friendship." She looked up, flushed, curious. "Why do you always want to touch me, Mr. Quarren?"

"Did you never caress a flower?"

"Rix!" She caught her breath as his name escaped her for the first time, and he saw her face surging in the loveliest color. "It was your nonsensical answer! I—it took me by surprise, and I ask your pardon for being stupid. And—may I have my hand? I use it occasionally."

He quietly reversed it, laid his lips to the palm, and released her fingers.

"Strelsa," he said, "I'm coming back into the battle again."

"Then I am sorry I forgave you."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am. Yes, yes, yes! Why can't you be to me what I wish to be to you? Why can't you be what I want—what I need?"

"Do you know what you need?"

"Yes, I—"

"No, you don't. You need to love—and to be loved. You don't know it, but you do!"

"That is a—a perfectly brutal thing to say."

"Does it sound so to you?"

"Yes, it does! It is brutal—common, unworthy of you and of me."

He took both her hands in a grip that almost hurt her. "Can't you have any understanding, and sympathy, with human love? Can't you? Doesn't a man's love mean anything to you but words? Is there anything to be ashamed of in it—merely because nothing has ever yet awakened *you* to it?"

"Nothing ever will," she said steadily.

"The friendship you can have of me is more than love—cleaner, better, stronger."

"It isn't enough to make you renounce what you are planning to do?"

"No."

"Yet love would be strong enough to make you renounce anything?"

She said calmly: "Call it by its right name! Yes, they say its slaves become irresponsible. I know nothing about it—I could not—I will not! I loathe and detest any hint of it—to me it is degrading—contemptible."

"What are you saying?"

"I am telling you the truth," she retorted, pale, and breathing faster. "I'm telling you what I know—what I have learned in a bitter school—during two dreadful years."

"That!"

"Yes, that! Now you know! Now perhaps you can understand why I crave friendship and hold anything less in horror! Why can't you be kind to me? You are the one man I could ask it of—the only man I ever saw who seemed fitted to give me what I want and need, and to whom I could return what he gave me with all my heart—all my heart."

She bowed her face over her hands, which he still held. Suddenly he drew her close into his arms; and she rested so, her head against his shoulder.

"I won't *talk* to you of love any more," he whispered. "You poor little girl—you poor little thing. I didn't realize—I don't want to think about it."

"I don't, either," she said. "You will be kind to me, won't you?"

"Of course—of course—you little, little girl. Nobody is going to find fault with you, nobody is going to blame you or be unkind or hurt you, or demand anything at all of you, or tell you that you make mistakes. People are just going to like you, Strelsa, and you needn't love them if you don't want to. You shall feel about everything exactly as you please—about Tom, Dick, and Harry and about me, too."

Her hot face against his shoulder was quivering.

"There," he whispered—"there, there—you little, little girl. That's all I want of you, after all—only what you want of me. I don't wish to marry you if you don't wish it; I won't—I perhaps couldn't really love you very deeply if you didn't respond. I shall not bother you any more—or worry or nag or insist. What you do is right as far as I am concerned; what you offer I take; and whenever you find yourself unable to respond to anything I offer, say so fearlessly—look so, even, and I'll understand. Is all well between us now, Strelsa?"

"Yes. You are so good. I wanted this. You don't mean anything, do you, by—by your arm around me?"

"No more than your face against my shoulder means." He smiled. "Which I suppose signifies merely that you feel very secure with me."

"I—begin to. Will you let me?"

"Yes. Do you feel restless? Do you want to lift your head?"

She moved a little, but made no reply. He could see only the full, smooth curve of her cheek against his shoulder. It was rather colorless.

"I believe you are worn out," he said.

"I have not rested for weeks."

"On account of that trust business?"

"Yes. But I was tired before that—I had done too much—lived too much—and I've felt as though I were being hunted for so long. And then—I was unhappy about you."

"Because I had joined in the hunt?" he said.

"You were different, but—you made me feel that way, too—a little."

"I understand now."

"Do you really?"

"Yes. It's been a case of men following, crowding after you, urging, importuning you to consider their desires—to care for them in their own way—all sorts, I suppose, sad and sentimental, eager and exacting, headlong and boisterous—all at you constantly to give them what is not in you to give—what has never been awakened—what lies stunned, crippled, perhaps mangled in its sleep."

"Killed," she whispered.

"Perhaps." He raised his eyes and looked absently out across the sparkling water. Sunlight slanted on his shoulder and her hair, gilding the nape of her white neck where the hair grew blond and fine as a child's. And like a child, still confused by memories of past terror, partly quieted, yet still sensitive to every sound or movement, Strelsa lay close to the arm that sheltered her, thinking, wondering that she could endure it, and all the while conscious that the old fear of him was no longer there.

"Do you—know about me?" she asked in a still, low voice.

"About the past?"

"About my marriage?"

"Yes."

"Everything?"

"Some things."

"You know what the papers said?"

"Yes. Don't speak of it—unless you care to, Strelsa."

"I want to. Do you know this is the first time?"

"Is it?"

"The first time I have ever spoken of it to anybody. As long as my mother lived I did not once speak of it to her."

"She rested in silence for a while, then. 'Couldn't I tell you?'"

"My dear, my dear!—of course you can."

"I—it's been unsaid so long—there was nobody to tell it to. I've done my best to forget it—and for days I seem to forget it. But sometimes when I awake at night it is there—the horror of it—the terror sinking deeper into my breast. I was very young. You knew that?"

"Yes."

"You knew my mother had very slender means?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't have cared; I was an imaginative child—and could have lived quite happy with my fancies on very, very little. I was a sensitive and affectionate child—inclined to be demonstrative. You wouldn't believe it, would you?"

"I can understand it."

"Can you? It's odd because I have changed so. I was quite romantic about my mother—madly in love with her. There is nothing more to say. In boarding-school I was perfectly aware that I was being given the best grooming that we could afford. Even then romance persisted. I had the ideas of a colored picture-book concerning men and love and marriage. I remember, as a very little child, that I had a picture-book showing Cinderella's wedding. It was a very golden sort of picture. It colored my ideas long after I was grown up."

She moved her head a little, looked up for an instant, and smiled; but at his answering smile she turned her cheek to his shoulder, hastily, and lay silent for a while. Presently she continued in a low voice:

"It was when we were returning for the April vacation—and the platform was crowded and some of the girls' brothers were there. There were two trains in—and much confusion—I don't know how I became separated from Miss Buckley and my schoolmates—I don't know to this day

how I found myself on the Baltimore train, and Gladys Leeds's brother laughing and talking and the train moving faster and faster. There is no use saying any more. I was as ignorant as I was innocent—a perfect little fool, frightened, excited, even amused by turns. He had been attentive to me. We both were fools. Only finally I became badly scared, and he talked such nonsense—and I managed to slip away from him and board the train at Baltimore as soon as we arrived there. If he hadn't found me and returned to New York with me, it might not have been known. But we were recognized on the train and—it was a dreadful thing for me when I arrived home after midnight."

She fell silent; once or twice he looked down at her and saw that her eyes were closed. Then, with a quick uneven breath,

"I think you know the rest, don't you?"

"I think so."

But she went on in a low, emotionless voice: "I was treated like a damaged gown—for which depreciation in value somebody was to be made responsible. I suffered; days and nights seemed unreal. There were lawyers; did you know it?"

"No."

"Yes," she said wearily, "it was a bad dream—my mother, others—his family—many people strange and familiar passed through it. Then we traveled; I saw nothing, feeling half dead. We were married in the Hawaiian Islands."

"I know."

"Then—the two years began."

After a long while she said again: "That was the real nightmare. I passed through the depths as in a trance. There was nothing lower, not even hell. We traveled in Europe, Africa, and India for two years. I scarcely remember a soul I saw or one single object. And then—that happened."

"I know, dear."

A slight shudder passed over her. "I've told you," she whispered—"I've told you at last. Shall I tell you more?"

"Not unless—"

"I don't know whether I want to—about the gendarmes—and that terrible woman who screamed when they touched her with the handcuffs—and how ill I was."

She had begun to tremble so perceptibly that Quarren's arm tightened around her; and presently she became limp and motionless.

"This—what I have told you—is a very close bond between us, isn't it?" she said.

"Very close, Strelsa."

"Was I much to blame?"

"No."

"How much?"

"You should have left him long before."

"Why, he was my husband! I had made a contract; I had to keep it and make the best of it."

"Is that your idea?"

"That was all I could see to do about it."

"Don't you believe in divorce?"

"Yes; but I thought he'd be killed; I thought he was a little insane. If he'd been well mentally and physically, and merely cruel and brutal, I would have left him. But one can't abandon a helpless person."

"Every word you utter," he said, "forges a new link in my love for you."

"You don't mean—love?"

"We mean the same I think—differing only in degree."

"Thank you. That is nice of you."

He nodded, smiling to himself; then, graver, "Is your little fortune quite gone, Strelsa?"

"All gone—all of it."

"I see. And something has got to be done?"

"You know it has. And I'm old before my time—tired, worn out. I can't work—I have no heart, no courage. My heart and strength were burned out; I haven't the will to struggle; I have no capacity to endure. What am I to do?"

"Not what you plan to do."

"Why not—as long as I need help—and the best is offered?"

"Wouldn't you take less—and me?"

"Oh, Rix! I couldn't use you!"

She turned and looked up at him, blushed, and disengaged herself from his arm.

"I—I—you are my friend. I couldn't do that. I have nothing to give anybody—not even you." She smiled tremulously. "And I suspect that as far as your fortune is concerned, you can offer me little more. But it's sweet of you. You are generous, having so little and wishing to share it with me."

"Could you wait for me, Strelsa?"

"Wait? You mean until you become wealthy? Why, you dear boy, how can I—even if it were a certainty."

"Can't you hold on for a couple of years?"

"Please tell me how? Why, I can't even pay my attorneys until I sell my house."

He bit his lip and frowned at the sunlit water.

"Besides," she said, "I haven't anything to offer you that I haven't already given you."

"I ask no more."

"Oh, but you *do*!"

"No, I want only what you want, Strelsa—only what you have to offer of your own accord."

They fell silent, leaning forward on their knees, eyes absent, remote.

"I don't see how it can be done; do you?" she said.

"If you could wait—"

"But, Rix, I've told him that I would marry him."

"Does that count?"

"Yes—I don't know. I don't know how dishonest I might be. I don't know what is going to happen. I'm so poor, Rix—you don't realize—and I'm tired and sad—old before my time—perplexed, burned out."

She rested her head on one slender curved hand and closed her eyes. After a while she opened them with a weary smile.

"I'll try to think—after you are gone. What time does your train leave?"

He glanced at his watch and rose; and she sprang up, too.

"Have I kept you too long?"

"No; I can make it. We'll have to walk rather fast."

"I'd rather you left me here."

"Would you? Then—good-by."

"Good-by. Will you come up again?"

"I'll try."

"Shall we write?"

"Will you?"

"Yes. I have so much to say, now that you are going. I am glad you came. I am glad I told you everything. Please believe that my heart is enlisted in your new enterprise; that I pray for your success and welfare and happiness. Will you always remember that?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, I mustn't keep you a moment longer. Good-by."

"Good-by."

They stood a moment, neither stirring; then he put his arms around her; she touched his shoulder once more, lightly with her cheek—a second's contact; then, he kissed her clasped hands and was gone.

The next instalment of "*The Streets of Ascalon*" will appear in the October issue.



Marie Tempest, who is coming to America this fall with "At the Barn," a play which is expected to be as successful as "The Marriage of Kitty," with which she took the U. S. by storm

The Trials of a Manageress

By Marie Tempest

THERE seems to be a notion prevalent nowadays that, just because a woman has the time and the temerity to assume the management of a theater, she has also the leisure to develop pronounced views upon all sorts of burning questions, and the inclination to propound the same for the enlightenment of a waiting world. Why, because I have undertaken the management of the Prince of Wales's Theater, I should be suspected of automatically becoming an authority on Welsh Disestablishment, I fail to see. I might just as reasonably be supposed to be an advocate of the abolition of the lunar month on the grounds of having produced a play called "The Honeymoon," or to have views on agricultural holdings because I have staged a piece called "At the Barn."

But there it is. Though one might not unnaturally suppose that there was al-

ready a quite sufficient burden upon the shoulders of a weak woman fated to select and control a temperamental company, to keep an eye upon a numerous staff, and to please a critical public, she finds herself bombarded with miscellaneous appeals for her opinion and her cooperation. It is taken for granted that she has unlimited leisure for the study of the multifarious problems of the hour, and she is invited to give her valuable assistance to all manner of organizations devoted to the promotion of this and the abolition of that. The pleasure of her company is requested at an infinity of functions designed for the spreading of diversified kinds of light, and if she allowed herself to be lured to even half of these entertainments the condition of her theater would become completely chaotic.

I shall cause no shock of surprise when I state that the two most insistent of the agitations which attempt to entangle me

in their meshes are those in favor of woman suffrage and against the censorship of plays.

With regard to the former of these portentous problems, I may say that, though I have a confident consciousness that I am mentally and physically capable of depositing a paper in a box with an accuracy and precision equal, at least, to that of any man of my acquaintance, I do not aspire to obtain the privilege even by peaceful means, and my millinery is not adapted to militancy.

With regard to the censorship, I am perfectly contented with the "two single gentlemen rolled into one" who devote their time to the haggard task of reading plays. If some controlling authority be necessary, and I think it is, I confess that I prefer Mr. Brookfield to Mr. Policeman. Mark you, in saying this I must not for one instant be taken to imply that the institution approximates any more to perfection than other human institutions. Miss Tempest It is, in my experience, often dila-

the pannier will be out of date



tory and not infrequently inconsiderate, but the alternative is even less likable. Two notoriously respectable gentlemen in black coats come well within the scope of my acceptance, but my scheme of color boggles at the notion of a man in blue.

There is, however, a question of even greater weight than either of these, although it has not so far engaged the attention of either House of Parliament; and that is the problem of the pannier. Far from me be it to presume to take sides in a matter which threatens widespread social disruption, which is breaking up lifelong friendships, and which bids fair to sow the seeds of dissension by many a hitherto happy fireside. I will content myself with saying that everybody can come and judge for himself or herself of the merits or demerits of the pannier as worn by myself in the play in which I am appearing. This pronouncement of mine may not mark a new era in the history of the world, but I piously pray that it may save me a certain amount of unnecessary correspondence and explanation.

The Delectable Dolls

By Henry Tyrrell



of the theatrical hothouse. Their mother was an actress of some importance at the National Theater in Budapest, where the wild music of the Magyar czardas is in the air, and infants begin dancing before they learn to walk.

Their New York debut was made in the Lew Fields line of beauty at the Broadway Theater. When the lamented Lotta Faust left the cast of "Midnight Sons," it was Jenny Dolly who was put into her part, danced the Spanish bolero, and wore the "Carmen" costume with grace and spirit. Some time later, Rosie Dolly had a hurry call to step

into the dancing-slippers of Miss Bessie McCoy.

"And now," the twins both declare, "when ever any body

THEIR family name is Delli, and they were born in Hungary, where the rhapsodies come from. Jancsi is fifteen minutes older—or rather, Rozscika is that much the younger, for they both are scarcely past school-girl age. Rosie and Jenny Dolly, as they are called in the neighborhood of Longacre Square, are dark haired and gipsy eyed, and as pretty as their pictures—prettier than some of them, indeed, for grace of action always has the laugh on the camera. And they look so much alike that they have to dress differently in order to tell themselves apart. Although they came here from Budapest only five years ago, made their professional debut at that time, and have had no speaking parts worth mentioning except what they say with their light feet, agile arms and limbs, supple bodies, and expressive eyes, they have assimilated our language and ideas with the quick intelligence so often noticeable in fair flowers

"They look so much alike they have to dress differently in order to tell themselves apart"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

The Delectable Dolls

sends a doctor's certificate or telephones about a motor-car smash-up, Mr. Ziegfeld's first thought is, 'Run on one of the Dolls in the part.' Why, the other night, Jenny came near having to black up and go on as Frank Tinney!"

The act the sisters are doing at the Moulin Rouge this summer is a mixed dancing specialty—a sort of terpsichorean Russian salad, it might be called. It has to fit into the "Winsome Widow" farce, and is, in the main, a pretty modification of the prevailing rag-time, embellished and refined, and with a dash of Hungarian paprika in it.

"We are like chameleons, absorbing color here and there from what we see that is really good and novel," Miss Jenny tells us, in answer to a leading question. "I don't like the term 'ballet,' nor the wooden artificiality it stands for. A dancer has got to feel her own impulse in what she does. That is why we sometimes hear a new piece of music

in a restaurant or at a classical concert, or maybe in a rag-time piano-shop, and then we just get that and put it into a dance of our own, that is as 'different' as the music is. That is the modern



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

"Rosie and Jenny Dolly, as they are called in the neighborhood of Longacre Square, are dark haired and gipsy eyed, and as pretty as their pictures"

idea of dancing, don't you think? We have never seen Violet Romer, but they say she is very original, and it seems she has gone ahead by herself on much the same plan as we have. We are always looking for something new, and we dance a great deal more away from the theater than here on the stage."

"Doesn't that tire you for your real work?"

"Work!" exclaims Jancsi—or is it Rozscika?

"Why, we never call it work. We are not working for Mr. Ziegfeld; we're just playing

at the Moulin Rouge. If we didn't enjoy our dancing, I guess the public wouldn't care for it, either. Some people ask us if this 'gay life' isn't wearing us out. Oh, that is very funny—you shall judge for yourself, when I tell you how we really live. It is a busy life, and full of fun, but it is not 'gay' in the way they mean—late suppers, and

stage-door Johnnies, and all that sort of thing. We have bought our home down at Bensonhurst, and we live there with our parents, and entertain our friends, and come up to

"Is that so? Well, it is all right for them to say that now, so long as they haven't heard us warble. But just wait! We expect not only to sing, but to play straight speaking parts. I have been told that I could play 'Hamlet,'" said Jancsi—it was unmistakably Jancsi this time.

"That is because I am the aggressive twin, of us two.

My sister is as clever as I am, maybe more so, but one of us has to be a tom-boy, as we have no brother. That is why they called me Jancsi (pronounced Yanchey), which is a boy's name, in Hungarian. So I have to be the goat, and make the suggestions, and



"We are not working for Mr. Ziegfeld; we're just playing at the Moulin Rouge. If we didn't enjoy our dancing, I guess the public wouldn't care for it, either."

town and go back home at night after the show in our own motor-car. We like the animation and sparkle of Broadway, and have lots of jolly friends in the profession; but a little of the Gay White Way is enough, and we can hardly wait to get back to the seashore, where it is so quiet and sunny and breezy. We don't take anything else very seriously—except, of course, our business contracts, and our study."

"Not even love affairs?"

"*Pouf!* Love affairs least of all. If these are serious to anybody, it isn't ourselves. Besides, we haven't time. We don't expect to be dancers all our lives. We both sing, and—"

"You do? Why, it has been said that the Dolls are more attractive than other vaudeville dancers for the very reason that they *don't* sing, but put all their vim and beauty and expression into the one art—the music of motion, let us say."

"Love affairs? *Pouf!*
We haven't time for them"

take the responsibilities, being the elder sister, by a quarter of an hour."

"And what is your sister's real age?"

"Same as mine, less fifteen minutes."

Despite the differences pointed out, the Dolly twins still looked exactly alike.



DRAWN BY JOHN V. MCCUTCHEON

So she went over to an exhibition of Paintings, breathing through her Nose for at least an Hour as she studied the new Masterpieces of the Swedo-Scandinavian School. Each looked as if executed with a Squirt Gun by a Nervous Wreck on his way to a Three Day Cure. Just the same, every Visitor with a clinging Skirt and a Mushroom Hat gurgled like a Mountain Stream

("New Fables in Slang")

New Fables in Slang

By
George Ade
Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

The Cosmopolitan idea—the best and only the best *at any price*—has made good again. This time Ade-McCutcheon. We had a pretty strong “hunch” that the two best-advertised and best-liked humorists in the country would deliver the kind of goods Cosmopolitan readers look for—and there has been no shadow of mistake about it. No series of stories we have printed in many a month has aroused such prompt welcome. You evidently consider the stories a ten-strike and have been good enough to say so good and plenty. Of course each fable is complete in one issue—and they will continue as long as you say and we can persuade Mr. Ade to turn them out

The New Fable of The Speedy Sprite

ONE Monday Morning a rangy and well-conditioned Elfin of the Young Unmarried Set, yclept Loretta, emerged into the Sunlight and hit the Concrete Path with a ringing Heel.

This uncrowned Empress of the 18th Ward was a she-Progressive assaying 98 per cent. pure Ginger.

Instead of trailing the ever onward Parade, she juggled the Baton at the head of the Push.

In the crisp introductory hours of the Wash-Day already woven into the Plot, Loretta trolleyed herself down into the Noise Belt.

She went to the office of the exclusive Kennel Club and entered the Chow Ki-Yi for the next Bench Show. At the Clearing House for K. M's, she filed a loud call for a Cook who could cook. Then she cashed a check, ordered a pound of Salted Nuts (to be delivered by Special Wagon at once), enveloped a ball of Ice Cream goosed with Chocolate, and soon, greatly refreshed, swept down on a Department Store.

A Chenille Massacre was in full swing on the 3d floor, just between the Porch Furniture and Special Clothing for Golfers. Loretta took a run and jump into the heaving

mass of the gentler Division. She came out at 10.53 with her Sky Piece badly listed to Port and her toes flattened out, but she was 17 cents to the Good. Three hearty Cheers!

So she went over to an exhibition of Paintings, breathing through her Nose for at least an Hour as she studied the new Masterpieces of the Swedo-Scandinavian School. Each looked as if executed with a Squirt Gun by a Nervous Wreck on his way to a Three Day Cure. Just the same, every Visitor with a clinging Skirt and a Mushroom Hat gurgled like a Mountain Stream.

In company with four other Seraphines, plucked from the Society Col., she toyed with a Fruit Salad and Cocoa at a Tea Room instituted by a Lady in Reduced Circumstances for the accommodation of those who are never overtaken by Hunger.

The usual Battle as to which should pick up the Check and the same old Compromise. A Dutch Treat with Waitress trying to spread it four ways and the Auditing Committee watching her like a Hawk. Then a 10-cent Tip, bestowed as if endowing a Hospital, and the Quartet representing the Flower of America's Young Womanhood was once more out in the Ozone, marching abreast with shining Faces and pushing white-haired Business Men off into the Sweepings.

Loretta went to a place with a glass Cover on it and had herself photoed in many a striking Posture. With the Chin tilted to show the full crop of Cervical Vertebrae and the Search Lights aimed yearningly at the top of the Singer Building, she had herself kidded into believing that she was a certified Replica of Elsie Ferguson.

As a member of the Board of Visitation she hurried out to the Colored Orphan Asylum to check up the Picks and watch them making Card-Board Mottoes.

After that she had nothing to do except fly home and complete a Paper on the Social Unrest in Spain, after which she backed into the Spangles, because Father was bringing an old Stable Companion to dinner.

In the evening she took Mother to a Travel Lecture. The colored Slides were mingled with St. Vitus Glimpses of swarming Streets and galloping Gee-Gees. They came home google-eyed and had to feel their way into the Domicile.

Tuesday A. M. dawned overcast with shifting winds from the N. E.

Loretta pried herself away from the third Waffle in order to hike to the corner and jack up Mr. Grocer about the Kindling Wood that he had sent them for Celery.

She had the Druggist 'phone the Florist, and then rewarded him by purchasing three Stamps.

At 9.30 the Committee to arrange for the Summer Camp of the In-Wrong Married Women whirled through the untidy Suburbs in a next year's Motor Car, and Loretta was nowhere except right up on the front Seat picking out the Road.

Once a year the Ladies of the Lumty-Tum went out with their embroidered Sand-Bags and swung on their Gentlemen Friends for enough Cush to pay the Vacation Expenses of Neglected Wives and Kiddies.

In every Community there is an undiscovered Triton thoroughly posted on the Renaissance of the Reactionaries and the recrudescence of the Big Six Baby with the up-twist that has Whiskers on it. This Boy is so busy regulating both Parties and both Leagues that when it comes time for his Brood to take an Outing, some ignorant Outsider has to step in and unbelt.

After letting contracts for Milk and Vegetables, Loretta and the other specimens of our Best People zipped over to the Country Club, breaking into silvery Laughter every

time the Speedometer made a Face at the Sign-Board which said that the Speed Limit was 12 Miles an Hour.

They showed a few milk-fed Springers how to take a Joke and then played an 18-hole Foursome which was more or less of a Growsome.

Then a little Tea on the Terrace with Herbert lolling by in his Flannels, just as you read about it in Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

A buzzing Sound dying off into the Distance, a trail of Blue Smoke in the fading Twilight, and little Bright Eyes is back in her own Boudoir packing herself into a new set of Glads.

That evening she had four throbbing Roscoes curled up among her Sofa Pillows.

She had to bat up short and easy ones for this Bunch, as they came from the Wholesale District.

When they began to distribute political Bromides, the artful Minx sat clear out on the edge of the Chair and let on to be simply pop-eyed with Ardor.

Shortly after 12 she turned the last night-blooming Cyril out into the Darkness and did a graceful Pirouet to the Husks.

On Wednesday morning between the Ham and the Eggs, she glanced at her double-entry Date Book and began to gyrate.

On the way down-town she stopped in and had herself measured for a new mop of Hair.

Thence to the Beauty Works to have the peerless Frontispiece ironed out and the Nails ivoryed.

When she appeared at the Sorority Tiffin at 1 P. M. she was dolled for fair.

The Response in behalf of the Alumnae of Yamma Gamma was a neat Affair.

After swiping the Table Decorations, she and two Companions hurried to a Mat. It was a Performance given under the auspices of the Overhanging Domes, and the Drama was one that no Commercial Manager had the Nerve to unload on the Public. The Plot consisted of two victims of Neurasthenia sitting at a Table and discussing Impaired Circulation.

That evening she helped administer the Anesthetic to a Seminary Snipe who was getting into the Life Boat with a hard-wood Bachelor, grabbed off at the 11th Hour.

Loretta wept softly while straightening out the Veil, in accordance with Tradition. Later on she did an Eddie Collins and speared the Bride's Bouquet. At 11.30 P. M.



DRAWN BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

Loretta went to a place with a glass Cover on it and had herself photoed in many a striking Posture. With the Chin tilted to show the full crop of Cervical Vertebrae and the Search Lights aimed yearningly at the top of the Singer Building, she had herself kidded into believing that she was a certified Replica of Elsie Ferguson

she had the Best Man backed into a Corner, slipping him that Old One about his Hair matching his eyes.

It is now Thursday morning and who is this in the Gym whanging the Medicine Ball at the Lady Instructor with the Face? It is Loretta.

Behold her at 10.30, after an icy Splash and a keen rub with a raspy Towel.

She has climbed back into the dark-cloth Effect and is headed for the Studio of Mad-dam to grapple with the French Lesson.

After that she will do nothing before Lunch Time except try on White Shoes and fondle some Hats that are being sacrificed at \$80 per throw.

The Suffrage Sisters rounded up Thursday afternoon. A longitudinal Brigadieress in the army of Intellectuality did the main Spiel, with Loretta as principal Rooter.

The Speaker was there with the Pep and the Vocabulary. Otherwise she was a Naughty-Naughty. The Costume was a plain Burial Shroud, the only Ornament being a 4-carat Wen just above the Neck-band.

At 4 P. M., after the Male Sex had been ground to a Hamburger, our little Playmate escaped to a Picture Show, but not until she had duly fortified herself with the nourishing Marshmallow.

There was nothing on the Cards that night except a Subscription Dance, which got under way at 10 P. M. and never subsided until the cold Daylight began to spill in at the Windows.

Loretta did 27 out of a possible 29. Percentage .931—six better than Bogey and 400 points ahead of Ty Cobb.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, don't imagine that she failed to come up for Air on Friday Morning.

Life is real, Life is earnest, and she had a Gown to be shortened up and re-surveyed around the Horse Shoe Curve, just as soon as she could leave the Gloves to be cleaned.

Happening into Automobile Row, she permitted a blond Salesman with a Norfolk Jacket to demonstrate the new type of Electric Runabout.

One of the most inexpensive pursuits of the well-dressed Minority is to glide over the Asphalt in a Demonstration car and pretend to be undecided.

She permitted the man to set her down at a Book Shop, where she furtively skinned eight Magazines while waiting for a Chum to pop through the Whirligig Door.

The two went Window-Hopping for an hour. After making Mind Purchases of about \$8000 worth of washable Finery edged with Lace, a spirit of Deviltry seized them.

They ordered their Lettuce Sandwiches and diluted Ceylon in a Restaurant where roguish Men-about-Town sat facing the Main Entrance to pipe the pulchritudinous Pippins.

Was it seven or eight Party Calls that she checked from her social Ledger before 4 o'clock? Answer: eight.

Then a swinging Gallop for home. Whilst she had been socializing around, Robert W. Chambers had taken a lead of two Novels on her.

Retiring to a quiet Alcove with four Volumes that were being dissected at the drawing-room Clinics, she took a Peek at the first and last Chapter of each. Just enough to protect her against a Fumble if she found herself next to a Book Sharp.

That evening a famous Hungarian Fidler, accompanied by a warbling Guinea Hen, backed up by sixty symphonic Heineys wearing Spectacles, was giving a Recital for the True Lovers in a Mammoth Cave devoted to Art.

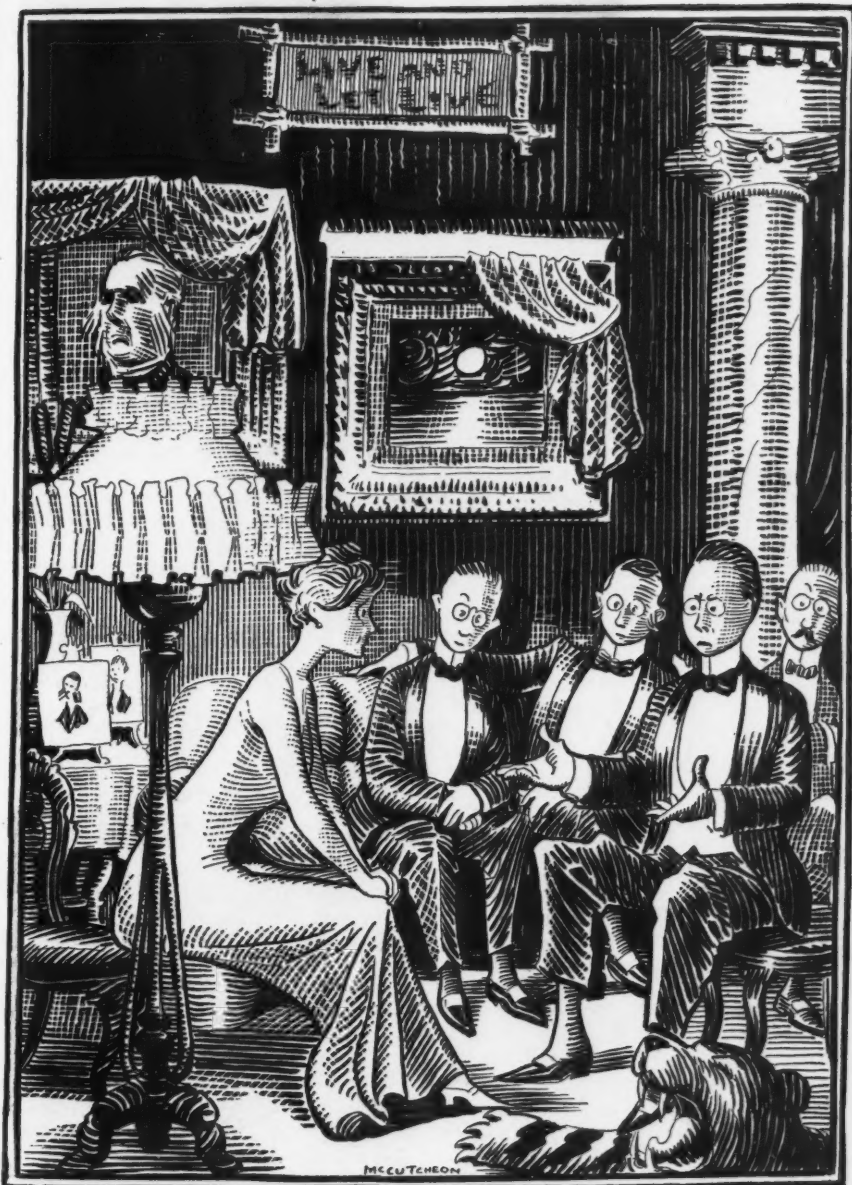
Loretta had a sneaking preference for the Bayes-Norworth School of Expression, but she had to go through with the Saint-Saëns Stuff now and then to maintain a Club Standing.

Accordingly she and Mother and poor old dying Father, with no Heart in the Enterprise, were planted well down in Section B, where they could watch Mrs. Leroy Geblotz, who once entertained Nordica, and say "Bravo" at the Psychological Moment.

On Saturday Morning, after she had penned 14 Epistles, using the tall cuneiform Hieroglyphics, she didn't have a blessed thing to do before her 1 o'clock Engagement except drop in at a Flower Show and a Cat Show and have her Palm read by a perfectly fascinating Serpent with a Goatee who had been telling all the Gells the most wonderful things about themselves.

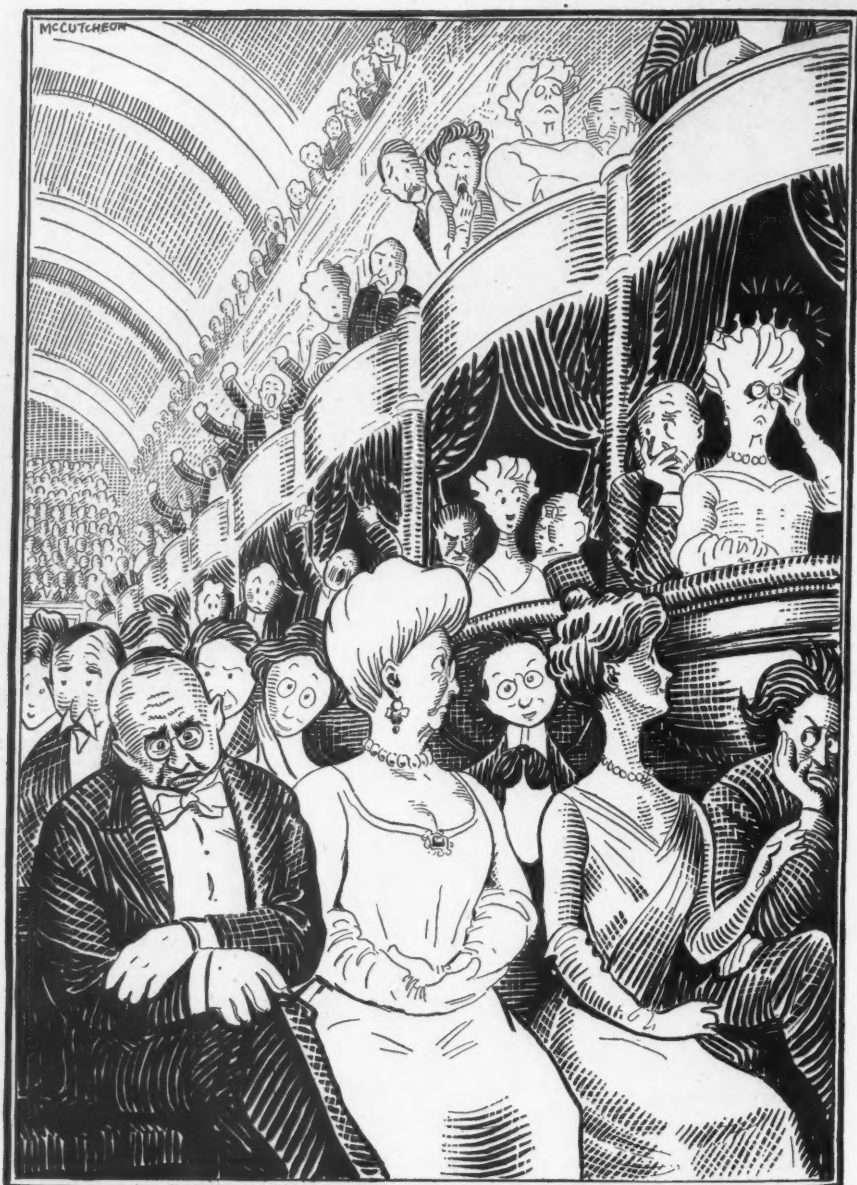
A merry little Group went slumming Saturday afternoon. They attended a Ball Game. Loretta had her Chin over the Railing and evinced a keen Interest, her only Difficulty being that she never knew which Side was at bat.

At dusk she began hanging on the Family



DRAWN BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

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Jewels. It was a formal Dinner Party with a list made up by Dun and Bradstreet.

Loretta found herself between an extinct Volcano of the Political World and a sappy Fledgling whose Grandfather laid the cornerstone of Brooklyn.

The Dinner was one of those corpseless Funerals, stage-managed by a respectable Lady with a granite Front who had Mayflower Corpuscles moving majestically through her Arterial System.

Loretta was marooned so far from the Live Ones that she couldn't wig-wag for Help. Her C. Q. D. brought no Relief.

She threw about three throes of Anguish before they escaped to the private Gambling Hell.

Here she tucked back her Valenciennes and proceeded to cop a little Pin-Money at the soul-destroying game known as Bridge.

At 11.30 she led a highly connected volunteer Wine Pusher out into the Conservatory and told him she did not think it advisable to marry him until she had learned his First Name.

Shortly after Midnight she blew, arriving at headquarters just in time to participate in a Chafing-Dish Jubilee promoted by only Brother, just back from the Varsity.

She approached the Porcelain in a chastened mood that Sabbath morning. She was thinking of the Night Before and of playing cards for Money.

She remembered the glare of Light from overhead and the tense, eager Faces peering above the Paste-Boards.

Then she recalled, with a sharp catch of the Breath and a little tug of Pain at the Heart, that she had balled herself up at

one Stage and got dummied out of a Grand Slam.

"It would have meant a long pair of the Silk Kind," she said, as she sighed deeply and turned the cold Faucet.

After Breakfast she took a long Walk up the Avenue as a Bracer.

After which to the Kirk, for she taught a class of Little Girls in the Sunday School, and she had to fake up an Explanation of how Joshua made the Sun stand still, thereby putting herself in the Scratch Division of Explainers, believe us.

She listened to a dainty Boston Sermon, trimmed with Ruching, singing lustily before and after.

Then back home with the solemn Parade to sit among the condemned waiting for that superlative Gorge known as the Sunday Dinner.

While she was waiting, a male Friend dropped in. His costume was a compromise between an English Actor and a hired Mourner.

On Week Days he sat at a Desk dictating Letters and saying that the Matter had been referred to the proper Department.

He looked at Loretta, so calm and cool and collected in her pious Raiment, and the Smile that he summoned was benevolent and almost patronizing.

"I was wondering," said he. "I was wondering if a Girl like you ever gets tired of sitting around and doing nothing."

Loretta did not cackle. She had read in a Book by a Yale Professor that Woman is not supposed to possess the Sense of Humor.

Moral: The Settlement Campaign is not getting to the real Workers.

The next instalment of the "*New Fables in Slang*" will appear in the October issue.

THIS MONTH'S COVER BY HARRISON FISHER

has been beautifully reproduced with all the rich colors of the painted original. A special and de luxe grade of engraver's plate paper, retouched by the "pebbling process," makes it possible to retain all the depth of coloring that distinguishes the painting itself. The pictures have no lettering whatever—nothing but what Harrison Fisher painted—and are on paper fourteen inches long by eleven inches wide. The edition is limited to those now printed—there will be no reprints. We will send you one of these handsome pictures, postage paid, for fifteen cents. Simply enclose fifteen cents in stamps and mention the September issue. Address:

Print Department, COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Progress and Politics

By Alfred Henry Lewis

IT isn't here and now worth while to turn prophet backward, and tell of Democratic pre-convention chances of victory in November. It is enough to say that, whatever they were, the conduct of Mr. Bryan in Baltimore diminished them one-half. Mr. Bryan was at the convention resolved to rule or ruin. He had come to destroy the party, or to make himself its White House nominee. His plan was to bully the convention into accepting him as its candidate. His chances? No one knows better than Mr. Bryan how much easier it is to blow up a bridge than build one, and he relied upon his well-known powers of destruction to force the convention to come his nominational way.

For four years Mr. Bryan has schemed and plotted and intrigued to secure this year's party preference for the Presidency. His candidacy, for obvious reasons, was hidden, not open. It was none the less sleepless. Mr. Bryan said that he was not, would not be, a candidate. That was his chicane. He was all the time a candidate, after the Sabine manner. He was maneuvering to be—apparently—ravished into the nomination.

"THE CAT CAME BACK"

Mr. Bryan is not without certain elements of vicious strength. They are not graceful, not creditable, and yet, when he chooses to exert them, not wanting in mean effect. Moreover, like every true-born politician, he is politically hard to kill. This latter, however, argues nothing for either his genius or his size. Once upon a time a man owned a superfluous cat. He carried it a mile, tied a stone to its neck with all the care and skill in life, and tossed it with a hopeful splash into the deepest lock of a canal. Sauntering homeward, a sense of duty well performed curling about his heart's roots, the man found the cat on the doorstep drying its fur. And so with Mr. Bryan. Carry him as far as you choose; tie every stone of his misdeeds about his neck; toss him into the deepest waters of disaster and defeat; and, an hour later, there he sits on the party

doorstep, ready to rush inside the moment you lift the latch.

Mr. Bryan has been Democracy's superfluous cat since 1896. Three times has he gone to the canal. Three times has he somehow saved himself. That third splash should have spelled the end. It didn't, unfortunately; and while in his evil potentialities he could not make himself its candidate, he still brought with him sufficient strength to Baltimore to more than seriously mar the party prospects. It is to be hoped that he is ended, and that the Bryan blindness has forever departed from men's eyes. Let us trust that he is now at the bottom of the canal, where he belongs, and that naught more Bryanesque than bubbles will hereafter rise to trouble the surface of Democracy.

A CHAPTER FROM BRYAN'S PAST

Had the Baltimore delegates reviewed and remembered a Bryan past, had they but recalled the man as they must have known and did know him, they would have instantly disregarded him for what he dishonestly was. Take the single matter of the Philo Bennett will; that alone should be enough to damn him in the estimation of all right-thinking men. Mr. Bryan, himself, tells the story in Volume 77 of the Connecticut Supreme Court reports. The title of that litigation is "*Bryan's Appeal from Probate*." If, after reading it, you can regard Mr. Bryan as one to be either trusted, listened to, or followed, then I should like to sit down with you long enough to get your precise notion of an honest man.

Lest through want of time or energy, or both, you should fail to lay hands on that 77 Conn. Report, let me here give you the facts concerning the Philo Bennett will. It is but one of twenty similar tales that might be told of Mr. Bryan; and yet of itself it should forever fix his disrepute. Also, the relation may serve to keep Mr. Bryan safely beneath those waters of political oblivion to which the sentiment of the Baltimore convention consigned him, and from which—for party as for public good—he should never be recalled. Attend:

There lived in New Haven in 1896 an elderly, moderately rich gentleman named Philo S. Bennett. When Mr. Bryan came swinging round the political circle in the campaign of that year, Mr. Bennett found himself on the New Haven committee which received him. Narrow in his knowledge of men, Mr. Bennett regarded Mr. Bryan as the most godlike personage he had ever met. Mr. Bryan was and is magnetic, and Mr. Bennett, never a thunderbolt of mentality, felt drawn toward him. There was every exterior thing to attract, and nothing to repulse, that natural worshiper of heroes and searcher-out of gods—never seeing their feet of clay—the weak, rich, aged, vacuous Mr. Bennett.

THE OPEN, INVITING HAND

In his sworn testimony before the Connecticut courts, Mr. Bryan told of that meeting with Mr. Bennett, and what immediately grew out of it. Reading between the lines, you may come by some glimpse of the blandishments on one side, the bedazzlements on the other. Mr. Bryan tells of a letter which Mr. Bennett wrote him just before the 1896 election, wherein Mr. Bennett stated that, although the New Haven betting stood three to one against Mr. Bryan, he believed that Mr. Bryan would win. Mr. Bennett added, too, the comforting word that, if Mr. Bryan were beaten, it would give him, Mr. Bennett, pleasure to bestow upon Mr. Bryan \$3000 in March.

Mr. Bryan was beaten.

Mr. Bennett not only sent Mr. Bryan \$3000 in March, but \$3000 each succeeding March until the year 1900. As disclosing what happened to Mr. Bennett between 1896 and 1900, the sworn testimony of Mr. Bryan reads as follows:

He followed out his suggestion and sent me a check in March of each of the following years for \$3000. Early in 1900, when I visited New York, he met me as he always did. At that time he gave me \$500.

During the four years between 1896 and 1900, the Bryan habit grew upon rich, weak, idle, bedazzled Mr. Bennett like ivy on a wall. Early in 1900 Mr. Bennett visited the Bryan home in Lincoln. His infatuation by that time had become complete; the moth was ready for a final singeing.

No one will ever know just what took place those Lincoln days between the moth and the candle. In the lawsuits which—

to the disadvantage of Mr. Bryan—grew out of this ignoble business, it was shown that while a guest (?) at the Bryan house, Mr. Bennett "resolved" to make a will. Whether Mr. Bennett suggested the will, or it came as a blazing hint from Mr. Bryan, will ever remain a mystery. That they talked it over is sure, for Mr. Bryan, to guard against mistake, himself dictated a draft of the will. To make the whole seem the uninfluenced inspiration of Mr. Bennett, the latter was to carry the Bryan-prepared draft to New York, there to be recopied, signed, and executed.

In making the Bennett will-draft, Mr. Bryan employed a member of his own family as typewriter. Why? It was thought best at the time to confine all knowledge of so honorable a transaction to Mr. Bennett and the Bryans, and when you have read the will you'll justify this Bryan modesty. Indeed, the native humility of Mr. Bryan was never more thoroughly evinced. Not only was no one beyond himself and wife and Mr. Bennett to know of the will before the death of the idle, feeble, aged, empty, rich testator, but an important bequest—most important to Mr. Bryan—was not to be known even then to any beyond them save Mrs. Bennett. The latter lady herself was just then living in blissful New Haven ignorance of what moth-and-candle matters were going so cheerfully forward in far-away Nebraska.

THE STORY OF A WILL

The generous Bryan strategy touching the Bennett will, and how it was intended to work out, cannot fail to impress you. And lest I let my rather restless pencil run away with me in the telling, instead of writing it myself, I shall take the story from a four-years-ago issue of *Harper's Weekly*. Said that respectable journal, speaking from notes carefully culled from the records of the Connecticut courts:

The friendship between the men was constantly growing, and reached its climax a few weeks before the beginning of Bryan's second campaign. It was then that Bennett made his last will and testament, in which was a bequest of \$50,000 to Mrs. Bennett to be disposed of according to the directions she would find in a sealed letter enclosed in the same safe-deposit box with the will. This letter, signed by Bennett, instructed the widow to give the \$50,000 to Bryan in secret. Bennett visited Bryan's home for two days at Lincoln, Nebraska. Bryan drew the will; Mrs. Bryan did the typewriting. Bennett then returned to New York and executed the will, and copied and signed the letters drawn up for him in Nebraska by Bryan.

Bennett was killed in a runaway in the summer of 1903. Not long afterward his last will was presented for probate in the Probate Court at New Haven. By its terms \$75,000 was bestowed upon Grace Imogene Bennett, the testator's widow, together with three houses (mortgaged) in Bridgeport, Connecticut; also all paintings, pictures, furniture, jewelry, and bric-à-brac. Also, one-half of the residuary estate. The sum of \$75,000 was devised to various relatives, and \$9200 to churches and hospitals.

Bennett bequeathed \$20,000 to Bryan in trust, to be divided among twenty-five colleges and universities to give prizes for essays, discussing the principles of free government, and to help poor and deserving boys get an education. To Mrs. Mary Baird Bryan, Bryan's wife, \$10,000 was devised in trust to help poor girls get an education.

The twelfth clause of the will was as follows:

"I give and bequeath unto my wife, Grace Imogene Bennett, the sum of \$50,000; in trust, however, for the purposes set forth in a sealed letter which will be found with the will."

Bennett appointed Alfred P. Sloan—his partner in business—and William Jennings Bryan executors of the will, which was executed in New York, May 22, 1900.

With the will, Bryan presented the letter above referred to. It was in an envelope marked: "Mrs. P. S. Bennett:—To be read only by Mrs. Bennett and by her alone, after my death. P. S. Bennett."

In this letter Bennett urged his wife to give the \$50,000 to Bryan because: "I consider it a duty, as I find it a pleasure, to make this provision for his financial aid, so that he may be more free to devote himself to his chosen field of labor."

With this letter was one referred to by the court as "the typewritten document," which Bryan drew up in Nebraska and gave to Bennett, who took it back to New York, copied it, and sent it to Bryan as original. It was:

"New York, 5, 22, 1900.

"MY DEAR MR. BRYAN:

"I enclose a duplicate letter, which I have placed in a sealed envelope, with instructions that it shall be opened by Mrs. Bennett, and read by her alone. I have stated therein the reasons for the provisions made for you, and I sincerely hope you will accept the sum of fifty thousand dollars for yourself. Give ten thousand dollars to your wife, and invest fifteen thousand dollars for the benefit of your three children, giving five thousand to each whenever you think it wise to turn the money over to them. If for any reason you decline to receive the entire sum, or any part thereof, I shall trust you to distribute the same according to your judgment among educational and charitable institutions.

"Sincerely yours,

"PHILO S. BENNETT."

On the whole, I'm grateful to *Harper's Weekly* for having told this story. In so doing, it relieved me of a duty I was but ill qualified to perform. I'm much too emotional for such narratives of adventure, and indubitably would have spoiled it by some over-earnestness of style.

It is not necessary to go back, I think, and point out, in connection with those several

Bennett letters, the masterly strategy of Mr. Bryan. Masterly at once and Scriptural, since it so carefully provided for Mr. Bennett's not letting his left hand know what his right had been about. Also, please note that at the time Mr. Bryan was worth two dollars to the Bennetts' one!

Over and above the \$12,500 in cash already had, the Bryan fortunes were to have been augmented by \$50,000. Mr. Bryan—careful man—took no chances of a possible forgetfulness on the part of Mrs. Bennett, and a consequent failure on her side to hand over that particular \$50,000. Lest some such slip occur, Mr. Bryan was so forethoughtful as to have Mr. Bennett transmit him a copy of the letter left for Mrs. Bennett, a letter of which he, Mr. Bryan, was—as he was of all the documents involved—the architect, wherewith to jog her memory should it prove inert.

THE HOPE THAT FLICKERED—AND WENT OUT

Now come we to the close.

As should every harrowing recital, this moth-and-candle romaunt possesses a cheerful ending. Mr. Bennett died, as you have seen, and was tucked away under the grass-roots. Then came a profound pause. Mrs. Bennett read the letter marked for "her alone"; but, owning none of her late spouse's moth-like characteristics, and being in no wise bowed down by any hero-worshiping, fifty-thousand-dollar impression of Mr. Bryan, she refused, in the phrase of Cherry Hill, to "come cross" with the money. With that, Mr. Bryan delicately reminded the reluctant Mrs. Bennett that he had copies of all the letters. She, however, remained discouragingly obdurate; not a splinter of the \$50,000 would she give up.

The disappointed Mr. Bryan—who thinks as much of \$50,000 as some men do of sun and moon and stars—thereupon went into the Connecticut courts. Harrow and alas! The proverb declares that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. The uncertainty thus registered would seem to subsist no more strongly in the affairs of men than in those of moths and candles. Mr. Bryan went from Probate Court to Superior Court, and from Superior to Supreme. He was beaten in all of them, horse, foot and guns. It was a profound shock to Mr. Bryan. He who had so piously arranged to get \$50,000 and nobody know it, got nothing at all and everybody knew it.

The Smuggler

Are you a smuggler? Have you ever slipped by the inspector at the pier—formerly with a little tip or an “expedite,” to-day with failure to declare, knowing absolutely that you were “putting one over” on Uncle Sam? Yes, and feeling rather good about it? The customs officials say that kind of smuggling is gradually dwindling. But the professional smuggler—the criminal who makes it his business—is a harder proposition. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by the government to perfect a system of customs-spies all over the world. And even so, a clever smuggler occasionally gets by. This is such a case. Craig Kennedy, scientific detective—and a fiction character—solved a smuggling problem that stumped the best experts of the government. It will interest you to know how he did it

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Firebug," "The Poisoned Pen," "The Forger," "The Unofficial Spy," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

IT was a rather sultry afternoon in the late summer when people who had calculated by the calendar rather than by the weather were returning to the city from the seashore, the mountains, and abroad. Except for the week-ends, Kennedy and I had been pretty busy, though on this particular day there was a lull in the succession of cases which had demanded our urgent attention during the summer.

We had met at the Public Library, where Craig was doing some special research in criminology at odd moments. As we stood on the corner waiting for the traffic man's whistle to halt the crush of automobiles, a man on the top of a bus waved to Kennedy. I looked up and caught a glimpse of Jack Herndon, an old college mate who had had some political aspirations and had recently been appointed to a position in the custom-house at New York.

The bus pulled up to the curb, and Jack tore down the breakneck steps hurriedly. “I was just thinking of you, Craig,” he beamed as we all shook hands, “and wondering whether you and Walter were in town. I think I should have come up to see you to-night, anyhow.”

“Why, what's the matter—more sugar frauds?” laughed Kennedy. “Or perhaps you have caught another art-dealer red handed?”

“No, not exactly,” replied Herndon, growing graver for the moment. “We're having a big shake-up down at the office; none of your ‘new broom’ business either. Real reform this time.”

“And you—are you going or coming?” inquired Craig with an interested twinkle.

“Coming, Craig, coming,” answered Jack enthusiastically. “They've put me in charge of a sort of detective force as a special deputy surveyor to rout out some smuggling that we know is going on. If I make good it will go a long way for me—with all this talk of efficiency and economy down in Washington these days.”

“What's on your mind now?” asked Kennedy. “Can I help you in any way?”

Herndon had taken each of us by an arm and walked us over to a stone bench in the shade of the library building. “Have you read the accounts in the afternoon papers of the peculiar death of Mademoiselle Violette, the little French modiste up here on Forty-sixth Street?” he inquired.

“Yes,” answered Kennedy. “What has that to do with customs reform?”

“A good deal, I fear,” Herndon continued. “It's part of a case that has been bothering us all summer. It's the first really big thing I've been up against, and it's as ticklish a bit of business as even a veteran Treasury agent could wish.” Herndon looked thoughtfully at the passing crowd on the other side of the balustrade and continued: “It started, like many of our cases, with the anonymous letter-writer. Early in the summer the letters began to come in to the deputy surveyor's office, all unsigned, though quite evidently written in a woman's hand, disguised of course, and on rather dainty note-paper. They warned us of a big plot to smuggle gowns and jewelry from Paris. Smuggling jewelry is pretty common because jewels take up little space and are very valuable. Perhaps it doesn't sound to you like a big thing to smuggle

The Smuggler

dressess, but when you realize that one of those filmy, lacy creations may often be worth several hundred, if not thousand, dollars, and that it needs only a few of them on each ship that comes in to run 'way up into the thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, in a season, you will see how essential it is to break up that sort of thing. We've been getting after the individual private smugglers pretty sharply this summer, and we've had lots of criticism. If we could land a big fellow and make an object-lesson of the extent of the thing I believe it would leave our critics without a leg to stand on.

"At least that was why I was interested in the letters. But it was not until a few days ago that we got a tip that gave us a real working clue, for the anonymous letters had been very vague as to names, dates, and places, though bold enough as to general charges, as if the writer were fearful of incriminating herself—or himself. Strange to say, this new clue came from the wife of one of the customs men. She happened to be in a Broadway manicure shop one day when she heard a woman talking with the manicurist about fall styles, and she was all attention when she heard the customer say: 'You know Mademoiselle Violette's—that place that has the exquisite things straight from Paris, and so cheaply, too? Well, Violette says she'll have to raise her prices so that they will be nearly as high as the regular stores. She says the tariff has gone up, or something; but it hasn't, has it?'"

"The manicurist laughed knowingly, and the next remark caught the woman's attention. 'No, indeed. But then, I guess she meant that she had to pay the duty now. You know, they are getting much stricter. To tell the truth, I imagine most of Violette's goods were—well—'"

"'Smuggled?' supplied the customer in an undertone.

"The manicurist gave a slight shrug of the shoulders and a bright little yes of a laugh.

"That was all. But it was enough. I set a special customs officer—a clever fellow—to watch Mademoiselle. He didn't have time to find out much, but on the other hand I am sure he didn't do anything to alarm Mademoiselle. That would have been a bad game. His case was progressing favorably, and he had become acquainted with one of the girls who worked in the shop.

We might have got some evidence, but suddenly this morning he walked up to my desk and handed me an early edition of an afternoon paper. Mademoiselle Violette had been discovered dead in her shop by the girls when they came to work this morning. Apparently she had been there all night, but the report was quite indefinite, and I am on my way up there now to meet the coroner, who has agreed to wait for me."

"You think there is some connection between her death and the letters?" put in Craig.

"Of course I can't say, yet," answered Herndon dubiously. "The papers seem to think it was a suicide. But then, why should she commit suicide? My man found out that among the girls it was common gossip that she was to marry Jean Pierre, the Fifth Avenue jeweler, of the firm of Lang & Pierre. Pierre is due in New York on *La Montaigne* to-night or to-morrow morning.

"Now, if my suspicions are correct, it is this Pierre who is the brains of the whole affair. And here's another thing. You know, we have a sort of secret service in Paris and other European cities which is constantly keeping an eye on purchases of goods by Americans abroad. Well, the chief of our men in Paris cables me that Pierre is known to have made extraordinarily heavy purchases of made-up jewelry this season. For one thing, we believe he has acquired from a syndicate a rather famous diamond necklace which it has taken years to assemble and match up, worth about three hundred thousand. You know, the duty on made-up jewelry is sixty per cent., and even if he brought the stones in loose it would be ten per cent., which, on a valuation of, say, two hundred thousand, means twenty thousand dollars duty. Then he has a splendid dog-collar of pearls, and—oh, a lot of other stuff. I know, because we get our tips from all sorts of sources, and they are usually pretty straight. Some come from dealers who are sore about not making sales themselves. So, you see, there is a good deal at stake in this case, and it may be that in following it out we shall kill more than one bird. I wish you'd come along with me up to Mademoiselle Violette's and give me an opinion."

The establishment of Mademoiselle Violette consisted of a three-story and basement brownstone house in which the basement

and first floor had been remodeled for business purposes. Mademoiselle's place, which was on the first floor, was announced to the world by a neat little oval gilt sign on the hand-railing of the steps.

We ascended and rang the bell. As we waited I noticed that there were several other modistes on the same street, while almost directly across was a sign which proclaimed that on September 15th, Mademoiselle Gabrielle would open with a high-class exhibition of imported gowns from Paris.

We entered. The coroner and an undertaker were already there, and the former was expecting Herndon. Kennedy and I had already met him, and he shook hands cordially.

Mademoiselle Violette, it seemed, had rented the entire house and then had sublet the basement to a milliner, using the first floor herself, the second as a workroom for the girls whom she employed, while she lived on the top floor, which had been fitted for light housekeeping. It was in the back room on the first floor that her body had been discovered, lying on a sofa.

"The newspaper reports were very indefinite," began Herndon, endeavoring to take in the situation.

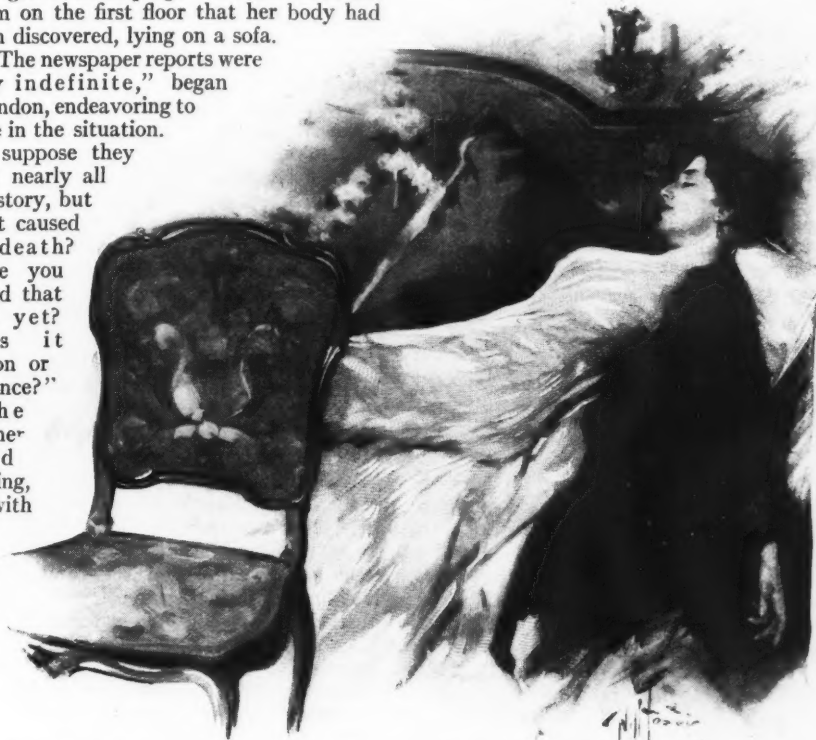
"I suppose they told nearly all the story, but what caused her death? Have you found that out yet? Was it poison or violence?"

The coroner said nothing, but with

a significant glance at Kennedy he drew a peculiar contrivance from his pocket. It had four round holes in it, and through each hole he slipped a finger, then closed his hand and exhibited his clenched fist. It looked as if he wore a series of four metal rings on his fingers.

"Brass knuckles?" suggested Herndon, looking hastily at the body, which showed not a sign of violence on the stony face.

The coroner shook his head knowingly. Suddenly he raised his fist. I saw him press hard with his thumb on the upper end of the metal contrivance. From the other end, just concealed under his little finger, there shot out as if released by a magic spring a thin keen little blade of the brightest and toughest steel. He was holding, instead of a meaningless contrivance of four rings, a most dangerous kind of stiletto or dagger upraised. He lifted his thumb, and the blade sprang back into its sheath like an extinguished spark of light.



It was in the back room on the first floor that her body had been discovered, lying on a sofa

"An Apache dagger, such as is used in the underworld of Paris," broke out Kennedy, his eyes gleaming with interest.

The coroner nodded. "We found it," he said, "clasped loosely in her hand. But it is only by expert medical testimony that we can determine whether it was placed on her fingers before or after this happened. We have photographed it, and the prints are being developed."

He had now uncovered the slight figure of the little French modiste. On the dress, instead of the profuse flow of blood which we had expected to see, there was a single round spot. And in the white marble skin of her breast was a little, nearly microscopic puncture, directly over the heart.

"She must have died almost instantly," commented Kennedy, glancing from the Apache weapon to the dead woman and back again. "Internal hemorrhage. I suppose you have searched her effects. Have you found anything that gives a hint among them?"

"No," replied the coroner doubtfully, "I can't say we have—unless it is the bundle of letters from Pierre, the jeweler. They seem to have been engaged, and yet the letters stopped abruptly, and—well, from the tone of the last one from him I should say there was a quarrel brewing."

An exclamation from Herndon followed. "The same note-paper and the same handwriting as the anonymous letters," he cried.

But that was all. Go over the ground as Kennedy might, he could find nothing further than the coroner and Herndon had already revealed.

"About these people, Lang & Pierre—" asked Craig thoughtfully, when we had left Mademoiselle's and were riding down-town to the custom-house with Herndon—"what do you know about them? I presume that Lang is in America, if his partner is abroad?"

"Yes, he is here in New York. I believe the firm has a rather unsavory reputation; they have to be watched, I am told. Then, too, one or the other of the partners makes frequent trips abroad, mostly Pierre. Pierre, as you see, was very intimate with Mademoiselle, and the letters simply confirm what the girl told my detective. He was believed to be engaged to her, and I see no reason now to doubt that. The fact is, Kennedy, it wouldn't surprise me in the least to learn that it was he who engineered the smuggling for her as well as for himself."

"What about the partner? What rôle does he play in your suspicions?"

"That's another curious feature. Lang doesn't seem to bother much with the business. He is a sort of silent partner, although nominally the head of the firm. Still, they both seem always to be plentifully supplied with money and to have a good trade. Lang lives most of the time up on the west shore of the Hudson, and seems to be more interested in his position as commodore of the Riverledge Yacht Club than in his business down here. He is quite a sport, a great motor-boat enthusiast, and has lately taken to hydroplanes."

We had reached Herndon's office by this time. Leaving word with his stenographer to get the very latest reports from *La Montaigne*, he continued talking to us about his work.

"Dressmakers, milliners, and jewelers are our worst offenders now," he remarked as we stood gazing out the window at the panorama of the bay off the sea-wall of the Battery. "Why, time and again we unearth what looks for all the world like a dressmakers' syndicate, though this case is the first I've had that involved a death. Really, I've come to look on smuggling as one of the fine arts among crimes. I suppose you know that women, particularly a certain brand of society women, are the worst and most persistent offenders. Why, they even boast of it. Smuggling isn't merely popular—it's aristocratic. But we're going to take some of the flavor out of it before we finish."

He tore open a cable message which a boy had brought in. "Now, take this, for instance," he continued. "You remember the sign across the street from Mademoiselle Violette's, announcing that a Mademoiselle Gabrielle was going to open a salon, or whatever they call it? Well, here's another cable from our Paris secret service with a belated tip. They tell us to look out for a Mademoiselle Gabrielle—on *La Montaigne*, too. That's another interesting thing. You know, the various lines are all ranked, at least in our estimation, according to the likelihood of such offenses being perpetrated by their passengers. We watch ships from London, Liverpool, and Paris most carefully. Scandinavian ships are the least likely to need watching. Well, Miss Roberts?"

"We have just had a wireless about *La Montaigne*," reported his stenographer, who

had entered while he was speaking, "and she is two hundred miles east of Sandy Hook. She won't dock until to-morrow."

"Thank you. Well, fellows, it is getting late, and that means nothing more doing to-night. Can you be here early in the morning? We'll go down the bay and 'bring in the ship,' as our men call it when the deputy surveyor and his acting deputies go down to meet it at Quarantine. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness in helping me. If my men get anything connecting Lang with Mademoiselle Violette's case, I'll let you know immediately."

It was a bright, clear, snappy morning, in contrast with the heat of the day before, when we boarded the revenue-tug at the Barge Office. The waters of the harbor never looked more blue as they danced in the early sunlight, flecked here and there by a foaming whitecap as the conflicting tides eddied about. The shores of Staten Island were almost as green as in the spring, and even the haze over the Brooklyn factories had lifted. It looked almost like a stage scene, clear and sharp, new and brightly colored.

Down the bay we puffed and buffeted for about forty minutes before we arrived at the little speck of an island that is Quarantine. Long before we were there we sighted the great *La Montaigne* near the group of buildings, where she had been waiting, since early morning, for the tide and the customs officials. The tug steamed alongside, and quickly up the high ladders swarmed the boarding officer and the deputy collectors. We followed Herndon straight to the main saloon, where the collectors began to receive the declarations which had been made out on blanks furnished to the passengers on the voyage over. They had had several days to write them out—the less excuse for omissions.

Glancing at each hastily, the collector detached from it the slip with the number at the bottom and handed the number back, to be presented at the inspector's desk at the pier, where customs inspectors were assigned in turn.

"Number 140 is the one we want to watch," I heard Herndon whisper to Kennedy. "That tall, dark fellow over there."

I followed his direction cautiously and saw a sparsely built, striking-looking man who had just filed his declaration and was chatting vivaciously with a lady who was just

about to file hers. She was a clinging-looking little thing with that sort of doll-like innocence that deceives nobody.

"No, you don't have to swear to it," he said. "You used to do that, but now you simply sign your name—and take a chance," he added, smiling, and showing a row of perfect teeth.

"Number 156," Herndon noted as the collector detached the stub and handed it to her. "That was Mademoiselle Gabrielle."

The couple passed out to the deck, still chatting gaily.

"In the old days, before they got to be so beastly particular," I heard him say, "I always used to get the courtesy of the port, an official expedite. But that is over now."

The ship was now under way, her flags snapping in the brisk, coolish breeze, that told of approaching autumn. We had passed up the lower bay and the Narrows, and the passengers were crowded forward to catch the first glimpse of the skyscrapers of New York.

On up the bay we plowed, throwing the spray proudly as we went. Herndon employed the time in keeping a sharp watch on the tall, thin man. Incidentally he sought out the wireless operator, and from him learned that a code wireless message had been received for Pierre, apparently from his partner, Lang.

"There is no mention of anything dutiable in this declaration by 140 which corresponds with any of the goods mentioned in the first cable from Paris," a collector remarked unobtrusively to Herndon, "nor in 156 corresponding to the second cable."

"I didn't suppose there would be," was his laconic reply. "That's our job—to find the stuff."

At last *La Montaigne* was warped into the dock. The piles of first-class baggage on the ship were raucously deposited on the wharf, and slowly the passengers filed down the plank to meet the line of white-capped uniformed inspectors and plain-clothes appraisers. The comedy and tragedy of the customs inspection had begun.

We were among the first to land. Herndon took up a position from which he could see without being seen. In the semi-light of the little windows in the enclosed sides of the pier, under the steel girders of the arched roof like a vast hall, there was a panorama of a huge mass of open luggage.

The Smuggler

At last Number 140 came down, alone, to the roped-off dock. He walked nonchalantly over to the deputy surveyor's little desk, and an inspector was quickly assigned to him. It was all done neatly in the regular course of business, apparently. He did not know that in the orderly rush the sharpest of Herndon's men had been picked out, much as a trick card-player will force a card on his victim.

Herndon now had donned the regulation straw hat of the appraiser, and accompanied by us, posing as visitors, was sauntering about. At last we came within earshot of the spot where the inspector was going through the effects of 140.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that a dispute was in progress over some trifling matter. The man was cool and calm. "Call the appraiser," he said at last, with the air of a man standing on his rights. "I object to this frisking of passengers. Uncle Sam is little better than a pickpocket. Besides, I can't wait here all day. My partner is waiting for me up-town."

Herndon immediately took notice. But it was quite evidently, after all, only an altercation for the benefit of those who were watching. I am sure 140 knew he was being watched, but as the dispute proceeded he assumed the look of a man keenly amused. The matter, involving only a few dollars, was finally adjusted by his yielding gracefully and with an air of resignation. Still Herndon did not go, and I am sure it annoyed him. Suddenly he turned and faced Herndon.

"You see that woman over there?" he whispered. "She says she is just coming home after studying music in Paris."

We looked. It was the guileless ingénue, Mademoiselle Gabrielle.

"She has dutiable goods, all right. I saw her declaration. She is trying to bring in as personal effects of a foreign resident, gowns which, I believe, she intends to wear on the stage. She's an actress."

There was nothing for Herndon to do but to act on the tip. The man had got rid of us temporarily, but we knew the inspector would be, if anything, more vigilant. I think he took even longer than usual.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle and her maid pouted and fussed over the renewed examination which Herndon ordered. According to the inspector, everything was new and expensive; according to her, old, shabby,

and cheap. She denied everything, raged and threatened. But when, instead of ordering the stamp "Passed" to be placed on her half-dozen trunks and bags, which contained in reality only a few dutiable articles, Herndon threatened to order them to the appraiser's stores and herself to go to the Law Division if she did not admit the points in dispute, there was a real scene.

"Generally, madame," he remonstrated, though I could see he was baffled at finding nothing of the goods he had really expected to find, "generally even for a first offense the goods are confiscated, and the court or district attorney is content to let the person off with a fine. If this happens again we'll be more severe. So you had better pay the duty on these few little matters, without that."

If he had been expecting to "throw a scare" into her, it did not succeed. "Well, I suppose if I must, I must," she said; and the only result of the diversion was that she paid a few dollars more than had been expected and went off in a high state of mind.

Herndon had disappeared for a moment, after a whisper from Kennedy, to instruct two of his men to shadow Mademoiselle Gabrielle and, later, Pierre. He soon rejoined us, and we casually returned to the vicinity of our tall friend, Number 140, for whom I felt even less respect than ever, after his apparently ungallant action toward the lady he had been talking with. He seemed to notice my attitude, and he remarked defensively for my benefit, "Only a patriotic act."

His inspector by this time had finished a most minute examination. There was nothing that could be discovered; not a false book with a secret spring that might disclose, instead of reading-matter, a heap of almost priceless jewels; not a suspicious bulging of any garment or of the lining of a trunk or grip. Some of the goods might have been on his person, but not much, and certainly there was no excuse for ordering a personal examination, for he could not have hidden a tenth part of what we knew he had. He was impeccable. Accordingly there was nothing for the inspector to do but to declare a polite armistice.

"So you didn't find 'Mona Lisa' in a false bottom, and my trunks were not lined with smuggled cigars, after all," 140 rasped savagely, as the stamp "Passed" was at last affixed, and he paid in cash some hundred



DRAWN BY WILL FORTER

Mademoiselle Gabrielle pouted and fussed over the renewed examination which Herndon ordered. According to the inspector, everything was new and expensive; according to her, old, shabby, and cheap

The Smuggler

dollars instead of having thousands of dollars' worth of goods seized.

We were about to leave the wharf, also, when Craig's attention was called to a stack of trunks still remaining. "Whose are those?" he asked as he lifted one. It felt suspiciously light.

"Some of them belong to a Mr. Pierre and the rest to a Miss Gabrielle," answered an inspector. "Bonded for Troy and waiting to be transferred by the express company."

Here, perhaps, at last was an explanation, and Craig took advantage of it. Could it be that the real seat of trouble was not here, but at some other place? that some exchange was to be made en route, or perhaps an attempt at bribery?

Herndon, too, was willing to run a risk. He ordered the trunks opened immediately. But to our disappointment they were almost empty. There was scarcely a thing of value in them. Most of the contents consisted of clothes that had plainly been made in America and were being brought back here. It was another false scent. We had been played with and baffled at every turn.

"Could they have left the goods in Paris, after all?" I queried.

"With the fall and winter trade just coming on?" Kennedy replied with an air of finality that set at rest any doubts about his opinion on that score. "I thought perhaps we had a case of—what do you call it, Herndon, when they leave trunks that are to be secretly removed from the wharf at night?"

"Sleepers.' Oh, we've broken that up, too. No expressman would dare try it now. I must confess this thing is beyond me, Craig."

Kennedy made no answer. Evidently there was nothing to do but to await developments and see what Herndon's men reported. We had been beaten at every turn in the game. Herndon seemed to feel that there was a bitter sting in the defeat, particularly because the smuggler or smugglers had actually been in our grasp so long to do with as we pleased, and had so cleverly slipped out again, leaving us holding the bag.

Kennedy was especially thoughtful as he told over the facts of the case in his mind. "Of course," he remarked, "Mademoiselle Gabrielle wasn't an actress. But we can't deny that she had very little that would justify Herndon in holding her, unless he simply wants a newspaper row."

"But I thought Pierre was quite intimate with her at first," I ventured. "That was a dirty trick of his."

Craig laughed. "You mean an old one. That was simply a blind, to divert attention from himself. I suspect they talked that over between themselves for days before."

It was plainly more perplexing than ever. What had happened? I could find no explanation for the little drama on the pier. If Herndon's men had any genius in detecting smuggling, their professional opponent certainly had greater genius in perpetrating it.

We did not see Herndon again until after a hasty luncheon. He was in his office and inclined to take a pessimistic view of the whole affair. He brightened up when a telephone message came in from one of his shadows. The men trailing Pierre and Mademoiselle Gabrielle had crossed trails and run together at a little French restaurant on the lower West Side, where Pierre, Lang, and Mademoiselle Gabrielle had met and were dining in a most friendly spirit. Kennedy was right. She had been merely a cog in the machinery of the plot.

The man reported that even when a newsboy had been sent in by him with the afternoon papers displaying in big headlines the mystery of the death of Mademoiselle Violette, they had paid no attention. It seemed evident that, whatever the fate of the little modiste, Mademoiselle Gabrielle had quite replaced her in the affections of Pierre. There was nothing for us to do but to separate and await developments.

It was late in the afternoon when Craig and I received a hurried message from Herndon. One of his men had just called him up over long-distance from Riverledge. The party had left the restaurant hurriedly, and though they had taken the only taxicab in sight, he had been able to follow them in time to find out that they were going up to Riverledge. They were now preparing to go out for a ride in one of Lang's motorboats, and he would be unable, of course, to follow them farther.

For the rest of the afternoon Kennedy remained pondering the case. At last an idea seemed to dawn on him. He found Herndon still at his office and made an appointment to meet on the water front near *La Montaigne's* pier after dinner. The change in Kennedy's spirits was obvious, though it did not in the least enlighten my curiosity. Even after a

dinner which was lengthened out considerably, I thought, I did not get appreciably nearer a solution, for we strolled over to the laboratory, where Craig loaded me down with a huge package which was wrapped up in heavy paper.

We arrived on the corner opposite the wharf just as it was growing dusk. The neighborhood did not appeal to me at night, and even though there were two of us I was rather glad when we met Herndon, who was waiting in the shadow of a fruit-stall.

But instead of proceeding across to the pier by the side of which *La Montaigne* was moored, we cut across the wide street and turned down the next pier, where a couple of freighters were lying. The odor of salt water, sewage, rotting wood, and the night air was not inspiring. Nevertheless I was now carried away with the strangeness of our adventure.

Half-way down the pier Kennedy paused before one of the gangways that was shrouded in darkness. The door was opened, and we followed gingerly across the dirty deck of the freight-ship. Below, we could hear the water lapping the piles of the pier. Across a dark abyss lay the grim monster *La Montaigne*, with here and there a light gleaming on one of her decks. The sounds of the city seemed miles away.

"What a fine place for a murder," laughed Kennedy coolly. He was unwrapping the package which he had taken from me. It proved to be a huge reflector in front of which was placed a little arrangement which, under the light of a shaded lantern carried by Herndon, looked like a coil of wire of some kind.

To the back of the reflector Craig attached two other flexible wires which led to a couple of dry cells and a cylinder with a broadened end, made of vulcanized rubber. It might have been a telephone receiver for all I could tell in the darkness.

While I was still speculating on the possible use of the enormous parabolic reflector, a slight commotion on the opposite side of the pier distracted my attention. A ship was coming in and was being carefully and quietly berthed alongside the other big iron freighter on that side. Herndon had left us.

"The *Mohican* is here," he remarked as he rejoined us. To my look of inquiry he added, "The revenue-cutter."

Kennedy had now finished and had pointed the reflector full at *La Montaigne*.

With a whispered hasty word of caution and advice to Herndon, he drew me along with him down the wharf again.

At the little door which was cut in the barrier guarding the shore end of *La Montaigne's* wharf Kennedy stopped. The customs service night-watchman—there is always a watchman of some kind aboard every ship, passenger or freighter, all the time she is in port—seemed to understand, for he admitted us after a word with Kennedy.

Threading our way carefully among the boxes and bales and crates which were piled high, we proceeded down the wharf. Under the electric lights the longshoremen were working feverishly. However, no one paid much attention to us. They seemed to take it for granted that we had some right there. We boarded the ship by one of the many entrances, and then proceeded down to a deck where apparently no one was working. It was more like a great house than a ship, I felt, and I wondered whether Kennedy's search was not more of a hunt for a needle in a haystack than anything else. Yet he seemed to know what he was after.

We had descended to what I imagined must be the quarters of the steward. About us were many large cases and chests, stacked up and marked as belonging to the ship. Kennedy's attention was attracted to them immediately. All at once it flashed on me what his purpose was. In some of those cases were the smuggled goods!

Before I could say a word and before Kennedy had a chance even to try to verify his suspicions, a sudden approach of footsteps startled us. He drew me into a cabin or room full of shelves with ship's stores.

"Why didn't you bring Herndon over and break into the boxes, if you think the stuff is hidden in one of them?" I whispered.

"And let those higher up escape while their tools take all the blame?" he answered. "Sh-h."

The men who had come into the compartment looked about as if expecting to see some one.

"Two of them came down," a gruff voice said. "Where are they?"

From the noise I inferred that there must be four or five men, and from the ease with which they shifted the cases about some of them must have been pretty husky stevedores.

"I don't know," a more polished but unfamiliar voice answered.

The Smuggler

The door to our hiding-place was opened roughly and then banged shut before we realized it. With a taunting laugh, some one turned a key in the lock, and before we could move, a quick shift of packing-cases against the door made escape impossible.

Here we were, marooned, shanghaied, as it were, within sight, if not call, of Herndon and our friends. We had run up against professional smugglers—of whom I had vaguely read—disguised as stewards, deck-hands, stokers, and other workers.

The only other opening to the cabin was a sort of porthole, more for ventilation than anything else. Kennedy stuck his head through it, but it was impossible for a man to squeeze out. There was one of the lower decks directly before us, while a bright arc light gleamed tantalizingly over it, throwing a round circle of light into our prison. I reflected bitterly on our shipwreck within sight of port.

Kennedy remained silent, and I did not know what was working in his mind. Together we made out the outline of the freighter at the next wharf, and speculated as to the location where we had left Herndon with the huge reflector. There was no moon, and it was as black as ink in that direction, but if we could have got out I would have trusted to luck to reach the pier by swimming.

Below us, from the restless water lapping on the sides of the big hulk of *La Montaigne*, we could now hear muffled sounds. It was a motor-boat which had come crawling up the river front, with lights extinguished, and had pushed a cautious nose into the slip where our ship lay at the pier. None of your romantic low-lying, rakish craft of the old smuggling yarns was this, ready for deeds of desperation in the dark hours of midnight. It was just a modern little motor-boat, up-to-date, and swift.

"Perhaps we'll get out of this finally," I grumbled as I understood now what was afoot, "but not in time to be of any use."

A smothered sound as of something going over the vessel's side followed. It was one of the boxes which we had seen outside in the storeroom. Another followed; a third and a fourth.

Then came a subdued parley. "We have two customs detectives locked in a cabin here. We can't stay now. You'll have to take us and our things off, too."

"Can't do it," called up another muffled

voice. "Make your things into a little bundle. We'll take that, but you'll have to get past the night-watchman yourselves and meet us at Riverledge."

A moment later something else went over the side, and from the sound we could infer that the engine of the motor-boat was being started.

A voice sounded mockingly outside our door. "*Bon soir*, you fellows in there. We're going up the dock. Sorry to leave you here till morning, but they'll let you out then. *Au revoir*."

Below, I could hear just the faintest well-muffled chug-chug. Kennedy in the meantime had been coolly craning his neck out of our porthole under the rays of the arc light overhead. He was holding something in his hand. It seemed like a little silver-backed piece of thin glass with a flaring funnel-like thing back of it, which he held most particularly. Though he heard the parting taunt outside he paid no attention.

"You go to the deuce, whoever you are," I cried, beating on the door, to which only a coarse laugh echoed back down the passageway.

"Be quiet, Walter," ordered Kennedy. "We have located the smuggled goods in the storeroom of the steward, four wooden cases of them. But we have been overpowered and locked in a cabin with a port too small to crawl through. The cases have been lowered over the side of the ship to a motor-boat that was waiting below. The lights on the boat are out, but if you hurry you can get it. The accomplices who locked us in are going to disappear up the wharf. If you could only get the night-watchman quickly enough you could catch them, too, before they reach the street."

I had turned, half expecting to see Kennedy talking to a ship's officer who might have chanced on the deck outside. There was no one. The only thing of life was the still sputtering arc light. Had the man gone crazy?

"What of it?" I growled. "Don't you suppose I know all that? What's the use of repeating it now? The thing to do is to get out of this hole. Come help me at this door. Maybe we can break it down."

Kennedy paid no attention to me, however, but kept his eyes glued on the Cimmerian blackness outside the porthole.

He had done nothing apparently, yet a long finger of light seemed to shoot out into



"So," exclaimed Kennedy, facing Pierre, "you have your jilted fiancée, Mademoiselle Violette, to thank for this—her letters and her suicide. It wasn't as easy as you thought to throw her over for a new soul-mate"

the sky from the pier across from us and begin waving back and forth as it was lowered to the dark waters of the river. It was a searchlight. At once I thought of the huge reflector which I had seen set up. But that had been on our side of the next pier, and this light came from the far side, where the *Mohican* lay.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly. "What has happened?"

It was as if a prayer had been answered from our dungeon on *La Montaigne*.

"I knew we should need some means to communicate with Herndon," he explained simply, "and the wireless telephone wasn't practicable. So I have used Dr. Alexander

Graham Bell's photophone. Any of the lights on this side of *La Montaigne*, I knew, would serve. What I did, Walter, was merely to talk into the mouthpiece back of this little silvered mirror, which reflects light. The vibrations of the voice caused a diaphragm in it to vibrate, and thus the beam of reflected light was made to pulsate. In other words, this little thing is just a simple apparatus to transform the air vibrations of the voice into light vibrations.

"The parabolic reflector over there catches these light vibrations and focuses them on the cell of selenium which you perhaps noticed in the center of the reflector. You remember doubtless that the element

The Smuggler

selenium varies its electrical resistance under light? Thus there are reproduced similar vibrations in the cell to those vibrations here in this transmitter. The cell is connected with a telephone receiver and batteries over there—and there you are. It is very simple. In the ordinary carbon telephone transmitter a variable electrical resistance is produced by pressure, since carbon is not so good a conductor under pressure. Then these variations are transmitted along two wires. This photophone is wireless. Selenium even emits notes under a vibratory beam of light, the pitch depending on the frequency. Changes in the intensity of the light focused by the reflector on the cell alter its electrical resistance and vary the current from the dry batteries. Hence the telephone receiver over there is affected. Bell used the photophone or radiophone over several hundred feet, Ruhmer over several miles. When you thought I was talking to myself I was really telling Herndon what had happened and what to do—talking to him literally over a beam of light.”

I could scarcely believe it, but an exclamation from Kennedy as he drew his head in quickly recalled my attention. “Look out on the river, Walter,” he cried. “The *Mohican* has her searchlight sweeping up and down. What do you see?”

The long finger of light had now come to rest. In its pathway I saw a lightless motor-boat bobbing up and down, crowding on all speed, yet followed relentlessly by the accusing finger. The river front was now alive with shouting.

Suddenly the *Mohican* shot out from behind the pier where she had been hidden. In spite of Lang’s expertness it was an unequal race. Nor would it have made much difference if it had been otherwise, for a shot rang out from the *Mohican* which commanded instant respect. The powerful revenue-cutter rapidly overhauled the little craft.

A hurried tread down the passageway followed. Cases were being shoved aside, and a key in the door of our compartment turned quickly. I waited with clenched fists, prepared for an attack.

“You’re all right?” Herndon’s voice inquired anxiously. “We’ve got that steward and the other fellows all right.”

“Yes, come on,” shouted Craig. “The cutter has made a capture.”

We had reached the stern of the ship, and far out in the river the *Mohican* was now headed toward us. She came alongside, and Herndon quickly seized a rope, fastened it to the rail, and let himself down to the deck of the cutter. Kennedy and I followed.

“This is a high-handed proceeding,” I heard a voice that must have been Lang’s protesting. “By what right do you stop me? You shall suffer for this.”

“The *Mohican*,” broke in Herndon, “has the right to appear anywhere from South-shoal Lightship off Nantucket to the capes of the Delaware, demand an inspection of any vessel’s manifest and papers, board anything from *La Montaigne* to your little motor-boat, inspect it, seize it, if necessary put a crew on it.” He slapped the little cannon. “That commands respect. Besides, you were violating the regulations—no lights.”

On the deck of the cutter now lay four cases. A man broke one of them open, then another. Inside he disclosed thousands of dollars’ worth of finery, while from a tray he drew several large chamois bags of glittering diamonds and pearls. Pierre looked on, crushed, all his jauntiness gone.

“So,” exclaimed Kennedy, facing him, “you have your jilted fiancée, Mademoiselle Violette, to thank for this—her letters and her suicide. It wasn’t as easy as you thought to throw her over for a new soul-mate, this Mademoiselle Gabrielle, whom you were going to set up as a rival in business to Violette. Violette has her revenge for making a plaything of her heart, and if the dead can take any satisfaction she—”

With a quick movement Kennedy anticipated a motion of Pierre’s. The ruined smuggler had contemplated either an attack on himself or his captor, but Craig had seized him by the wrist and ground his knuckles into the back of Pierre’s clenched fist until he winced with pain. An Apache dagger, similar to that which the little modiste had used to end her life-tragedy, clattered to the deck of the ship, a mute testimonial to the high class of society Pierre and his associates must have cultivated.

“None of that, Pierre,” Craig muttered, releasing him. “You can’t cheat the government out of its just dues even in the matter of punishment.”

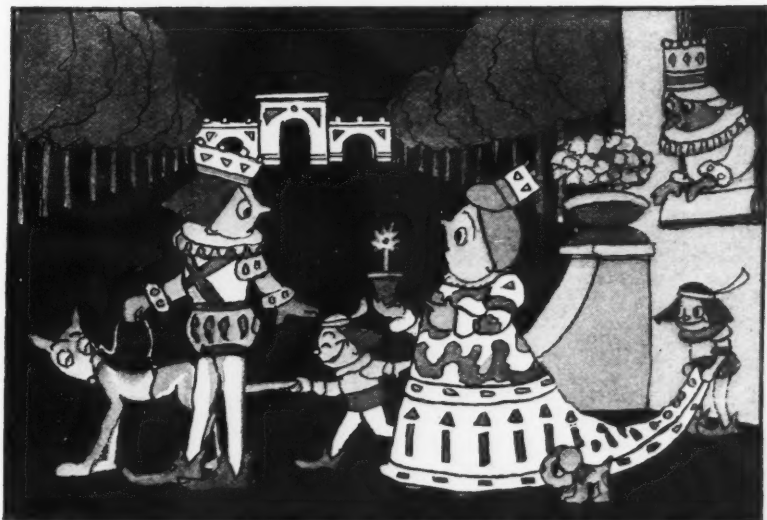
The next story by Arthur B. Reeve, “*The Invisible Ray*,” will appear in the October issue.

The Court of Nonsense

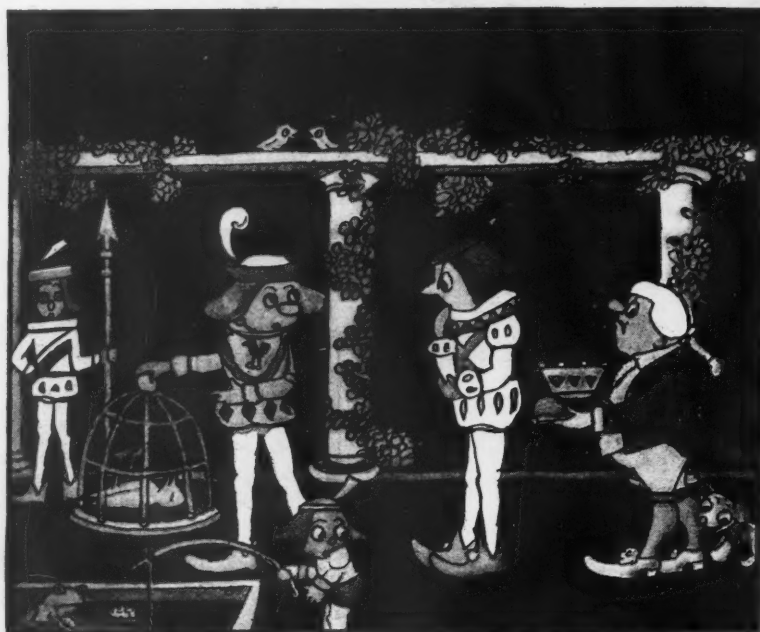
By Childe Harold



"Od's ravens and rooks, I am fond of good books!"
Cried the King, turning over a page.



"This dear little plant," said his orthodox aunt,
"Is far wiser than you—it is sage."



"The Blue Bird is dead," the Court Chamberlain said,
 "And the frogs are all croaking with rage."



"The thermometer's eighty," the monarch replied,
 "And I think it looks young for its age."

